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CAROLS OLD AND CAROLS NEW

FOR USE AT
CHRISTMAS
AND OTHER SEASONS
OF THE
CHRISTIAN YEAR

COLLECTED FROM MANY SOURCES AND
ARRANGED BY THE

REV. CHARLES L. HUTCHINS, D.D.

Editor of the "Church Hymnal," the "Church Psalter," the "Chant and Service Book,"
the "Pointed Prayer Book," the "Parish Choir," etc.



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CHARLES L. HUTCHINS

PREFACE

THE excuse, if any be needed, for the publication of this collection of carols, is a double one: viz., the happy and widely prevailing return in recent years to the old custom of carol singing, and the desire on the part of the compiler to further this custom by placing within the reach of those who engage in it, an abundance of good material.

Some of the carols presented in this volume already have appeared in the "Parish Choir," but none are here reprinted which have not, in at least one circle, attained some degree of popularity. For the convenience of those who are accustomed to the use of the carols in the leaflet form in which they have been published, they retain the same numbering in this collection.

It is not the compiler's purpose to dwell upon the antiquity, the history, and the beauty of the custom of carol singing as well at Easter and other seasons of the Christian Year as in connection with the Christmas Festival. There is an abundance of literature on the subject as may be seen in the list of publications to be found in the latter part of this volume.

The number of Christmas carols in this collection largely exceeds those for any other season, because the use of carols at Christmas time is more general than at other times. And in sending forth this volume the compiler would adopt the words of John Audley, the blind and deaf chaplain of Haughmond Abbey, about the year 1426—

"I pray you sirs, both more and less,
Sing these carols in Christēmas."

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS,
October, 1916.

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For the interesting cuts which serve as the headings for many of the carols the editor is under great obligations to Mr. P. G. Melbourne.

INDEX OF THE CAROLS IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY APPEAR IN THIS VOLUME

An Alphabetical Index, by First Lines and Seasons, will be found on p. 654.

NOTE. The letters in () indicate the season for which the carols are suitable, viz.: C, Christmas, &c.; N. Y., New Year; Ep, Epiphany; E, Easter; Asc, Ascension; W. S., Whitsunday; T, Trinity; H, Harvest; C. D., Children's Day; F. S., Flower Services.

	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
1 In low'ring gloom and cloudiness (E)		E. Handley
2 All this night bright angels sing (C) (From "All this Night shrill Chauntecleere Daye's proclaiming Trumpeter")	W. Austin (d. 1633)	Sir A. Sullivan
3 Christ is risen! Christ is risen! (E)	Rev. A. T. Gurney	Sir A. Sullivan
4 A shepherd band their flocks are keeping (C)	M. Praetorius (?)	Dr. S. P. Tuckerman
5 In the early morning, early (C)	Rev. F. G. Lee	W. Borrow
6 Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day (C)	W. C. Dix	Samuel Smith
7 Bright Angel Hosts are heard on high (C)	Cornish	Cornish; arr. by H. S. Irons
8 Once again, O blessed time (C)	Rev. W. Bright	Rev. J. B. Dykes
9 Shine calm and bright, ye moonbeams bright (C)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
10 Slowly fall the snowflakes (C)	Rev. F. G. Lee	W. Borrow
11 Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	Rev. J. B. Dykes
12 Carol, sweetly carol (C)	Mrs. F. J. Van Alstyne (Fanny Crosby)	T. E. Perkins
13 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain (E) "Ασπαστε πάντες λαοί"	8th Cent'y, tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	Sir A. Sullivan
14 Bright Easter skies	Bishop A. Burgess	G. W. Marston
15 'Twas at the matin hour (E) <i>Patris Sapientia, veritas (bonitas) divina</i>	14th Century	E. Handley
16 The foe behind, the deep before (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	J. Naylor
17 Stars all bright are beaming (C)	Rev. R. R. Chope	W. R. Holt
18 Now lift the carol, men and maids (C)	Rev. A. M. Morgan	A. H. Brown
19 Blithely from the moated churchyard (C)	J. E. B.	Rev. R. F. Smith
20 Gently falls the winter snow (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	H. S. Irons
21 If Angels sung our Saviour's birth (E)		A. H. Brown
22 Carol we the blessing (E)		B. K. Atkyns
23 Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly (C)	Rev. A. T. Gurney	Rev. A. T. Gurney
24 On this glorious Easter morning		Traditional
25 Singing the reapers homeward come (H)		W. H. Gill
26 Holy is the seed time (H)	Miss M. A. Headlam	Albert Lowe
27 Sleep, my Saviour, sleep (C)	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	Bohemian; arr. by Rev. R. F. Smith
28 Silent night! Holy night! (C) <i>Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht!</i>	Tr. from the German of J. Mohr.	F. Gruber
29 Carol, carol Christians (C)	Bishop A. C. Coxe	M. Lindsay
30 Mortals, awake, the morning is breaking (C)		M. A. F.
31 Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes (C)	West of England	Traditional; arr. by H. S. Irons
32 Hark! what sounds are sweetly stealing (C)	Rev. W. Layng	Mrs. C. Farebrother
33 Sing ye the songs of praise (C)	Traditional	J. W. Sidebotham
34 Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing (C)	Rev. G. Moultrie	Rev. R. F. Smith
35 There came three kings ere break of day (C)	Rev. J. Cawood	G. B. Arnold
36 Hark! what mean those holy voices (C)		Rev. A. Ulmann
37 Moving o'er the troubled waters (W. S.)		Rev. A. Ulmann
38 God, who rulest through the ages (T)		J. C. D. Parker
39 God hath sent His angels (E)	Bishop Phillips Brooks	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
40 Let the merry church bells ring (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	A. H. Brown
41 Easter flowers and dressing		Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
42 The world itself keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	W. Newport
43 Lol! a star, ye sages hoary (C)	S. K. Cowan	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick
44 There came a little Child to earth (C)	Emily E. S. Elliott	Rev. G. P. Grantham
45 Angel hosts in bright array (C)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
46 Ye happy bells of Easter Day	alt. by Rev. R. R. Chope	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
47 Awake! awake! 'tis Easter Morn	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	H. H. Colburn
48 Shine, O sun, in splendour bright (E)		Henry Gadsby
49 Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day (C)	W. C. Dix	R. Brown-Borthwick
50 Behold a little Child (C)	Bishop W. W. How	

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	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
51 A song and a Carol for Christmas-tide	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
52 From far away we come to you (C)	W. Morris	Rev. J. B. Dykes
53 Alleluia! Alleluia! hearts to heaven (E)	Bishop Chr. Wordsworth	F. Westlake
54 The Easter sunshine breaks again		
55 Easter flowers, Easter carols	W. J. Roberts	Rev. W. H. A. Hall
56 Morn of beauty! Morn of gladness (E)		E. Handley
57 The birds are singing on the trees (Asc)		Bishop H. L. Jenner
58 Come, let us sing the story (C)		H. W. Little
59 Hark! the full-voiced choir is singing (C)	Rev. R. R. Chope	W. Gowman
60 In the field with their flocks abiding (C)	Rev. F. W. Farrar	J. Farmer
61 Let every heart now dance with joy (C)	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
62 Easter Day hath dawned again		C. A. Barry
63 Christ is risen, all triumphant (E)		Rev. A. Ulmann
64 Now all the bells are ringing (E)		Rev. J. B. Dykes
65 Come forth and bring your garlands (E)	Mrs. J. W. Anderson	Rev. A. Ulmann
66 Good news from the hills of Judæa (C)		Madame Sainton-Dolby
67 The stars are shining bright and clear (C)		Rev. E. W. Bullinger
68 Ring the bells, the Christmas bells	Agnes Burney	A. H. Brown
69 Come to the manger in Bethlehem (C)		Samuel Smith
70 The joyful morn is breaking (C)		E. J. Hopkins
71 No room in the inn (C)		H. J. Gauntlett
72 Christ the Lord is risen again (C)	M. Weisse; tr. by C. Winkworth.	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
<i>Christus ist erstanden</i>		
73 Easter flowers are blooming bright (E)		Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley
74 Soldiers, awake! This is the festal hour (E)		W. H. Walter
75 Heaven with rosy morn (E)	Bishop J. Williams	Miss J. R. Higinbotham
<i>Aurora lucis rutilat</i>		
76 At the early Easter morn		J. A. Johnson
77 Ring out, ye throbbing stars of night (C)		Mrs. J. H. Barbour
78 O dark was the night (C)		B. W. J. Trevaldwyn
79 Carol, brothers, carol (C)	Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg	Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg
80 Silent stars were watching (C)		Rev. W. H. A. Hall
81 Blessed night, when Bethlehem's plain (C)	Rev. H. Bonar	J. W. Sidebotham
82 Sing we now of joy and gladness (C)	W. Gilbert	W. Gilbert
83 The bells are ringing glad and sweet (C)		D. E. Hervey
84 Star of glory, brightly streaming (C)		J. Garnett
85 No room within the dwelling (C)		Rev. R. F. Dale
86 'Neath the stars that shone so bright (C)		Matthew Cooke
87 Near the tomb where Jesus slept (E)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
88 Christ is risen! Alleluia! (E)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	F. C. Maker
89 Sweetly the birds are singing (E)		C. F. Roper
90 O Holy Church, but yester-night (E)		Rev. H. G. Batterson and Rev. W. Staunton
91 Christ the Lord is risen to-day (E)		German
92 Sing Alleluia, all ye lands (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Traditional
93 O'er the hill and o'er the vale (C & Ep)	Rev. J. M. Neale	F. J. Dugard
94 A message from our Father (C)		H. L. Bianco
<i>The Christmas message</i>		
95 Oh! sing a merry carol (C)		C. F. Roper
96 When Christ was born of pure Marie (C)	Harleian MS. alt. by Rev. R. R. Chope	H. S. Irons
<i>Christo paremus canticam, excelsis gloria</i>		
97 Ring out, ring out, O Christmas bells	Katharine Inghise	C. F. Roper
98 In the lonely midnight (C)	Rev. T. C. Williams	A. P. Howard
99 Sing, O sing this blessed morn (C)	Bishop Chr. Wordsworth	C. F. Roper
100 Nowell — Hail gentle King (C)	W. Maristow	W. Maristow
101 Ring out, ring out a joyful peal (C)	H. G. Duffield	W. Borrow
102 Easter flowers are blooming bright (E)		J. T. Field
103 Ostera! Spirit of spring-time (E)		J. I. Alexander
104 All hail the gladsome Easter Morn		Bowness Briggs
105 Christ is risen! Christ is risen! (E)	Rev. A. T. Gurney	J. T. Field
106 See! the morning-star is dwelling (C)	Rev. W. Wood	J. E. Pinkham
107 While shepherds watched their flocks (C)	N. Tate	A. P. Howard
<i>The Vision of the Shepherds</i>		
107 ^a While shepherds watched their flocks (C)	N. Tate	H. S. Irons
108 What child is this, who, laid to rest (C)	W. C. Dix	J. T. Field
109 Hark! how the bells at midnight hour (C)	Rev. J. B. Powell	Rev. J. B. Powell
110 Christmas comes again	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
111 The world itself keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	John A. Preston
112 Christ hath arisen (E)		
113 The crown is on the Victor's brow (E)	Unknown date and authorship; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
<i>Finita jam sunt praelia</i>		
114 A rhyme, a rhyme, for Easter time	Rev. G. P. Grantham	G. B. Lissant
115 The Lord is risen! is risen indeed (E)		E. Handley
116 The morning purples all the sky (E)	Tr. by Rev. A. R. Thompson	
<i>Aurora coelum purpurat</i>		

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	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
117 A meteor bright its wondrous light (C)		E. Lemare
118 O'er the plains the darkness deepens (C)	Rev. W. J. Vernon	Miss F. R. Havergal
119 Christmas songs are ringing now		Knapp
120 The Christmas bells are ringing	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Flemish; arr. by H. S. Irons
121 Gentle Saviour, day and night (C)	Tr. by Rev. S. Baring-Gould	French Flanders; Har. by Rev. H. F. Sheppard
122 Moonbeams are streaming (E)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
123 Christ is risen! Christ is risen (E)		Mrs. L. E. Morehouse
124 The world itself keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	L. H. Redner
125 Christ is risen! Alleluia! (E)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	G. C. Pearson
126 Joyously, joyously, silvery clear (C)		A. C. White
127 On the Birth-Day of the Lord (C)	Tr. by Rev. R. F. Littledale	Rev. J. B. Dykes
<i>In Natali Domini</i>		
128 Joyfully, joyfully, angels are singing (C)		C. F. Roper
129 Carol we high, carol we low (C)		A. Redhead
130 Hark! sweet angel voices singing (C)	T. Fletcher	W. T. Belcher
131 Child Jesus lay on Mary's knee (C)		Rev. C. M. Conant
132 Ring out the anthem, Jesus lives (E)		C. Fitzsimmons
133 Let the whole world chant and sing (E)	Tr. by Rev. E. H. Plumptre	Henry Smart
<i>Cunctis orbis cunctis, Alleluia</i>		
134 Put on thy beautiful robes (E)	W. C. Dix	G. B. Lissant
135 Sing, O sing, ye children (E)		G. C. Pearson
136 Have you heard the wondrous story (E)		H. W. Parker
137 O let us all, rejoicing (H)	Rev. S. C. Hamerton	H. S. Irons
138 The fields are white to harvest (H)	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	Rev. H. F. Sheppard
139 Make melody within your hearts (H)		Rev. F. A. J. Hervey
140 Come forth, come forth, brave reapers (H)	Rev. G. Moultrie	G. B. Lissant
141 List afar! what angel voices (C)	Rev. F. K. Harford	Sir J. F. Bridge
<i>Child Divine</i>		
142 See amid the winter's snow (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	R. A. Smith
143 I should like to have heard the angels	Rev. E. Husband	W. H. Sangster
<i>The first Christmas night</i>		
144 Hark! what heavenly sounds (C)		H. T. Tiltman
145 While in peaceful slumbers lying (C)		H. T. Tiltman
146 The Easter sunshine breaks again		G. E. Oliver
147 He is risen, He is risen (E)		R. R. Arndell
148 Put on, put on your best array (E)		E. Greatorex
149 Hallelujah! raise the song (E)		J. W. Andrews
150 Merrily the Easter bells	Rev. R. R. Chope	G. B. Lissant
151 Joyful tidings of a Saviour (C)	Rev. E. A. H. Bealy	Rev. S. M. Nourse
152 Hark! the joyful Christmas greeting		F. T. Southwick
153 Hark! the herald angels singing (C)		Rev. R. F. Smith
154 Over hills and over plains (C)	C. L. Matteaux	G. Saunders
155 Through the midnight air (C)	Miss J. Goddard	F. W. Dawkins
156 Christians, listen while we sing (C)	Rev. F. H. Groome	Rev. R. F. Smith
157 Let the song be begun (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. E. S. Medley
158 Ring out, sweet Easter bells		James Blaikie
159 The Day of Resurrection (E)	S. John Damascene; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. W. H. Vibbert
<i>Angelicus chorus</i>		
160 Hark! bright angels sweetly sing (E)	Rev. R. R. Chope	H. S. Irons
161 Beyond the starry skies (E)		F. O. Marvin
162 Away with loyal hearts and true (C)	Rev. J. B. Gray	Rev. J. B. Gray
163 All jubilant with psalm and hymn (C)	Rev. F. W. Farrar	Sir J. F. Bridge
164 O lovely voices of the sky (C)	Mrs. F. D. Hemans	Traditional
165 Softly the night is sleeping (C)		J. M. Crament
166 Come, ye, lift your joyous voices (E)		Bowness Briggs
167 Let the merry church bells ring (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	James Blaikie
168 Raise the song for Easter		Rev. B. E. Backus
169 O joyous Easter morning		G. E. Oliver
170 Hallelujah! Song of triumph (E)	Rev. G. Thring	Rev. R. F. Smith
171 There dwelt in old Judea (C)	D. R. Raymond	J. P. Harding
172 Ring on, ye joyous Christmas bells	Rev. H. G. Batterson	Henry Wilson
173 What do they say, these bells to me (C)	G. W. Brindley	Caleb Simper
174 All my heart this night rejoices (C)	P. Gerhardt;	A. Esmond
<i>Fröhlich soll mein Herz springen</i>		
175 The night in solemn stillness hung (C)	tr. by Miss C. Winkworth	J. G. Smith
176 Tell the story of the Risen (E)	Bishop W. C. Doane	J. A. Jeffery
<i>Sleeper, awake</i>		
177 Rejoice! to-day earth tells abroad (E)	W. C. Dix	Rev. R. F. Smith
178 Let the merry church bells ring	J. M. Neale	A. P. Howard
179 Christ is risen! lift the song (E)	Rev. R. R. Chope	Rev. R. F. Smith
180 The crown is on the Victor's brow (E)	Of unknown date and authorship; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	J. T. Field
<i>Finita jam sunt praelia</i>		
181 Angels we have heard on high (C)		Old French

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	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
182 Infant so gentle, so pure and so sweet (C) <i>Qu'il est amiable</i>		Gascon
183 O night, peaceful and blest (C) <i>O bienheureuse nuit</i>		Normandie
184 The Christmas stars are shining	Miss J. Goddard	F. W. Dawkins
185 From realms of glory far away (C) Good news we bring and peace	G. W. Brindley	C. Simper
186 Ring out, sweet bells (C)		W. J. Westbrook
187 Shades of silent night (C)	Rev. G. W. Druce	C. H. Sunderland
188 The Christmas bells are ringing The Christmas Bells	Rev. G. P. Grantham	C. H. Sunderland
189 The Christmas comes		C. H. Sunderland
190 Christ, we sing Thy saving Passion (E)	W. C. Dix	G. B. Lissant
191 'Twas on this Easter morning		G. E. Oliver
192 Every flower that blossoms (E)		G. E. Oliver
193 Joy of joys! He lives, He lives (E)	Rev. W. J. Irons	Rev. H. F. Sheppard
194 Days grow longer (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	G. W. Warren
195 It came upon the midnight clear (C)	Rev. E. H. Sears	Miss J. R. Higinbotham
196 Sing, sing for Christmas	Rev. J. H. Egar	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
197 Ring the joyful Christmas bells		Frank Peckett
198 Now join we all with holy mirth (C)	Henry Blunt	Sir J. Stainer
199 The bells are ringing joyfully (E)		G. E. Oliver
200 Chime, chime, merrily chime (E)		G. E. Oliver
201 Songs of gladness (E)		J. E. N.
202 Near the tomb where Christ hath been (E)	Rev. G. Moultrie	M. S. Skeffington
202 Watching in the meadows (C)	R. S. Watson	M. B. Foster
204 Hark! I hear, sweet and clear (C)	R. S. Watson	M. B. Foster
205 Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	F. W. Partridge
206 Bravely chime, O Easter bells	Elizabeth Claxton	Miss J. R. Higinbotham
207 Let the song be begun (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
208 Christ our God and Lord is risen (E)		Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
209 O earth, on Easter morning		G. E. Oliver
210 O'er the mountains (C)		M. M. Simpson
211 Christians, carol sweetly (C)	W. C. Dix	W. Spinney
212 Ring merrily, ring merrily (C)		J. W. Treadwell
213 Hark! the song of choirs angelic (C)	Rev. F. St. J. Corbett	E. Lancaster
214 Let the merry church bells ring (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	G. W. Warren
215 Days grow longer (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Ancient Melody; Har. by Rev. T. Helmore
216 The world itself keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. R. F. Smith
217 Once again the olden story (C) Joyful is the morn	E. Oxenford	E. Bunnett
218 Ring the bells, the Christmas bells	Agnes Burney	T. C. Dean
219 Sing we merry Christmas	Rev. C. T. Bowen	Rev. C. T. Bowen
220 Ring out the bells for Christmas	Rev. E. A. Washburn	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
221 Twine the Easter garland	Rev. J. Bownes	G. B. Lissant
222 Across the Eastern hill-tops (E)		J. R. Fairlamb
223 Christ is risen from the dead (E)		A. N. H.
224 Hail, Easter bright, in glory dight (E) <i>Serena lux, amena lux</i>		16th Cent. melody; Har. by C. Wood
225 The pearly gates aside are rolled (Asc)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	H. S. Irons
226 See, the morning fair and bright (C)		A. H. Brown
227 Christian people, come and sing (C)		J. C. Macy
228 There were shepherds watching (C)		A. A. Wild
229 Upon the snow-clad earth (C)	Rev. R. R. Chope	H. J. Gauntlett
230 On Christmas night true Christians sing		A. H. Brown
231 The Day of Resurrection (E) <i>'Αναστήθεις ἡμεῖς</i>	S. John Damascene; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	G. E. Oliver
232 O Lord of all, with us abide (E) <i>Quaeramus, Auctor omnium</i>	Tr. fr. Latin in "Hy. A. & M."	C. J. Wilson
233 We sing to-day our Easter hymn		W. D. Armstrong
234 In the star of morning (E)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. R. F. Smith
235 There came three kings (C & Ep)		Charles Vincent
236 All this night bright angels sing (C)	W. Austin	J. T. Field
237 Carol, sweetly carol, Raise (C)		W. Sharrot
238 Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	J. T. Field
239 Christians, carol sweetly (C)	W. C. Dix	H. S. Irons
240 Hark! the Christmas songs are singing		Rev. G. J. Magill
241 Day of wonder, day of gladness (E)	B. H. Hall	G. E. Oliver
242 Little Christian children, say (E)		Charles Vincent
243 Bright Easter Day	Rev. H. G. Batterson	A. H. Brown
244 The world itself keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	G. W. Warren
245 O little Babe, in Beth'hem born (C)		A. F. Warner
246 A little Child is born to-night (C)		A. H. Brown
247 This happy morn a King is born (C)	Mrs. Howard Watson	T. H. Spinney

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248 Ring out the bells for Christmas	Rev. E. A. Washburn	
248 Faithful people, now rejoice (E)	J. Everest	G. B. Lissant
250 Lift up thy voice with singing (E)	E. G. Selden	G. E. Oliver
251 Let the song be begun (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	G. W. Warren
252 Awake, glad soul, awake (E)		W. A. Smith
252 Angels bright, their pinions folding (C)		F. Adlam
254 Ring the bells, the Christmas bells	Agnes Burney	C. Erskine
255 O the beautiful old story (C)	Louisa M. Alcott	Rev. G. C. E. Ryley
255 Sleep, my infant Saviour (C)	Rev. G. T. Rider	H. deK. Rider
257 All this night bright angels sing (C)	W. Austin	F. Fruttchey
258 Hark! the merry Christmas bells	M. A. Hofland	M. A. Hofland
259 As those who seek the break of day (E)	W. C. Dix	Rev. R. F. Smith
259 Ring out ye joyous Easter bells		G. E. Oliver
261 Snowdrops, lift your timid heads (E)	Miss M. A. Lathbury	G. E. Oliver
262 Winter-tide hath passed away (E)	14th Century	Piae Cantiones; Har. by B. L. Selby
<i>Cedit hyems amicus</i>		
263 Hail, sweet Babe, so pure and holy (C)	E. Wigglesworth	G. E. Oliver
264 Christmas time has come again	The Misses Latta	G. E. Oliver
265 Happy bells are ringing (C)		G. E. Oliver
266 The first Nowel that the Angel did say (C)	Traditional	Traditional
267 Rejoice! the Christ is risen (E)		G. E. Oliver
268 On the eve before the Sabbath (E)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	A. H. Brown
269 There stood three Maries by the tomb (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	J. B. Litter
270 The stars are shining bright and clear (C)		E. Bunnett
271 Long, long ago the angel throng (C)	Rev. F. C. Fisher	F. A. Keene
The Christmas Story		
272 Sweet angels, ever bright and fair (C)	T. D. Hyde	C. Simper
273 On dewy plain where shepherds were abiding (C)		F. R. Rickman
Glad Angel Voices		
274 List, I hear the angels singing (E)		G. E. Oliver
275 The fishers sat within their boat (E)		H. E. Button
276 Lo, the winter is past (E)	A. F. M. Custance	A. F. M. Custance
277 Sing with all the sons of glory (E)	Rev. W. J. Irons	A. F. M. Custance
278 Awake! awake! glad voices make (E)	Rev. W. W. Newton	Rev. C. O. Arnold
279 Eastern Monarch, Sages three (C)	15th Century	Mel. fr. Andermach Gesangbuch
<i>Tres magi de gestibus</i>		
280 A day, a day of glory (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Har. by Rev. G. R. Woodward
281 With our songs we greet thee (C)	H. E. Nichol	Old French; Har. by C. Wood
282 Come, all friends, and keep the Feast (C)		H. E. Nichol
282 Come, listen to my story (C)	Rev. G. R. Woodward	Rev. H. F. Sheppard
284 A Virgin did come (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	16th Century mel.; Har. by J. R. Lunn
285 Children here on earth who dwell (C)	H. Knight	G. H. Gregory
285 Ring, happy bells, of Christmas time	H. E. Nichol	H. Knight
287 Christian children, wake and listen (C)	"Children's Manual"	H. E. Nichol
288 The winds were wailing (C)	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	G. E. Oliver
288 Star of Bethlehem, sweetly shining (C)	Miss A. S. Woods	Lesneven
290 Holy was that night so fair (C)	A. Campbell	C. Simper
291 Hallelujah! raise the song (E)		A. Hollins
292 The world itself keeps Easter Day	Rev. J. M. Neale	A. H. Brown
293 Bird and blossom, leaf and tree (E)		Rev. G. R. Woodward
294 Easter-flowers are blooming bright		A. A. Wild
295 By the thorny way of sorrow (E)		A. F. M. Custance
296 O'er hill and dell the Christmas bell (C)		G. E. Oliver
297 In the early morning, early (C)	Rev. F. G. Lee	H. Knight
Christmas morning		
298 O little town of Bethlehem (C)	Bishop Phillips Brooks	G. E. Oliver
299 Wise men from Egypt's ancient land (C)	May P. Hoyt	G. E. Oliver
300 Morning is breaking (C)		G. E. Oliver
301 Carol, carol joyfully (C)	Miss A. S. Woods	C. Simper
302 O ring, ye bells, sweet Christmas bells		Charles Darnton
300 All hail the gladsome Easter morn		H. E. Earle
304 Welcome, happy morning (E)	Tr. fr. Fortunatus (6th Cent.) by	Rev. C. O. Arnold
<i>Salve, festa dies toto venerabilis aere</i>		
305 Alleluia! sing the triumph (E)	Rev. J. Ellerton	
300 Chime out, ye bells of beauty (E)	E. Mabel Dawson	A. H. Brown
307 Once again with joyful voices (E)		G. E. Oliver
308 Upon the snow-clad earth without (C)	Rev. R. R. Chope	G. E. Oliver
308 Ye bells, ye bells, ye happy bells (C)		Sir A. Sullivan
Ye bells of Christmas time		
310 Fair the night in Bethlehem land (C)	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	A. Berridge
Bethlehem land		
311 Once in Bethlehem of Judah (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	T. T. Noble
312 Sweetly sang the angels (C)	J. Julian	C. E. Kettle
313 Sing for joy, sing for joy (E)		T. F. Dunhill
		E. H. Ruel

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314 Sadly in the gathering gloom (E)	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
315 Let the merry church bells ring (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	L. H. Redner
316 We will be merry, far and wide (E) <i>Wir wollen alle fröhlich seyn</i>	German of 14th Cent.	M. Praetorius
317 The world itself is blithe and gay (E) <i>Die ganze Welt, Herr Jesu Christ</i>	Kölnisches Gesangbuch	Kölnisches Gesangbuch; Har. by Rev. G. R. Woodward
318 Jesus, our Saviour, we welcome thy rising (E)		S. P. Warren
319 In the hallowed manger (C)	Rev. R. E. Adderley	T. Adams
320 Hail, gentle Jesus (C)	J. G. A.	J. G. A.
321 Sweet Mary lulled her blessed Child (C)	H. E. Nichol	H. E. Nichol
322 O little town of Bethlehem (C)	Bishop Phillips Brooks	Josiah Booth
323 Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	A. F. M. Custance
324 All my heart this night rejoices (C) <i>Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen</i>	P. Gerhardt; tr. by C. Winkworth	H. W. Parker
325 Angels singing, church bells ringing (C)	Mrs. C. F. Hernaman	German
326 Ring out, ye wild and merry bells (C)		C. Maitland
327 The shepherds were watching (C)	E. H. Cooke	E. W. S. Watson
328 Again the morn of gladness (E)	Rev. J. Ellerton	Sir J. Stainer
329 Let the merry church bells ring (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	H. S. Cutler
330 Alleluia! Risen Lord (E)		H. Wilson
331 Softly through the mellow starlight (E)		G. E. Oliver
332 We are little children (E)		G. E. Oliver
333 Ring the bells, the Christmas bells	Agnes Burney	Alfred Oake
334 O Christmas, merry Christmas	Frances R. Havergal	M. B. Foster
335 On the first bright Christmas Day		C. J. Ridsdale
336 All my heart this night rejoices (C) <i>Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen</i>	P. Gerhardt; tr. by C. Winkworth	J. Booth
337 Christ was born on Christmas Day		German
338 List our merry carol (C)		H. J. Gauntlett
339 Christ is born of maiden fair (C)		Edwin Moss
340 Arise, arise, the morning bells (C)	Rev. H. R. Haweis	V. B. Crowther-Benyon
341 Yule returns; come Christian people (C)	Rev. R. Watham	Trier Gesangbuch
342 Good Christian men, rejoice (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Liversey Carrott
343 O'er Bethlehem's hill, in time of old (C)	M. G. Pearse	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
344 We three kings of Orient are (C & Ep.)	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	A. Redhead
345 The Angels' songs this joyful day (E)		F. R. Price
346 Now all the bells of Easter ring		Arr. fr. Haydn
347 Three women went forth (E)		E. H. E. A.
348 Let us sing Alleluia to-day (E)		Henry Smith
349 O welcome, happy Day (E)	Rev. J. C. Middleton	L. H. Redner
350 The risen Lord to-day is King (E)	Rev. T. D. Hyde	C. Simper
351 Carolling, carolling, all thro' the night (C)	Rev. R. R. Chope	H. J. Gauntlett
352 The wise men saw a light afar (C)	Tr. fr. the Latin by Rev. H. R. Bramley	Sir J. Barnby
353 The Virgin stills the crying (C) A cradle song of the Blessed Virgin		
354 Like silver lamps in a distant shrine (C) The Manger Throne	W. C. Dix	C. Steggall
355 Within a manger bare He lay (C)		A. Redhead
356 Carol, carol, Christians (C)	Bishop A. C. Coxe	Rev. R. F. Smith
357 Let us carols sing (C) Christmas comes again		C. Darnton
358 Be merry, Christian men, and sing (C) Happy Christmas morning	Miss A. S. Woods	C. Simper
359 Child Jesus came to earth this day (C) <i>Barn Jesus i en Krybbe lå</i>	Tr. fr. Danish of Hans Christian Andersen	N. W. Gade
360 Tenderly sleeping so tranquil and sweet (C)		G. S. W.
361 Sweetly sang the angels (C)	Rev. J. Julian	W. T. Crossley
362 Joy-bells ringing, children singing (E)		C. Vincent
363 Easter flowers are blooming bright		A. H. Brown
364 Deck the altar with blossoms fair (E)		Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
365 'Twas about the dead of night (E)		
366 Ye sons and daughters of the King (E) <i>O filii et filiae, Rex coelestis, Rex Glorise</i>	17th Century; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	G. W. Warren
367 Ring out the bells for Christmas	Rev. E. A. Washburn	J. Mosenthal
368 Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night	Bishop Phillips Brooks	L. H. Redner
369 Joy, ye people, great and small (C)	Rev. F. K. Harford	Sir J. F. Bridge
370 The children's King (C)		Old Melody
371 Ring, ring the bells, the joyful bells (C)		F. A. Challinor
372 Holy Night! peaceful Night (C) <i>Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht</i>	Tr. fr. Rev. J. Mohr	Sir J. Barnby
373 Wonderful night! (C)		Bishop J. F. Young
374 The merry bells for us they ring (C) Glad Christmas comes again	H. H. Sutcliffe	H. H. Sutcliffe
375 Christ was born on Christmas Day		

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376 Hear the angels telling (C)		F. Iliffe
377 Christ was born on Christmas night	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	Sir T. Wardle
378 Three Kings from out the Orient (C)	Rev. T. E. Brown	W. H. Gill
379 Merrily the Easter Bells	Rev. R. R. Chope	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
380 Do you hear the children crying (E).	Rev. C. C. Rollitt	Rev. J. D. Herron
The children's Easter offering		
381 Give ear, give ear, good Christian man (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Piae Cantiones
382 We sing our Saviour's praises (E)	Margaret Ford	Mrs. H. A. Farnsworth
383 Past is Lenten sadness (E)		Sir J. F. Bridge
384 Breaks the joyful Easter dawn	Lucy Larcom	German
385 The buds are bursting on the trees (E)	Mabel G. Osgood	R. H. Clouston, Jr.
386 God when He made this world below (H)		A. Redhead
387 Over all the land is glowing (H)	Rev. J. Brett	A. H. Brown
388 Wheat and barley bright with sunshine (H)	G. W. Brindley	C. Simper
389 Fields of gold are glowing (H)	I. J. Postgate	A. H. Brown
390 Soft the autumn suns are shining (H)	Rev. R. Gurney	W. F. Horner
391 O Lord, who shed'st the sunlight's gold (H)	W. H. Jewitt	Rev. R. F. Smith
392 Sweetest music, softly stealing (C)	G. W. Brindley	C. Simper
393 O Christmas Bells, ring far and near	Rev. T. D. Hyde	C. Simper
394 O lovely Star that shone so bright (C)		C. Simper
395 Waken, Christians, greet the morn (C)	Miss A. S. Woods	C. Simper
396 Softly the night is sleeping (C)		C. Simper
397 Clear upon the night air sounding (C)		Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
398 The flocks were wrapt in slumber (C)	Rev. R. F. Smith	Rev. R. F. Smith
399 Joy and gladness (C)	Rev. G. W. Bethune	G. B. Lissant
400 Hark! hear ye not the angel song (C)	Rev. G. Thring	Traditional
401 Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly (C)	Rev. A. T. Gurney	Sir G. J. Elvey
402 What child is this, who, laid to rest (C)	W. C. Dix	Old English
403 The angels sat in the garden-tomb (E)		
404 Roman soldier, tell us true (E)	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
405 Let the song be begun (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Piae Cantiones
406 Christ the Lord hath risen (E)	12th Century	12th Cent.; Har. by Rev. G. R. Woodward
<i>Christus ist erstanden</i>		
407 Sing the battle sharp and glorious (E)	Fortunatus, 6 Cent.; tr. by W. J. Blew	E. G. Monk
<i>Pange lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis</i>		
408 Sweet Child Divine, of lowly grace (C)	Rev. J. Brett	A. H. Brown
409 On yester-night I saw a sight (C)	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	T. T. Noble
The Virgin and the Child		
410 Hail! sweet Babe, so pure and holy (C)	E. Wilesworth	E. Pettman
411 Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly (C)	Rev. A. T. Gurney	A. F. M. Custance
412 Waken, Christian children (C)	Rev. S. C. Hamerton	Rev. S. C. Hamerton
413 A shepherd band their flocks (C)	M. Praetorius (?)	M. Praetorius
414 O'er old Judaea's hills (C)		T. Crampton
415 Good King Wenceslas looked out (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Traditional
416 The snow lay on the ground (C)	Old English	Tune of the Pifferari
417 Young and old must raise the lay (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Aachen Gesangbuch
418 There's a wonderful tree (C)	Mrs. M. N. Meigs	F. Schilling
419 Silent Night! hallowed Night! (C)	Tr. fr. J. Mohr	Trier Gesangbuch
<i>Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht</i>		
420 See amid the winter's snow (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	French Carol
421 Glory to God in the highest (C)	Rev. W. J. Irons	Mendelssohn
422 Now sing we a strain of joy (H)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
423 Thine, Lord, are the blessings (H)	Bishop E. H. Bickersteth	C. Vincent
424 Now let us raise our Harvest song		C. Simper
425 The rising morn, the closing day (H)		H. Townsend
426 Come, children, lift your voices (H)	Mrs. C. F. Hernaman	Rev. G. C. E. Ryley
427 Once more the liberal year laughs out (H)	J. G. Whittier	J. W. Elliott
428 Hark! a burst of heavenly music (C)	Mrs. M. N. Meigs	F. Schilling
429 The first good joy that Mary had (C)	Traditional	Traditional
The seven joys of Mary		
430 Christ was born on Christmas Day		G. E. Oliver
431 Saw ye never in the twilight (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	Mozart
432 Glad news, glad news, a-near and far (C)		
433 Shepherds five in a ring (C)	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	T. T. Noble
The Shepherd's Song		
434 Once in Bethlehem of Judah (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	J. H. Maunder
435 Once o'er the fields of Bethlehem (C)		J. Booth
436 The great God of heaven (C)	Rev. H. R. Bramley	Traditional
The Incarnation		
437 The Cedar of Lebanon (C)	Rev. R. F. Littledale	Old melody; arr. by E. Sedding
438 Sing the carol! raise your voices (N. Y.)	Rev. C. H. Wood	H. S. Irons
439 A thousand years have come and gone (C)	T. T. Lynch	Traditional; re-arr. by Sir A. Sullivan
440 Sing sweet carols, night is past (E)	Miss C. L. Jackson	S. B. Whiteley
441 The Easter dawn is breaking	Margaret Ford	Mrs. H. A. Farnsworth

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443 Ring out, sweet Easter-bells	Rev. J. Anketell	Rev. J. Anketell
443 As Mary walked in the garden green (E)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. R. F. Smith
444 Let us tell the story (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Piae Cantiones; Har. by Rev. G. H. Palmer
445 Carol we joyfully (Asc.)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	A. H. Brown
446 Bring them to the Master (F. S.)		Rev. G. C. E. Ryley
447 Gathered in the House divine (F. S.)	Bishop G. E. Moule	M. S. Skeffington
448 All is bright and cheerful (F. S. or C. D.)	Rev. J. M. Neale	W. H. Walter
449 Coming from the winter (E)		T. R. G. Jozé
450 A song of Spring once more we sing (F. S. or C. D.)	W. H. Groser	J. Booth
451 The summer days are come again (F. S. or C. D.)	Rev. S. Longfellow	Traditional
452 Beauteous are the flowers of earth (F. S.)	W. C. Dix	Sir J. Stainer
453 Now sing we a song for the harvest	Rev. J. W. Chadwick	S. Reay
454 Harken to the thankful reapers (H)	Rev. J. Bownes	Rev. R. F. Smith
455 Good news, good news is sent (H)	W. H. Jewitt	Rev. R. F. Smith
456 Come, hear ye how God's priest of old (H)	W. H. Jewitt	G. B. Lissant
457 Gather them in (H)		Henry Smith
458 Ring, bells, ring (H)	M. O. Brown	M. O. Brown
459 The stars are brightly shining (C)	Margaret Ford	Mrs. H. A. Farnsworth
460 Whence comes this rush of wings (C)	Bas-Quercy	Bas-Quercy
<i>Nouël des Ausès</i>		
461 Now let us sing the Angels' song (C)	Frances R. Havergal	A. Randegger
462 Lo! a fair Rose is blooming (C)	German of 15th Cent.	M. Praetorius
463 A Babe is born in Bethlehem (C)	Tr. by Rev. C. P. Krauth	15th Cent. Trad.
<i>Puer natus in Bethlehém</i>		
464 O'er the hill and o'er the dale (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	"In vernali tempore;" Har. by Rev. G. R. Woodward
465 O'er Bethlehem's hill in time of old (C)	M. G. Pearse	A. E. Floyd
465 Once again the olden story (C)	E. Oxenford	G. E. Oliver
467 See amid the winter's snow (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	Sir J. Goës
468 All the skies to-night sing o'er us (C)	Rev. J. O'Connor	German
469 Gather around the Christmas Tree	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
470 There came three Kings from Eastern land (C)	Köln Gesangbuch	Har. by B. L. Selby
<i>Esführt drei Könige Gottes hand</i>		
471 From silver gates of Ecbatoun (C)	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	T. T. Noble
<i>The Quest of the Three Kings</i>		
472 He is risen from the dead (E)	Mrs. C. F. Hernaman	A. H. Brown
473 At Easter morn the lark ascending	Tr. fr. E. Geibel	J. H. Knecht
474 Breaks the joyful Easter dawn	Lucy Larcom	H. G. Gilmore
475 The little flowers came through the ground (E)	Laura E. Richards and W. Hawkins	Karl Reinecke
<i>At happy Easter Time</i>		
476 Golden harps are sounding (Asc.)	Frances R. Havergal	Rev. E. P. Parker
477 Ye heavens, uplift your voice (E)	14th or 15th Cent.	Piae Cantiones; Har. by Rev. G. R. Woodward
<i>Plaudite coeli</i>		
478 Sing your carols to-day (W. S.)	Rev. J. C. Middleton	G. W. Warren
479 The sower went forth sowing (H)	Rev. W. St. H. Bourne	Sir J. F. Bridge
479 ^o Little birds are singing (C. D.)	M. E. J. Appleby	C. L. Naylor
480 Lord of the harvest! Thee we hail (H)	J. H. Gurney	G. B. Lissant
481 The flowers in garden, field and wood (F. S.)	H. F. Nicholls	H. F. Nicholls
482 Heavenly Father, God alone (H)	Rev. G. Moultrie	G. B. Lissant
483 It is a day of gladness (F. S. or C. D.)	Mrs. C. F. Hernaman	C. A. Barry
484 Pansies, lilies, roses (F. S.)	C. Griffiths	J. Booth
485 Earth below is teeming (H)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	
486 There's a song in the air	J. G. Holland	Rev. G. E. Martin
487 'Twas jolly, jolly Wat (C)	Bishop C. W. Stubbs	T. T. Noble
488 Sing with joy, 'tis Christmas morn	Mrs. C. F. Hernaman	Sir J. Stainer
489 The holly and the ivy (C)		Old French
490 Simple Carolers are we (C)	J. P. Douglas	J. B. Boucher
491 The angels sing around the stall (C)		J. M. Haydn
492 The moon shines bright (N. Y.)		Traditional
493 This day is born Emmanuel (C)		M. Praetorius
494 A Child this day is born (C)		Traditional
495 Away in a manger (C)	M. Luther	J. E. Spilman
495 In Beth'hem of Judah (C)	Miss A. S. Woods	C. Simper
497 In dulci jubilo (C)	14th Century	14th Cent. melody; Har. by R. L. de Pearsall
498 Welcome be our Heavenly King (C)		Sir J. F. Bridge
499 Listen, lordlings, unto me (C)	Rev. H. R. Bramley	Gascon; 16th Cent.
500 All my heart this night rejoices (C)	P. Gerhardt; tr. by Miss C. Winkworth	F. C. Maker
<i>Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen</i>		
501 Gems and flowers of rich perfume (E)		C. S. Baker
502 O come on this bright Easter Day		Henry Smith
503 Ring, happy bells of Easter time	Lucy Larcom	H. H. Pike
504 As Mary walked in the garden green (E)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
505 Lift up, ye everlasting doors (Asc.)		Rev. E. L. Hopkins
506 The Lord at first did Adam make (C)	Traditional	West of England

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599 God rest ye merry, gentlemen (C)	C. G. Rossetti	L. H. Redner
610 The shepherds had an angel (C)	W. T. Brooke	F. L. Wiseman
611 Come ye, with the angels sing (C)	Cho. by Rev. R. R. Chope	A. H. Brown
612 In the wintry heaven (C & Ep.)	Old English	Rev. R. F. Smith
613 The snow lay on the ground (C)	Italian melody; Har. by S. P. Waddington	N. B. Warren
614 Good Christians rise, this is the morn (C)	Traditional	West of England
615 The snow lay deep upon the ground (C)	Maria H. Bulfinch	Rev. A. T. Gurney
616 Now we bring our Christmas treasures	Unknown date and authorship; tr. by	Traditional
617 A Virgin most blessed (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
618 Far be sorrow, tears, and sighing (E)	Laura E. Richards and W. Hawkins	C. L. Naylor
<i>Cedant justis signa luctus</i>	N. Le Tourneau; tr. by Rev. I. Williams.	13th Century
619 The little flowers came from the ground (E)	Miss M. F. Cusack	H. E. Button
620 Angels come, on joyous pinion (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale. <i>Piae Cantiones</i> ; Har. by Rev. G. R. Woodward	R. H. Clouston, Jr.
<i>Adeste, Coelestium Chori</i>	Miss H. G. Farmer	Bas-Quercy
621 Hark! the angels bright are singing (E)	H. E. Nichol	H. E. Nichol
622 The Morning of Salvation (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. F. Peel
623 Hear the loving Easter bells	Mrs. E. H. Leland	J. W. Tosh
<i>Easter Bells</i>	H. E. Nichol	H. E. Nichol
624 Come with us, sweet flowers (F. S.)	Rev. J. H. Hopkins	Rev. J. H. Hopkins
<i>Nouël de las Flous</i>	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	M. S. Skeffington
625 Voices of children in gladness greet (C. D.)	H. E. Nichol	H. E. Nichol
626 Around the throne of God a band (C. D.)	J. H. Gurney	T. H. Spinney
627 The days are gliding swiftly by (C. D.)	Ben Jonson	Sir G. C. Martin
628 The flowers of earth are blooming (F. S.)	Traditional; arr. by Sir J. Stainer	
629 Thee we praise, O God of harvest (H)	Rev. H. Bonar	S. B. Saxton
630 The song of the Heavenly Harvest Home	Rev. S. C. Clarke	N. B. Warren
631 He saw the wheat-fields waiting (H)	Tr. by Rev. H. R. Bramley	E. H. Thorne
632 Once more the joy of harvest (H)	"Coventry Mysteries"	Sir J. Barnby
633 Fair waved the golden corn (H)	Rev. H. Bonar	Har. by Sir J. Stainer
634 I sing the Birth was born to-night (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	S. B. Saxton
635 We saw a light shine out afar (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	N. B. Warren
<i>The Golden Carol</i>	Rev. S. C. Clarke	E. H. Thorne
636 Come and hear the grand old story (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Sir J. Barnby
637 Now blazing Yule logs crown the hearth (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Har. by Sir J. Stainer
638 All hail! all hail! to the natal day (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	S. B. Saxton
639 When I view the Mother holding (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	N. B. Warren
640 Lullay, Thou little tiny child (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	E. H. Thorne
<i>The Coventry Carol</i>	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Sir J. Barnby
641 As Jacob with travel was weary one day (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Har. by Sir J. Stainer
<i>Jacob's Ladder</i>	Rev. S. C. Clarke	S. B. Saxton
642 Love came down at Christmas	Rev. S. C. Clarke	N. B. Warren
643 Christ was born on Christmas night	Rev. S. C. Clarke	E. H. Thorne
644 O merry ring the Christmas bells	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Sir J. Barnby
<i>The Cornish Bells</i>	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Har. by Sir J. Stainer
645 O blessed town of Bethlehem (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	S. B. Saxton
<i>Gloria in Excelsis</i>	Rev. S. C. Clarke	N. B. Warren
646 Sing we now our hymns of gladness (E)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	E. H. Thorne
647 O Sons and Daughters, let us sing (E)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Sir J. Barnby
<i>O filii et filiae, Rex coelestis, Rex gloriae</i>	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Har. by Sir J. Stainer
648 This is the Feast Day of our King (E)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	S. B. Saxton
649 Early ere the dawn of the morning (E)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	N. B. Warren
650 God is gone up (Asc.)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	E. H. Thorne
651 Go, lovely flowers to the sick and the sad (F. S.)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Sir J. Barnby
652 We bring sweet flowers and garlands gay (F. S.)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Har. by Sir J. Stainer
653 The spring-tide hour (Spring)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	S. B. Saxton
654 Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing (C. D.)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	N. B. Warren
655 A song of Spring once more we sing (F. S. or C. D.)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	E. H. Thorne
656 Good Christian people all (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Sir J. Barnby
657 How grand and how bright (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Har. by Sir J. Stainer
<i>The Worcestershire Christmas Carol</i>	Rev. S. C. Clarke	S. B. Saxton
658 The shepherds on fair Bethlehem's plain (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	N. B. Warren
659 I heard the Church bells ringing (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	E. H. Thorne
<i>Christmas Bells</i>	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Sir J. Barnby
660 We sing a song of Christmas time	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Har. by Sir J. Stainer
661 Nowell! Nowell! Good news I tell (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	S. B. Saxton
<i>Weihnacht fiedlein</i>	Rev. S. C. Clarke	N. B. Warren
662 Shepherds watching o'er the plain (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	E. H. Thorne
663 Joseph was an old man (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Sir J. Barnby
<i>The Cherry Tree Carol</i>	Rev. S. C. Clarke	Har. by Sir J. Stainer
664 I heard the bells on Christmas Day	Rev. S. C. Clarke	S. B. Saxton
665 A Babe is born, all of a maid (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	N. B. Warren
666 In the country nigh to Bethlehem (C)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	E. H. Thorne

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	AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	SOURCE
567 Christians, listen while we sing (C)	Rev. F. H. Groome	J. Martin
568 Hark! the herald-host is singing (C)	Tr. by J. Bernoff	E. Humperdinck
<i>Leise weht's durch alle Lnde</i>		
568 Three Kings had journeyed from lands (C)	P. Cornelius; tr. by W. G. Rothery	P. Cornelius
<i>The Kings. (Die Knige)</i>		
570 Hark! what mean those holy voices (C)	Rev. J. Cawood	C. W. Pearce
571 Virgin-born, we bow before Thee (C)	Bishop R. Heber	C. Gounod
572 Come, listen to the story (C)	Henry Knight	Rev. J. B. Powell
573 Ring out, O bells! your peals to-day (C)		
574 While humble shepherds watched their flocks (C)	N. Tate	G. W. Fink
575 When Jesus Christ was yet a child (C)	Tr. fr. Russian	P. Tchaikowsky
<i>"The Crown of Roses"</i>		
576 Once in royal David's city (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	H. J. Gauntlett
577 Let our gladness know no end (C)	Traditional	Old Bohemian
578 Carol, Christian children (C)	Miss H. W. Selby	A. Moffat
579 Angels above on Advent morn (C)	P. Cornelius; tr. by W. G. Rothery	P. Cornelius
<i>The Christ-Child</i>		
580 "Tween ox and ass in humble shed (C)	Old French Noel	F. A. Gevaert
<i>The sleep of the Infant Jesus</i>		
581 Over the land in glory (E)	Rev. F. L. Hosmer	Arthur Foote
582 The fishers sat within their boat (E)		H. E. Nichol
583 On Easter morn Christ rose again (E)		Flemish
584 Through the long hidden years (E)	W. C. Dix	G. B. Lissant
585 Joy hath come to earth again (W. S.)	Rev. R. F. Littledale	From the Swiss; Har. by E. Sedding
586 From East and West (C. D.)	A. E. Curtiss	J. W. Tufts
587 Summer days once more are coming (Spring)	Tr. fr. German	Mozart
588 I hear the children's voices (C. D.)	Mrs. A. Gaskell	E. Lemare
589 Sow ye beside all waters (Spring)	Mrs. A. Shipton	J. M. Crament
590 A joyous song once more we bring (C. D.)	W. H. Groser	F. C. Maker
591 Come, May, thou lovely lingerer (May)	Tr. fr. German	Mozart
592 Now the year is crowned with blessing (H)		A. M. Edwards
593 Earth below is teeming (H)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	A. W. Hamilton-Gell
594 The corn is ripe for reaping (H)	Rev. C. A. Goodhart	J. Farmer
595 Lord of the living harvest (H)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	
596 We plough the fields and scatter (H)	Miss J. M. Campbell	J. A. P. Schulz
597 Three kings in great glory (C)	Selwyn Image	Martin Shaw
598 Ring on, ye joyous Christmas bells	Rev. H. G. Batterson	A. H. Brown
599 O little town of Bethlehem (C)	Bishop Phillips Brooks	L. H. Redner
600 O sing a song of Bethlehem (C)	Rev. L. F. Benson	Sir J. Barnby
601 The shepherds had an angel (C)	C. G. Rossetti	J. C. Bridge
602 Carol, sweetly carol (C)	Mrs. F. J. Van Alstyne (Fanny Crosby)	E. Bunnett
603 A Virgin most pure (C)	Traditional	Traditional
604 Whilst Bethlehem's shepherds kept (C)	L. Bainbridge	E. H. Smith
605 Christ, hath Christ's Mother (C)	Lionel Johnson	Martin Shaw
<i>Hominum Laudes</i>		
606 Last night as I lay sleeping (C)		C. Vincent
<i>The Angels' Song</i>		
607 It came upon the midnight clear (C)	Rev. E. H. Sears	R. S. Willis
608 On Bethlehem's silent plain (C)		M. Hornabrook
609 All children are on Christmas eve		
610 When Christ was born of Mary free (C)	Harleian MS.	A. H. Brown
<i>Christo paremus canticam, excelsis gloria</i>		
611 In sorrow and in want (C)	Rev. F. W. Farrar	Sir J. F. Bridge
612 Calm on the listening ear of night (C)	Rev. E. H. Sears	E. J. Hopkins
613 Sing of Maiden Mary (C)	Rev. F. G. Lee	French Noel
614 Let us the Infant greet (C)	Rev. R. F. Littledale	Samuel Smith
615 The snow lies thick upon the earth (C)	Selwyn Image	Geoffrey Shaw
616 Three kings once lived in Eastern land (C)	Joseph Bennett	F. H. Cowen
617 As with gladness men of old (C)	W. C. Dix	H. W. Davies
618 Christ is risen! Alleluia! (E)	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell	Henry Wilson
619 Let the merry church bells ring (E)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Piae Cantiones
620 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain (E)	Tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale	Flemish
<i>'Αδελφοί πστες αο!</i>		
621 Easter morn with gladness shine		A. Rubinstein
622 Sweet and clear the birds are singing (E)		F. F. Bullard
623 That Easter-tide with joy was bright	Rev. J. M. Neale	Old Lowland carol
624 Soft falls the snow upon the ground (C)	Miss Julia Goddard	A. H. Brown
625 As Joseph was a walking (C)	Traditional	R. R. Terry
<i>Joseph and the angel</i>		
626 Christ is born! Christ is born! (C)	Traditional	Geoffrey Shaw
627 Thou didst leave Thy throne (C)	Emily E. S. Elliott	Rev. J. B. Powell
628 There came three Sages from afar (C)		Louis J. Garrett
629 Glory to God in the highest (C)	Rev. W. J. Irons	Rev. R. F. Smith
630 Come, ye Christians, all (C)	J. T. Lightwood	Old French

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631 What good news the angels bring (C)	MS. in British Museum	Traditional Rouen
632 From heaven above to earth I come (C) <i>Von Himmel hoch da kommich her</i>	M. Luther	M. Luther
633 Here is joy for every age (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Piae Cantiones
634 Long ago in Bethlehem (C)	Evelyn Beale	H. D. Wetton
635 That so Thy blessed Birth, O Christ (C) The Blessed Birth	G. Wither	H. W. Davies
636 All hail to the days (C)	Traditional	17th Century
637 Deep the gloom and still the night (C)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. G. P. Grantham
638 Of the Father's love begotten (C) <i>Corda natius ex parentis</i>	Prudentius, 4th Cent.; tr. by Rev. J. M. Neale and Sir H. W. Baker	Flemish Noel
639 One winter's night I saw a sight (C)	Traditional	Rev. L. J. T. Darwall
640 Mountains, bow your heads majestic (C)	Stoke-upon-Tern Hymn Book	W. H. Cummings
641 I saw three ships come sailing in (C)	Traditional	Traditional
642 O wonderful the tidings (C)	E. Oxenford	E. Bunnett
643 Noel! Born is the King of Israel (C) The First Noel	Traditional	H. J. Gauntlett
644 Come, shepherds, come! shake off your sleep (C) "Ihr Hirten sleket alle auf Von eurem tiefen Schlaf"		Tyrolese
645 Jesus Christ is born to-day (C)	Traditional	Har. by J. S. Bach
646 Wake all music's magic powers (C) Christmas Day	Tr. fr. the Latin by Rev. H. R. Bramley	Sir J. Stainer
647 There came three kings from far away (C)	B. Cranston	G. F. Hayward
648 Saw ye never in the twilight (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	B. Tours
649 When the crimson sun had set (C)	Rev. G. P. Grantham	Rev. S. S. Greatheed
650 Hark! the herald angels sing (C)	Rev. C. Wesley	Mendelssohn
651 Once in Bethlehem of Judah (C)	Cecil F. Alexander	C. V. Stanford
652 In the bleak midwinter (C)	C. G. Rossetti	T. B. Strong
653 'Twas in the winter cold (C)	Rev. J. C. Black	Sir J. Barnby
654 As with gladness men of old (C)	W. C. Dix	C. Kocher
655 The Christmas Tree is sparkling (C) <i>Christbaum</i>	W. G. Rothery	P. Cornelius
656 I would now sing for and I might (C) The Three Kings	Traditional	H. Heale
657 This joyful Easter-tide	"David's Psalmen"	"David's Psalmen"
658 Oh, the golden glowing morning (E)	Rev. G. T. Rider	G. F. Le Jeune
659 It was early in the morning (E)		C. J. Riddale
660 On wings of Living Light (E)	Bishop W. W. How	French Melody
661 Golden harps are sounding (Asc.)	Frances R. Havergal	Sir A. Sullivan
662 Let music break on this blest morn (C)	Grace Dickinson	J. B. Calkin
663 O sing we a carol (C)	Rev. W. J. Irons	A. H. Brown
664 At dead of night when all is still (C)		E. J. Hopkins
665 Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing (C)	Traditional	Old Cornish
666 O lowly, sacred Stable (C)	Rev. B. C. Roberts	A. S. Houghton
667 Wake, my heart, while round thee swelling (C)	Tr. fr. P. Gerhardt	J. Kruger
668 Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	Trier Gesangbuch
669 Here is joy for every age (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	Rev. T. Helmore
670 Here we come a-wassailing (C) The Wassail Song	Traditional	Traditional
671 Good tidings, good tidings (C)		G. E. Oliver
672 The joyful morn is breaking (C)		G. E. Oliver
673 Welcome be Thou heaven-king (C) Welcome Yule	Sloane MS.	From Deuteromelia
674 We've decked the church with ivy (C)		Rev. J. S. B. Hodges
675 There dwelt in old Judea (C)		R. Jackson
676 O Babe, in manger lying (C)	W. C. Dix	Sir J. Barnby
677 What tidings bringest thou (C)	MS. of 15th Cent.	J. Dunstable
678 When Christ was born in Bethlehem (C)	Tr. fr. Neapolitan	W. F. Taylor
679 From church to church (C) <i>Conspicua turba fidelium</i>	MS. of 11th Cent. versified by Rev. J. M. Neale	Hypo-Dorian Mode; Har. by Rev. G. H. Palmer
680 From Heavenly Maid this day did spring (C)	"Songs of Sundry Natures," 1589	W. Byrd
681 Young and old must raise the lay (C)	Rev. J. M. Neale	M. Praetorius
682 'Tis Christmas now	"Playford's Select Ayres and Dialogues"	H. Lawes
683 I'll tell you a tale of the olden time (C)	Rev. G. Moultrie	B. W. J. Trevaldwy and T. W. Staniforth
684 Merry Christmas bells are ringing	Miss M. E. Waite	H. Kotzschmar
685 Came th' Archangel to the Maid (C) <i>Angelus ad Virginem</i>	Fr. Latin of 15th Century	13th Century
686 Night has closed the gates (C)	Rev. J. B. Powell	Marot's French Psalter, 1647
687 The Magi came out of the Orient land (C) Three Kings' Song	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	French Flanders
688 Awake, ye shepherds, instantly (C) The Angel and the shepherds	Rev. S. Baring-Gould	French Flanders
689 This new Christmas carol	Traditional	Traditional
690 The old year now away has fled (N. Y.)	Ashmolean Library	A. H. Brown

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691 Touching grace, we Princes three (C)	Marbach Hymner, 12th Cent.	Bohemian Brothers' Book, 1566
692 So happy all the day (C)	Rev. W. H. Havergal	Rev. W. H. Havergal
The Bethlehem Shepherd-Boy's Tale		
693 Now to Bethlehem haste we (C)	C. F. Hernaman	Rev. J. B. Dykes
694 Day of wonder, day of gladness (C)	B. H. Hall	W. W. Rousseau
695 Come forth and bring your garlands (E)	Mrs. J. W. Anderson	H. Kotzschmar
696 Sing we Alleluia (E)		G. H. Westbury
697 Alleluia! King victorious (E)	S. C. Umlauf	S. C. Umlauf
698 The Easter bells are ringing	Margaret Ford	Mrs. H. A. Farnsworth
699 Hail! all hail this brightest morning (E)	Rev. S. C. Clarke	A. H. Brown
700 Smile praises, O sky (E)		
701 Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	W. Austin
702 Christians, awake; salute the happy morn (C)	J. Byrom	J. Wainwright
703 Ring out, ye merry bells (C)	Mrs. A. Gaskell	E. Lemare
704 O hark to the bells' glad song (C)	Fr. Latin of 11th Century	Piae Cantiones
705 Remember, O thou man (C)	"Melismata," 1611	T. Ravenscroft
706 It was the very noon of night (C)	Tr. fr. Spanish	Sir J. Barnby
The story of the Shepherd		
707 Now to God on high be glory (C)	J. H. Gurney	E. Prout
708 Unto us is born a Son (C)	Tr. fr. Latin	Piae Cantiones; arr. by G. Shaw
709 They leave the land of gems and gold (C)	A. de Vere	Old French
710 A Boy is born in Bethlehem (C)	Peter of Nyland; tr. by H. J. D. Ryder	German
<i>Puer natus in Bethlehem</i>		
711 Good people, give ear (C)	Rev. J. Barnby	Rev. J. Swire
712 It is Christmas Day by the river	"Oyster Bay Carol"	
713 Shepherds night watch keeping (C)	M. E. Browne	C. E. Deffell
714 All hail, ye merry folk to-day (C)	H. G. Rosedale	G. F. Terry
715 To-day doth blossom Jesse's stem (C)	Rev. G. R. Woodward	E. J. Hopkins
716 'Twas a starry night of old (C)	Jane E. Leeson	C. L. Naylor
717 Awake, arise, good Christians (C)	"Parish Visitor"	F. Schilling
718 What time I kept my sheep in fold (C)	Tr. fr. German	C. Vincent
<i>Benedicamus Domino</i>		
719 Sleep, Holy Babe (C)	Rev. E. Caswall	Ancient Melody
720 Cold was the day (C)	Sir J. Stainer	Sir J. Stainer
The Child Jesus in the garden		
721 Now sing we all full sweetly (C)	L. Le Moigne	Poitou
<i>Chantons! je vous en prie</i>		
722 God rest ye merry, gentlemen (C)	Traditional	Traditional
723 God rest ye merry, gentlemen (C)	Traditional	Traditional
724 God give ye merry Christmas-tide	Old English	Traditional
725 From the Eastern mountains (Ep)	Rev. G. Thring	G. B. Lissant
726 Shepherds, shake off your drowsy sleep (C)	Besançon	Besançon; Har. by Sir J. Stainer
<i>Chantons! Bergiers, nous, nous</i>		
727 Shepherds watching their sheep (C)	P. Cornelius; tr. by W. G. Rothery	P. Cornelius
The Shepherds (<i>Die Hirten</i>)		
728 O haste, the blessed Babe is born (C)		E. Handley
729 Now, prithee, Minstrel, tell to me (C)	E. Mabel Dawson	A. H. Brown
730 Would'st thou magnify the story (C)	Tr. fr. P. Gerhardt	J. E. Ebeling
<i>Alle, die ihr Gott zu ehren</i>		
731 To us is born a little Child (C)	Köln Gesangbuch	15th Century melody
<i>Geborn ist uns ein Kindlein</i>		
732 There comes a galley, laden (C)	Tr. fr. J. Tauler (ab. 1340)	Catholic Gesangbuch
<i>Es komt ein Schiff geladen</i>		
733 Whom of old the shepherds praised (C)	Traditional	14th Century melody
<i>Quem pastores laudavere</i>		
734 Blessed be that Maid Marie (C)	Old English. Melody fr. "Ballet's Lute Book"; Har. by C. Wood	
735 The good men all of Chastres (C)	Traditional	Arpejon Carol, 16th Cent.
<i>Les bourgeois de Chastres</i>		
736 Cradled all lowly (C)	H. Farnie	C. Gounod
Bethlehem		
737 Where shall the Prince of Peace be born (C)	Ben C. Boulter	Bertha C. Boulter
The Crib and the Cross		
738 O come, all ye faithful (C)	Tr. by [Rev. F. Oakeley	"Cantus Diversi," J. H. Ward
<i>Adeste fideles</i>		
739 Brightest and best of the sons (Ep.)	Bishop R. Heber	J. P. Harding
740 Though poor be the chamber (C)	H. F. Chorley	C. Gounod
Nazareth		
741 O Holy Night (C)	J. S. Dwight	A. Adam
<i>Noël</i>		
742 <i>In dulci jubilo</i> (C)	Traditional	R. L. de Pearsall
743 Now rise up, ye shepherds (C)	"Towneley Mysteries"	E. H. Thorne
The Angel and the shepherds		
744 Like silver lamps in a distant shrine (C)	W. C. Dix	Sir J. Barnby
745 O lovely voices of the sky (C)	Felicia Hemans	Oliver King

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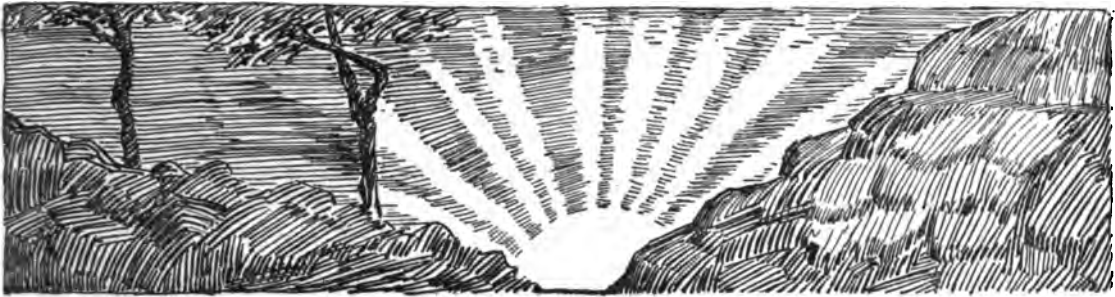
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746 <i>Haut, haut, Peyrot</i> (C)	Andichon	"Melodies Béarnaises"
747 <i>Qui creavit coelum, lully, lully, lu</i> (C)	"Chester Arch. Journal"	"Chester Mysteries"
748 <i>In natali Domini</i> (C)	Traditional	"Nürnberger Gesangbuch"
749 <i>Jure plaudunt omnia</i> (C)		H. Verdussen
750 <i>De drie Koningen</i> (C)		"Chants Populaires Flamands"
751 <i>Gelobet seis tu Jesu Christ</i>		Bartholomaeus Gesius

FACSIMILE

Of a MS. (Bodleian 572, fol. 50) still existing, and thought to be the first Native Carol in England. It probably was the work of a monk inventive and well skilled in music. The old alphabetical notation is seen above the Latin text.

h g f a. h b e l n. h k l b p h r a f g h. h k l k f k l n b g f g h
h h g. h a f h a f g h b e f g h. h. b h f g h g h c h b z b h.
V. suop h r k l p p r i a u f. p u l m p e r u e n t u d o m i n u s a d e h
d e i d f h r k l p p r i a u f. p u l m p e r u e n t u d o m i n u s a d e h
g h g f g h h k g f g h g h h z h. h. h a h a h g f e f a r i d d f g h.
n o l p u r g a c o s a p e c c a t i s u n g a t e e l i c u i f u l



In low'ring gloom and cloudiness.

Carol 1.
(Last Verse Major.)
Slow and soft.

(FOR EASTER.)

Edward Handley.

1. In low'-ring gloom and cloud-i-ness, the sun had sunk to rest;
2. { The an-gels who in grief and awe had watch'd His suff-rings dread,
3. { Had seen the scourge, the cross, the nails, the out- rage and the wrong,
3. † A- gain the light of Eas-ter dawns, and shall we si- lent be,

1. And drear-iest night had dark-en'd o'er the earth's sin- la- den breast:
2. { The an- gush keen, the storm of woe, that gath-er'd o'er His head,
3. { Seen Sa- tan's pow'r tri- umph - ant, the hosts of e- vil strong,
3. Nor bless the Love, the Grace, the Pow'r, that us from death set free!

Quicker.
But when that brightest morn-ing broke, the woe and curse were o'er, The pow'rs of death were
Now wake the strain with one ac-cord thro' all the courts of Heav'n, To sing the praise of
With ho-ly joy from ear-liest morn let each his voice up-raise, And thro' the ransom'd

van- quish-ed, and Sa- tan reign'd no more. The Sav- iour from the tomb a- rose, the
Love Di- vine, the joy of man for- given. The Sav- iour from the tomb a- rose, the
world resound our Great Re- deem-er's praise. O praise the Fa- ther, praise the Son! and

darkness pass'd a- way, And o'er the world in beau-ty dawn'd the glorious Eas- ter day.
darkness pass'd a- way, And o'er the world in beau-ty dawn'd the glorious Eas- ter day.
Ho-ly Spir- it bless'd! And be the Name of God most High thro' ev'-ry land con- fess'd.

*In the second verse repeat the first strain to double bar. † Music Major throughout.

Parish Choir, No. 9-4.



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Quicker.
But when that brightest morn-ing broke, the woe and curse were o'er, The pow'rs of death were
Now wake the strain with one ac-cord thro' all the courts of Heav'n, To sing the praise of
With ho-ly joy from ear-liest morn let each his voice up-raise, And thro' the ransom'd

van-quish-ed, and Sa-tan reign'd no more. The Sav-iour from the tomb a-rose, the
Love Di-vine, the joy of man for-given. The Sav-iour from the tomb a-rose, the
world resound our Great Re-deem-er's praise. O praise the Fa-ther, praise the Son! and

darkness pass'd a-way, And o'er the world in beau-ty dawn'd the glorious Eas-ter day.
darkness pass'd a-way, And o'er the world in beau-ty dawn'd the glorious Eas-ter day.
Ho-ly Spir-it bless'd! And be the Name of God most High thro' ev'-ry land con-fess'd.

*In the second verse repeat the first strain to double bar. †Music Major throughout.

Parish Choir, No. 9-4.

All this night bright angels sing.

Carol 2.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Arthur S. Sullivan.

Moderato.

mf
1. All this night bright an - gels sing, Nev - er was such car - ol - ling,
mf
2. Wake, O earth, wake eve - ry thing, Wake and hear the joy I bring:

cres.
Hark! a voice which loud - ly cries, "Mor - tals, mor - tals, wake and rise.
Wake and joy; for all this night, Heaven and eve - ry twink - ling light,
cres.

p
Lo! to glad-ness Turns your sadness: From the earth is ris'n a Sun, Shines all night tho' day be done."
All a - mas - ing, Still stand gas-ing, An - gels, powers and all that be, Wake, and joy this Sun to sea.
p
cres.

3d Verse.

p
Hail! O Sun, O bles - sed Light, Sent in - to this world by night;
p

mf
Let Thy Rays and heav'nly Pow'rs, Shine in these dark souls of ours.
mf
dim.
pp

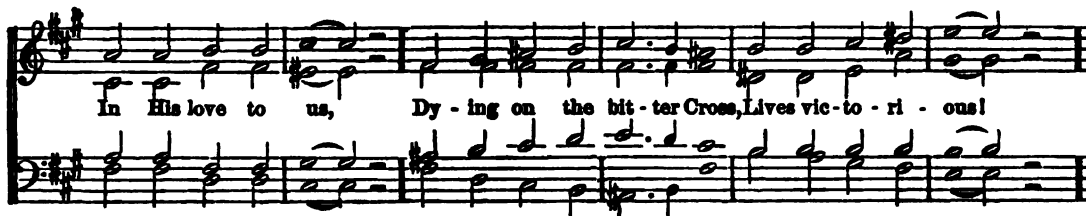
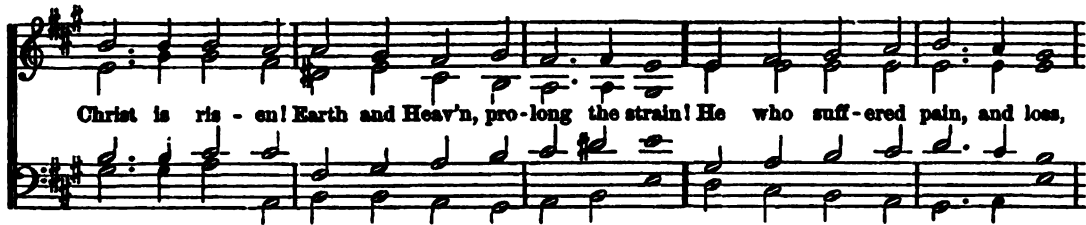
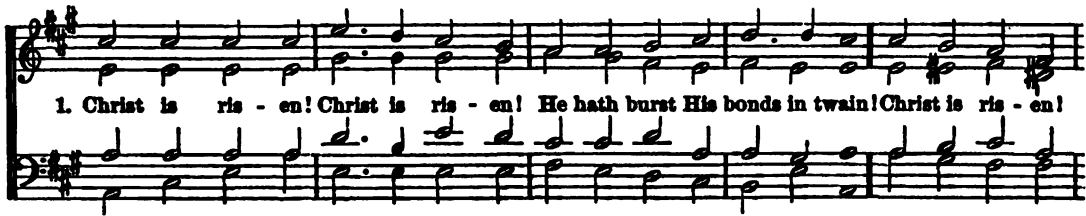
cres.
For most du - ly, Thou art tru - ly God and Man, we do confess: Hail, O Sun of Right-ous-ness!
f
rall

Christ is risen! Christ is risen!

Carol 3.

(FOR MASTER.)

Arthur S. Sullivan.



2

Lo, the chains of death are broken!
Earth below, and heaven above!
Joy anew in every token
Of Thy triumph, Lord of love!
He o'er earth and heaven shall reign
At His Father's side
Till He cometh once again,
Bridegroom to His Bride,
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and Heaven, prolong the strain!

3

Angel legions, downward thronging,
Hail the Lord of earth and skies!
Ye who watch'd with holy longing
Till your Sun again should rise;
He is risen! earth, rejoice!
Sing, ye starry train!
All things living, find a voice!
Jesus lives again!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Earth and Heaven, prolong the strain!

A shepherd band their flocks are keeping.

Carol 4.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

S. P. Tuckerman.

Allegro moderato.

p

1. A shepherd band their flocks are keep-ing, And gen-tle lambs are sweetly asleep-ing;

p

Allegro moderato.

$\text{♩} = 120. \text{ Ch. or Sw.}$

When sud-den - ly they all be - hold An an - gel in bright robes with harp of gold.

p

Gt. Org.

Ped. *Ped. to Gt.*

2
f Glad tidings of great joy he bringeth,
 The azure vault with anthems ringeth;
 "Emmanuel" awakes the song,
ff And countless hosts the glorious theme prolong.

3
p "To you this day is born a Saviour,
 Your Prophet, Priest, and King for ever;"
f "All glory be to God," they cry;
ff "All glory be to God," let earth reply.

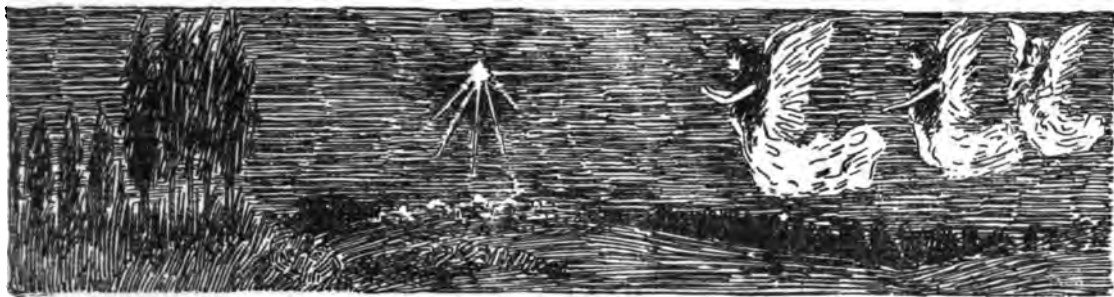
4
p "On earth be peace with mercy blending,
 Good-will to men, and love unending;"
 Thus sweetly sing the angel throng,
 And all the heavenly host rehearse the song.

8
f Now every voice with rapture swelleth,
 For Christ the Lord with mortals dwelleth;
 Let men and angels Him adore,
ff And shout their glad Hosannas evermore.

5
f Through field and wood the song resoundeth,
 O'er hill and vale the chorus boundeth;
 Exultingly the echoes roll,
ff And hymns of triumph spread from pole to pole

6
p The shepherds view the host returning,
 Their hearts with holy ardour burning;
 To Bethlehem they wend their way,
 Repeating with glad tongues th'angelic lay.

7
p In haste they seek the heavenly Stranger;
 They find the Babe laid in a manger;
 With wonder and with awe they fall,
ff And joyfully adore Him, Lord of all!



In the early morning, early.

Carol 5.

[FOR CHRISTMAS.]

W. Borrow.

In the ear - ly morn-ing, ear - ly, Ere the dawn was e - ven nigh—

Glo - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o! Glo - ry be to God on high.

When the crown-like stars were lus - trous; When the dew was on the sod,

Sang the An - gels to the shep - herds, Sang the chor - is - ters of God.

2
To the humble Bethlehem shepherds,
On the first glad Christmas morn,
Sang the choir of God Angelic,—
Christ the Son of God is born!
When the dew was white and pearly,
Flashed a light across the sky,
In the early morning, early,
Glory be to God on high.

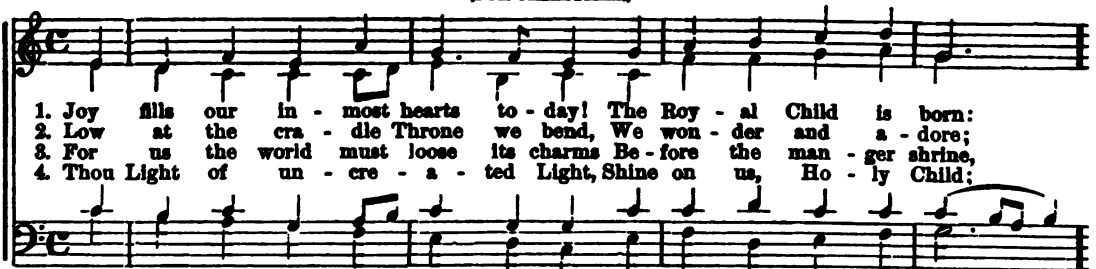
3
Glory in the heavens eternal,
Upon earth be glory, too,
For the day of grace hath broken,
And a King is born to you.
In the early morning, early,
Glory be to God on high:
Rang the sound of Angels harping,
Though the stilly, list'ning sky.

Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day.

Carol 6.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Samuel Smith.



1. Joy fills our in - most hearts to - day! The Roy - al Child is born:
 2. Low at the cra - die Throne we bend, We won - der and a - dore;
 3. For us the world must loose its charms Be - fore the man - ger shrine,
 4. Thou Light of un - cre - a - ted Light, Shine on us, Ho - ly Child;



And An - gel hosts in glad ar - ray His Ad - vent keep this morn.
 And feel no bilas can ours transcend, No joy was sweet be - fore.
 When, fold - ed in Thy mo - ther's arms, We see Thee, Babe di - vine.
 That we may keep Thy birth - day bright, With ser - vice un - de - filed.

After each verse.



Re - joice, re - joice! Th' In - car - nate word Has come on earth to dwell;

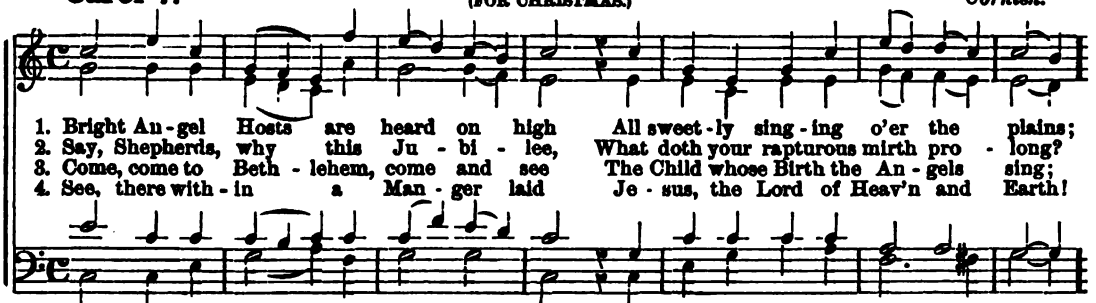


No sweet - er sound than this is heard Em - man - u - ell A - men.

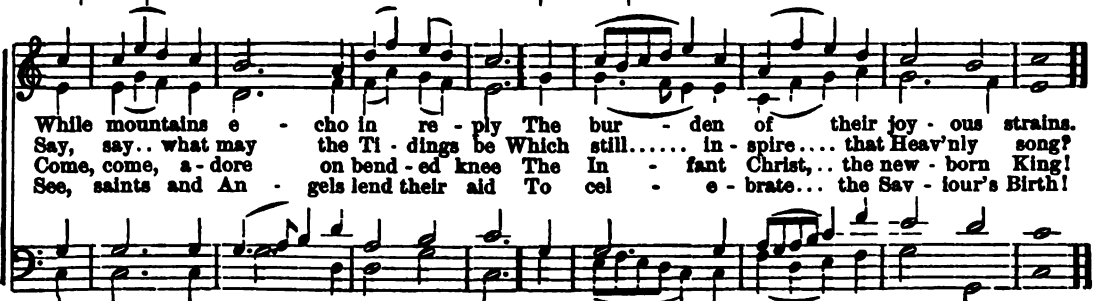
Carol 7. Bright Angel Hosts are heard on high.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Cornish.



1. Bright An - gel Hosts are heard on high All sweet - ly sing - ing o'er the plains;
 2. Say, Shepherds, why this Ju - bi - lee, What doth your rapturous mirth pro - long?
 3. Come, come to Beth - lehem, come and see The Child whose Birth the An - gels sing;
 4. See, there with - in a Man - ger laid Je - sus, the Lord of Heav'n and Earth!



While mountains e - cho in re - ply The bur - den of their joy - ous strains.
 Say, say.. what may the Ti - dings be Which still..... in - spire.... that Heav'nly song?
 Come, come, a - dore on bend - ed knee The In - fant Christ, ... the new - born King!
 See, saints and An - gels lend their aid To cel - e - brate... the Sav - iour's Birth!

Once again, O blessed time.

Carol 8.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

[FOR CHRISTMAS.]

mf Smoothly.

1. Once a - gain, O blessed time, Thankful hearts em - brace thee; If we lost thy

fes - tal chime, What could e'er re - place..... thee? What could e'er re - place thee?

p Change will dark - en many a day, *pp* Many a bond dis - sev - er; *cres.* Many a joy shall

pass a - way, But the "Great Joy" nev - er!... But the "Great Joy"

dim. nev - er..... But the "Great Joy" nev - er!

2
Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender,
Once again the Manger Light
Sheds its gentle splendour;
Oh! could tongues by Angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the Virgin's Child that brought
All mankind Salvation?

3
Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure:
Gates of Hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure:
Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!

4
Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O best fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer:
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,
"Jesus Christ is God with us,
Born on Christmas morning."

5
So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing:
Thee true GOD, and Thee true Man,
On our knees confessing;
While Thy Birth-day morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
In Thy Mercy's ocean.

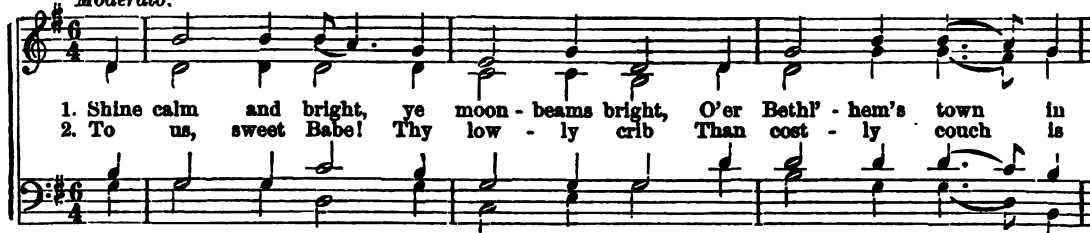
Shine calm and bright, ye moonbeams bright.

Carol 9.

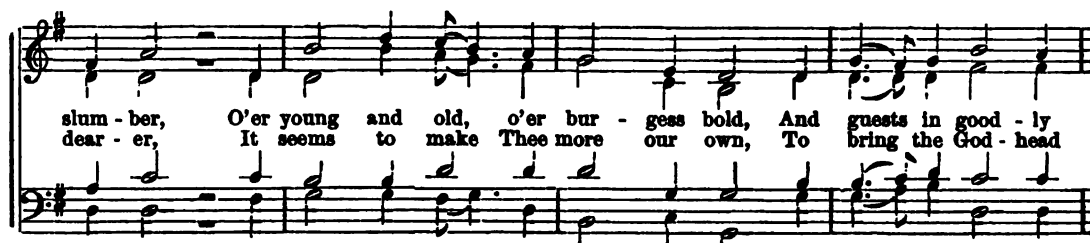
(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. George P. Grantham.

Moderato.



1. Shine calm and bright, ye moon - beams bright, O'er Bethl' - hem's town in
2. To us, sweet Babel! Thy low - ly crib Than cost - ly couch is



slum - ber, O'er young and old, o'er bur - gess bold, And guests in good - ly
dear - er, It seems to make Thee more our own, To bring the God - head



num - ber; For shel - ter'd safe from Win - ter's frost, Well housed and warm all
near - er! It seems to show Thy sym - pa - thy For hu - man grief and




lie, Se - cure from snow in street be - low, And screen'd from fro - zen sky.
pain, And makes us long to raise the song Of No - el o'er a - gain!

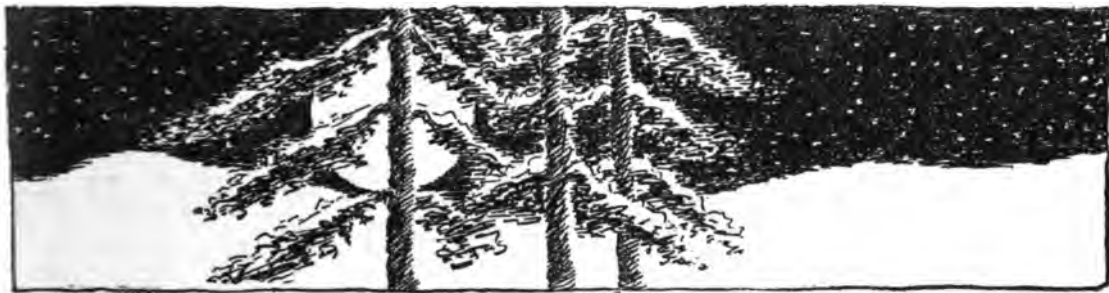
CHORUS.



But Babe be - nign! No couch is Thine, Save low - ly man - ger stall, Where
O Babe be - nign! Thy love di - vine Shed round us, day by day; Sweet



cold winds blow on Thy Form di - vine, Who com - 'est to save us all.
Child of light! Be Thou our might, Our gen - tle King for aye!



Slowly fall the snow-flakes.

Carol 10.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

W. Borres

1. Slow - ly fall the snow - flakes, Cloth - ing earth in white,

Sweet - ly bells are chim - ing, On this Christ - mas night;

Dark the earth a - fore - time, White on Christ - mas morn;

Christ the curse re - vers - ing, — Ma - ry's Son is born.

2
Slowly fall the snow-flakes,
Virgin-white the sod,
In the chill descending,
Like the grace of God;
Wild the varied chimings,
One tale only tell—
Lies in Bethlehem's manger
Great EMMANUEL.

Parish Choir, No. 29—4.

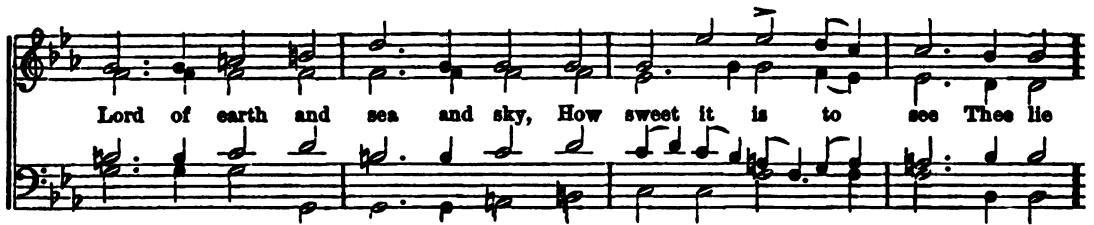
3
Slowly fall the snow-flakes,
Hang the holly high,
Bright its berries, greeting
God Incarnate nigh;
Dark the earth no longer,
Barren nevermore,
Grace-flowers spring to blossom
On the eternal shore.

Sleep, Holy Babe.

Carol 11.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



2

Sleep! Holy Babe! Thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

3

Sleep! Holy Babe! while I with Mary gase
In joy upon that Face awhile
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there Divinely plays.

4

Sleep! Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake
That Death alone shall close.

Carol, sweetly carol.

Carol 12.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

T. E. Perkins.



1. Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, A Sav - lour born to - - - day:
 2. Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, As when the An - gel thron -
 3. Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, The hap - py Christmas - time;



Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.
 O'er the vales of Ju - dah, A - woke the heav - en - ly song -
 Hark! the bells are peal - ing Their mer - ry, mer - ry chime;

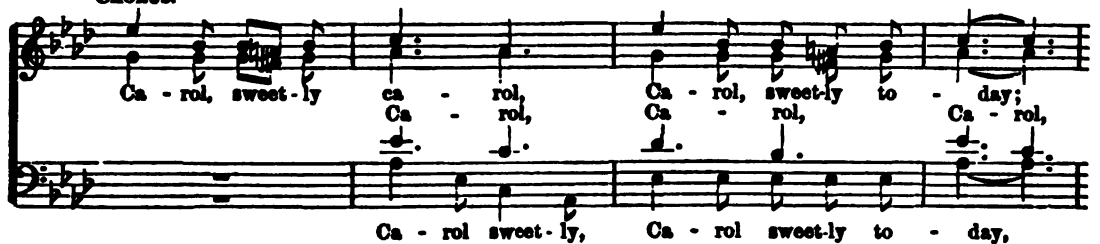


Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, Till earth's re - mot - est bound Shall
 Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, Good will, with peace and love,
 Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, Ye shin - ing ones a - bove,



hear the might - y cho - rus, And e - cho back the sound.
 Glo - ry in the high - est, To God who reigns a - bove.
 Sing in loud - est num - bers, Oh, sing re - deem - ing love.

Chorus.



Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, Ca - rol, sweet-ly to - day;
 Ca - rol, Ca - rol, Ca - rol,
 Ca - rol sweet-ly, Ca - rol sweet-ly to - day,



Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.

Carol 13.

(FOR EASTER.)

Arthur S. Sullivan.

1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph - ant glad - ness;

God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness:

Loosed from Pha - raoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;

Led them with un - moistened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A - MEN.

2
'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison;
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3
Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection,
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' Resurrection.

4
Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising. AMEN.



Carol 14.

Bright Easter Skies.

Words by Bishop A. Burgess.

Music by G. W. Marston.

[FOR EASTER.]

1. Bright Eas-ter skies! Fair Eas-ter skies! Our Lord is risen, We, too, shall rise.
 2. Green Eas-ter fields! Fair Eas-ter fields! Heaven's first ripe fruit, Death, conquered, yields.
 3. Sweet Eas-ter flowers! White Eas-ter flowers! From Heaven descend Life-giv-ing showers.
 4. O Christian child! O Christian men! Our Vic-tor Lord, Shall come a - gain.

Nor walls of stone, hewn firm and cold, Nor Ro-man sol-diers, brave and bold;
 In church-yards wide the seed we sow, Be-neath the cross the wheat shall grow;
 Each plant that bloomed at E-den's birth, Shall blow a - gain o'er ransomed earth;
 Wake we our hearts at His com-maud; Lift we our love to His right hand;

Nor Satan's mar-shalled hosts could keep The pierc-ed hands in death-ly sleep:
 One Eas-ter - Day death's reign shall end, And gold-en sheaves shall heav'n-ward send.
 Pluck lil-les rare and ro-ses sweet, And strew the path of Je-sus' feet,
 With warmest hopes, to Eas-ter skies, Stretch we our arms, and fix our eyes:

Just as the Eas-ter day-beams dawn, Our bur-ied Lord is risen and gone.
 Hail the blest morn, by whose glad light, An-gels shall reap the har-vest white.
 Throw fragrant palms be-fore our King, And wreaths the crown the saved shall bring.
 Till in the clouds His sign we see, And quick and dead shout "Ju-bi-lee!"

AFTER EACH VERSE.

Bright Eas-ter skies! Fair Eas-ter skies! Our Lord is risen, We, too, shall rise.

'Twas at the matin hour.

Carol 15.

(FOR EASTER.)

Edward Handley.

mf 1. 'Twas at the ma - tin hour, Be - fore the ear - ly dawn;
 2. 'Twas at the ma - tin hour, When pray'rs of saints are strong;
 The pris - on doors flew o - pen, The bolts of death were drawn.
 When two short days a - go He bore The spit-ting wounds, and wrong.

3
mf From realms unseen, an unseen way,
 Th' Almighty Saviour came,
 And following on His silent steps,
 An angel armed in flame.

4
dim The stone is rolled away,
p The keepers fainting fall,
 Satan and Pilate's watchmen,
 The day has scared them all.

5
mf The angel came full early,
 But Christ had gone before,
 or Not for Himself, but for His Saints,
 Is burst the prison door.

6
mf When all His Saints assemble,
 Make haste ere twilight cease,
 His Easter blessing to receive,
 And so lie down in peace.

The foe behind, the deep before.

N. B. The small notes are to be added to the voice parts and played by the Organ.

Carol 16.

(FOR EASTER.)

John Naylor.

f The foe be-hind, the deep be - fore, Our hosts have dared and passed the sea: And
 Org.
 Pharaoh's war - riors strew the shore, And Is - rael's ransomed tribes are free.

f Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re - joi - ces now! The

THE FOX BEHIND, THE DEEP BEFORE.

Lord hath triumph'd glo - ri-ous-ly! The Lord shall reign vic - - to - rious ly!

VER. 3. *Legato.*

Hap - py mor-row, turn - ing sor - row In - to peace and mirth! Bond-age end - ing,

VER. 4.

Love de - scend - ing O'er the earth! Seals as - sur - ing, Guards se - cur - ing,

Watch His earth-ly pris - on: Seals are shattered, Guards are scattered, Christ hath risen!

VER. 5. *Voices in unison.*

No long - er must the mourners weep, Nor call de - part - ed Christians dead; For

Org.

Death is hallowed in - to sleep, And ev - ery grave be - comes a bed.

VER. 6.

Now once more E - den's door O - pen'd stands to mor - tal eyes; For Christ hath

THE FOE BEHIND, THE DEEP BEFORE.

f *p* VER. 7.

risen, and man shall rise! Now at last, Old things past, Hope, and joy, and

cres..... f

peace be - gin: For Christ hath won, and man shall win!

VER. 8. *p*

It is not ex - ile, rest on high; It is not sad - ness, peace from strife; To

fall a - sleep is not to die: To dwell with Christ is.... bet - ter..... life.

VER. 9. $\text{♩} = 96$

Where our ban - ner leads us, We may safe - ly go: Where our Chief pre - cedes us,

VER. 10. ORG.

We may face the foe. His right arm is o'er us, He our guide will be;

molto rall.

Christ has gone be - fore us, Christians, fol - low ye! A - MEN.



Stars all bright are beaming.

Carol 17.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

W. R. Hok.

VERSE.

mf 1. Stars all bright are beam - ing, From the skies a - bove,

mf Na - ture's face all gleam - ing, Shines with Heaven's own love.

CHORUS.

f Wake and sing, good Chris - tians, On this Birth - day Morn,

Heaven and Earth are tell - ing God for man is born.

p Here for us abiding,
Cradled in a Stall,
All His glory hiding,
See the LORD of all!
CHORUS—Wake and sing, &c.

p 3 Born that He might lead us,
From this desert home,
Guide our way, and feed us,
Till the end shall come!
CHORUS—Wake and sing, &c.

Parish Choir, No. 50—4.

mf 4 Thousand thousand blessings
Sing we for His Love,
Choral Hymns addressing
To our LORD above.
CHORUS—Wake and sing, &c.

f 5 Glory in the Highest,
For this wondrous Birth;
Choir of Heaven! thou criest
Peace to all the Earth!
CHORUS—Wake sing, &c.

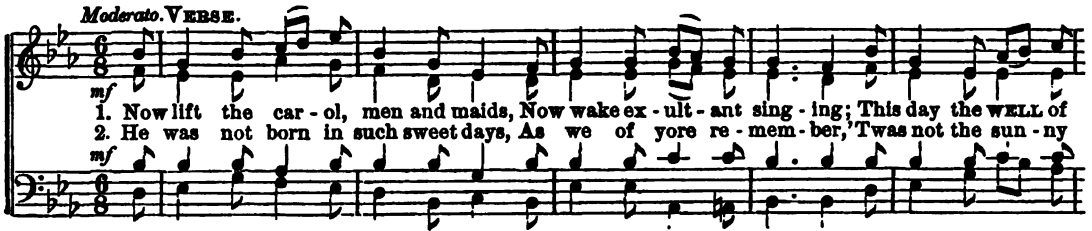
Now lift the carol, men and maids.

Carol 18.

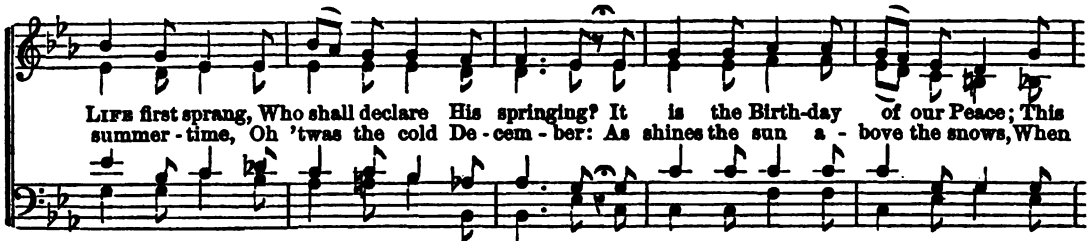
(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Arthur H. Brown.

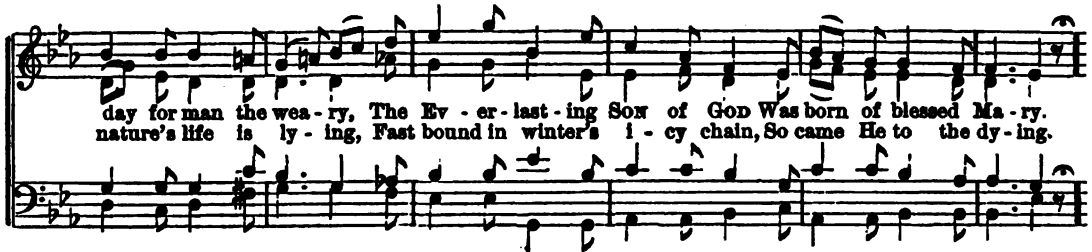
Moderato. VERSE.



mf 1. Now lift the car - ol, men and maids, Now wake ex - ult - ant sing - ing; This day the WELL of
mf 2. He was not born in such sweet days, As we of yore re - mem - ber, 'Twas not the sun - ny



LIFE first sprang, Who shall declare His springing? It is the Birth-day of our Peace; This
 summer - time, Oh 'twas the cold De - cem - ber: As shines the sun a - bove the snows, When



day for man the wea - ry, The Ev - er - last - ing Son of GOD Was born of blessed Ma - ry.
 nature's life is ly - ing, Fast bound in winter's i - cy chain, So came He to the dy - ing.



No - ell No - ell Pro - claim the SAV - IOUR'S Birth; He



rais - es us to Heaven, O hail His com - ing down to Earth.

3

mf There were poor Shepherds in the field,
 Their flocks at midnight tending;
 Then Heaven came down and brought for news, or
 A rapture never ending;
 So they went swift to Bethlehem,
 And saw—and told the story
 Of CHRIST the LORD, a little CHILD,
 And Angels singing "Glory."

CHORUS.—Noel! Noel! &c.

4

mf Not in the manger lies He now;
 Far o'er the sapphire portal
 At God's right Hand of Power He sits
 Who was this day made mortal:
 All in the highest, holiest place,
 Where there may dwell none other,
 There our own Manhood sits enthroned,
 There is our Elder Brother.

CHORUS.—Noel! Noel! &c.

Blithely from the moated churchyard.

Carol 19.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. R. F. Smith



mf **2**
Brightly in the holy chancel
Leafy circles intertwine
Telling how in Blessed Jesus
Life and strength and joy combine.
As beneath the arch we enter
Welcome words our coming bless,
For in Thee our hopes we centre,
CHRIST, "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

mf **3**
In the nave each space is speaking
Of the light which Jesus brought,
Of the freedom and the glory
Which for all the world He wrought.
Wherefore, O ye congregation,
Should your hearts be cold and dumb,
While the walls proclaim Salvation,
And, "Arise, thy LIGHT is come."

mf **4**
Listen to the old-new message,
At the Holy Table kneel;
Grudge not, when ye leave the Temple,
To diffuse the warmth ye feel.
Life has time enough for sadness,
Clouds too seldom pass away;
Only love and peace and gladness,
Should be named on Christmas Day.

Gently falls the winter snow.

Carol 20.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Herbert S. Evans.

VERSE.

p 1. Gent - ly falls the win - ter snow, Earth lies al - lent - ly be - low,

While the ten - der Plant appears, From - is'd long by ho - ly Seers.

CHORUS.

Hail the ev - er bless - ed morn, Hail the day that Christ was born;

Tel! it thro' Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

2

p He who built the starry skies
Low within a manger lies,
Stooping from His Throne sublime,
High above the cherubim.
CHORUS.—Hail, &c.

4

p "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo! we saw a wondrous sight,—
Angels singing Peace on Earth,
Telling of the SAVIOUR'S Birth."
CHORUS.—Hail, &c.

8

p Say, ye wand'ring Shepherds, say
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep?—
Wherefore fail your watch to keep?
CHORUS.—Hail, &c.

5

mf Haste we now to greet GOD'S CHILD,
Watch His Face so meek and mild;
Learn the Love of Heaven to see
In our Lord's Humility.
CHORUS.—Hail, &c.



As Angels sung our Saviour's Birth.

Carol 21.

(FOR EASTER.)

Arthur H. Brown.

$\text{♩} = 108.$ TREBLE SOLO.
Moderato.

1. If An - gels sung our Sav - iour's birth On that most bless - ed morn,

Then let us im - i - tate their mirth, Now He a - gain is born.

2.
Grieve not, vain man, who mortal art,
That thou to earth must fall;
It was His portion, 'twas the part
Of Him who made us all.

3.
Himself He humbled to the grave,
Made flesh like us, to show
That we as certainly shall have,
A resurrection too.

4.
Then, with perpetual hymns, let Christ,
Who from the dead was raised,
With Father and the Holy Ghost,
Eternally be praised.

CHORUS. AFTER EACH VERSE.

Sur - rex - it Chris-tus ho - di - e, Sur - rex - it pro no - bis; Sur -

Over.....

After the last verse.

Slow.

rex - it Chris-tus ho - di - e, Glo - ria Je - su Dom - i - no. Al - le - lu - ia!

Over.....

Over.....

Parish Choir, No. 86-4.

Carol we the blessing.

Carol 22.

(FOR EASTER.)

B. K. Atkyns.

f 1. Car - ol we the bless - ing Of th'In-car-nate Word; Car - ol we, con-fess - ing Our a - ris - en Lord.

Car - ol we, car - ol we, Jesus Christ came down to be Sure - ty on th'accursed tree, For the sins of men.

p 2. Mourn we at the scorn-ing Shower'd up-on His head, While His brow a - dorn - ing, Mocking words they said.

f *Unis.* *Har.* *Unis.* *Har.* *p Dolce.*
Ma-jes - ty, Di-vin - i - ty, Cloth-ed with Human - i - ty, Per-fect in hu - mil - i - ty, For the sins of men.

pp 3. Car - ol we the sto - ry Of His dy - ing love; Car - ol we the glo - ry He now shares a - bove.

Car - ol we, car - ol we, Cap-tive led cap-tiv - i - ty; Jesus Christ now lives to be Th'Advocate for men.

CAROL WE THE BLESSING.

4 Ca-rol we the whole earth Sav'd from sin-ful - ness; Ca-rol we the new birth Unto righteousness.

Ca-rol we, ca-rol we, Th'ever blessed Trin-i-ty, Three in One, and One in Three, God for e-ver - more.

Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly.

Carol 23.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. A. Gurney.

Cheerfully.

Come, ye loft-y, come, ye low-ly, Let your songs of glad-ness ring; In a sta-ble

lies the Ho-ly, In a man-ger rests the King; See in Mary's arms re-pos-ing, Christ by highest

Heav'n a-dored? Come, your cir-cle round Him clos-ing, Pi-ous hearts that love the Lord.

2.
Come, ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the child your hearts adore:
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen, round about behold them!
Rafter's naked, cold, and bare,
See the Shepherds, God has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

3.
Come, ye children, blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake:
Come, ye gentle hearts and tender,
Come, ye spirits keen and bold;
All in all your homage render
Weak and mighty, young and old.

4.
High above a Star is shining.
And the Wise men haste from far:
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining:
For you all has risen the star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise;
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.


5.
Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing:
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn:
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

On this glorious Easter morning.

Carol 24.

(FOR EASTER.)

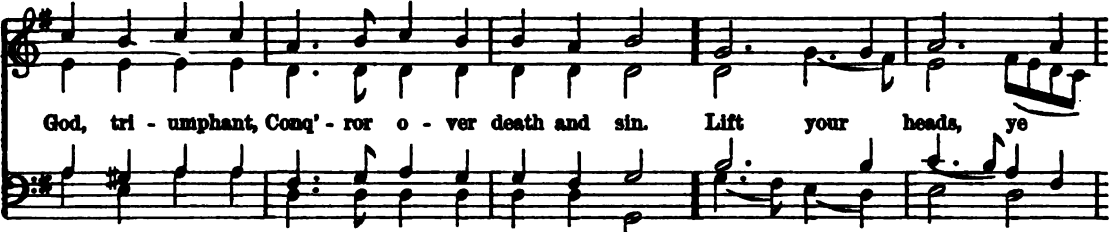
Traditional.



1. On this glo - rious Eas - ter morn - ing, Rob - bing death of all its sting,



Shattering Sa - tan's gloom - y em - pire, Rose our Prophet, Priest, and King; Rose the Son of



God, tri - umphant, Cong' - ror o - ver death and sin. Lift your heads, ye



heav'n - ly Por - - tals, Let the King of Glo - ry in!

2.

He who left His Father's glory,
He who stooped from Heaven most high,
Lived as man on earth—and suffered,
Died—that man no more should die,
Now returns, a mighty Victor,
Cong'ror over death and sin.
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly Portals,
Let the King of Glory in!

3.

Christians! this glad Easter morning,
Tells of Light, and Life, and Love;
Tells us somewhat of the yearning
Felt for man in heaven above;
Tells how Jesus rose triumphant
Cong'ror over death and sin;
How the everlasting Portals
Ope'd to let their Monarch in!

4.

Tells us, too, the joyful tidings,
That where He is, we shall be;
And that we, too, shall be like Him,
When we Him in Glory see.
Like Him, Vanquishers of Satan,
Cong'rors over death and sin,
Lift your heads, ye heav'nly Portals.
Let the ransomed servants in!



Singing the reapers homeward come.

Carol 25.

(FOR HARVEST THANKSGIVING.)

W. H. Gill.

Allegretto. ♩ = 100.

mf Sing - ing the reap - ers home - ward come, I - o! I - o! I - o!

mf Mer - ri - ly sing - ing the har - vest home, I - o! I - o! I - o! I -

o! I - o! I - o! A - long the field, a - long the road, Where au - tumn is scat - ter - ing

leaves a - broad, Home - ward com - eth the ripe last load, I - o! I - o! I -

o!..... Home - ward com - eth the ripe last load, I - o! I - o! I - o!

SINGING THE REAPERS HOMEWARD COME.

2. Sing - ers are fill - ing the twi - light dim With cheer - ful song, I -

o! The spi - rit of song as cends to Him Who caus - eth the corn to

grow, Who caus - eth the corn to grow. He free - ly sent the gen - tle rain, The

cres. sum - mer sun glo - ri - fied hill and plain, To gold - en per - fec - tion

brought the grain, I - ol..... I - ol..... I - ol..... To

gold - en per - fec - tion brought the grain, I - ol I - ol I - ol

SINGING THE REAPERS HOMEWARD COME.

pp e stacc.

pp 3. Si - lent - ly, night - ly, fell.... the dew, Gen - tly the rain, I -

o! But who can tell how the green corn grew, Or who be - held it

grow! Or who be - held it grow! *pp* Oh! God, the good, in sun and rain, He

cres.

look'd on the flour-ish-ing fields of grain, Till they all ap-pear'd on

cres.

hill and plain Like liv - ing gold, I - ol..... Till they

rall.

all appear'd on hill and plain Like liv - ing gold, I - ol.....

Holy is the seed-time.

Carol 26.

(FOR HARVEST THANKSGIVING.)

Albert Lowe.

1. Ho - ly is the seed - time, when the bur - led grain....

Sinks to sleep in dark - ness, but to wake a - gain.....

Ho - ly is the spring - time, when the liv - ing corn,.....

Burst - ing from its pri - son, ris - eth like.... the morn.

*. The small notes are for the Organ only.

2

Holy is the harvest, when each ripened ear,
Bending to the sickle, crowns the golden year;
Store them in our garners; winnow them with care;
Give to God the glory in our praise and prayer.

8

Holy seed our Master soweth in His field;
Be the harvest holy which our hearts shall yield;
Be our bodies holy, resting in the clay,
Till the Resurrection summons them away.

4

Glory to the Father, who beheld our need;
Glory to the Saviour, who hath sown the seed;
Glory to the Spirit, giving the increase;
Glory, as it has been, is, and ne'er shall cease!



Sleep, my Saviour, sleep.

Carol 27.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Bohemian. Arranged by Rev. R. F. Smith.

Sleep, my SAV-IOUR, sleep, On Thy bed of hay; An - gels in the
span - gled Heaven Sing their gladsome Christ-mas car - ols Till the dawn of day.

2
Sleep, my SAVIOUR, sleep,
On Thy bed of hay,
Ere the mourning Angel cometh
To the moon-lit olive garden,
Wiping tears away.

3
Sleep, my SAVIOUR, sleep,
Sweet on Mary's breast,
Now the shepherds kneel adoring,
Now the mother's heart is joyous,
Take a happy rest.

4
Sleep, my SAVIOUR, sleep,
Sweet on Mary's breast,
Crucified, with wounds and bruises
Bleeding, purple, stained, disfigured,
One day Thou wilt rest.

Silent night! Holy night!

Carol 28.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

mf *pp* *mf* *pp*
Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright: Round yon Vir - gin Mother and Child,
Ho - ly In - fant, so tender and mild, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.

2
Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3
Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy Holy Face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy Birth!
Jesus, Lord, at Thy Birth!

Parish Choir, No. 74—4.

Carol 29.

Carol, carol, Christians.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

M. Lindsay.

1. Ca - rol, ca - rol, Chris - tians, Ca - rol joy - ful - ly, Ca - rol for the com - ing Of
Christ's na - tiv - i - ty; And pray a glad - some Christ - mas For all good Chris - tian men,
Ca - rol, ca - rol, Chris - tians, Till Christmas comes a - gain; Ca - rol, ca - rol, Chris - tians,
Ca - rol joy - ful - ly; Ca - rol for the com - ing Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.

2. Go ye to the for - est Where the myr - tles grow, Where the pine and lau - rel Bend beneath the snow;
3. Give us grace, O Say - iour, To put off in might, Deeds and dreams of dark - ness, For the robes of light;
Gather them for Je - sus, Wreath them for His shrine; Make His temple glo - rious With the box and pine.
And to live as low - ly As Thy - self with men, So to rise in glo - ry When Thou com' st a - gain.
Ca - rol, ca - rol, Chris - tians, Ca - rol joy - ful - ly, Ca - rol for the com - ing of CHRIST's nativ - i - ty.

Mortals, awake, the morning is breaking.

Carol 30.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

M. A. F.

mf Mor-tals, a-wake, the morn-ing is break-ing, Chris-tians, re-joyce, for the day is at hand;

f See in the man-ger the In-fant a-dor-ing, Shepherds and An-gels, a won-der-ing band.

p Who is the ten-der Babe gen-tly re-pos-ing 'Mid cat-tle and strangers in yon hum-ble stall?

mf 'Tis Christ the A-noint-ed, who, from the be-gin-ning, Is Sov'reign, Cre-a-tor, and LORD o-ver all.

cres. Hail the In-car-nate One, Ho-ly and Glo-ri-ous, Sav-iour, Em-man-u-el, God with us. *Lento.*

2

Shepherds, arise, reveal the strange story
How through the darkness there shone all around
Light far exceeding the sun in its glory;
Trembling ye gaz'd as ye lay on the ground;
How there appeared an Angel declaring
The message of mercy: "Glad tidings I bring,"
Salvation on high for mankind is preparing,
Earth has received a Heavenly King,
Hail the Incarnate One, &c.

3

Mortals fall down in devout adoration,
Christians unite in the heavenly strains;
Join in the chorus of loud exultation
Carol'd by Angels on Palestine's plains,
Let the still air ring with music sublimest,
And echo in praises creation to fill;
All honour and glory to God in the Highest,
Peace be on Earth, unto all men good will.
Hail the Incarnate One, &c.

Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes.

Carol 31.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Traditional

Shep-herds, re-joice, lift up your eyes, And drive all fears a - way, And drive all fears a -

way; News, from the re-gion of theskies! News, from the re-gion of the skies! News,

from . . . the re - - - gion of the skies! A SAV - IOUR born to - day.

²
Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day He makes His entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

³
Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies
And see His humble throne; —
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, "Kiss the Son"

⁴
Glory to God, who reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth.
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth.

Hark! what sounds are sweetly stealing.

Carol 32.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Hark! what sounds are sweet - ly steal - ing, Soft thro' Beth-lehem's mid - night air?

Loud - er yet, and loud - er peal - ing, An - gel ac - cents sure are there.

²
See! a light from heav'n is streaming,
Night and darkness quit the plain;
See! an angel brightly beaming,
Followed by a radiant train.

³
"Fear not, shepherds! glad my story,
Tidings of the greatest joy:
Christ is born, the Lord of Glory!
I proclaim a Saviour nigh."

⁴
Thus the angel, then ascending,
Seeks again the realms of light;
Now the chorus faintly ending,
All is silence, all is night.



Sing ye the songs of praise.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 33.

Mrs. C. Farebrother.

1. Sing ye the songs of praise; JE-SUS is come! High your glad voices raise; JE-SUS is born!
2. This day in Beth-le-hem, JE-SUS was born! King of Je-ru-sa-lem, JE-SUS was born!

Cast worldly cares a-way, Wor-ship and homage pay, Welcome the blessed day, JE-SUS is come!
Sum of all righteousness, Shin-ing with blessedness, Healing our wretchedness, JE-SUS was born!

3.
Cleanse us from all our sin,
SAVIOUR Divine!
Make our thoughts pure within,
SAVIOUR Divine!
Lo! now the herald sound
Carols the love profound,
Telling of JESUS found,
SAVIOUR Divine!

4.
Save through Thy merit,
Great PRINCE of Peace!
Give Thy good SPIRIT,
Great PRINCE of Peace!
Let not Thy love depart,
But holy gifts impart,
Born into every heart,
Great PRINCE of Peace!

Let heaven and earth rejoice and sing.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 34.

Joseph W. Sidebotham.

1. Let Heaven and earth re-joice and sing; Sa-lute this hap-py morn;
2. Come, let us join our hearts to God, And thus ex-alt His fame;

The Sa-viour, which is Christ our King, And on this day was born.
To save us all, this Babe was born, And Je-sus is His Name.

3.
Wise men and kings rich gifts did bring
To Bethlehem straitway,
Conducted by a leading Star,
Where Christ our Saviour lay.

4.
O Lord, to Thee all glory be,
Whom Heaven and earth adore;
For our Redeemer we will praise
This day and evermore.

Parish Choir, No. 76-4.

There came three kings ere break of Day.

(FOR EPIPHANY.)

Carol 35.

Rev. R. F. Smith.

Andante grazioso.

1. There came three kings, ere break of day, All on E - pi - phan - ie; Their
 gifts they bare, both rich and rare, All, all, Lord Christ, for Thee; Gold, frank - in - cense, and
 myrrh are there, Where is the King? O where? O where? O where is the King? O where?

2 The star shone brightly overhead,
 The air was calm and still,
 O'er Bethlehem fields its rays were shed,
 The dew lay on the hill:
 We see no throne, no palace fair,
 Where is the King? O where? O where?

3 An old man knelt at the manger low,
 A babe lay in the stall;
 The starlight played on the Infant brow,
 Deep silence lay o'er all:
 A maiden bent o'er the Babe in prayer:—
 There is the King, O there! O there!

Hark, what mean those holy voices.

Carol 36.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Geo. B. Arnold.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces Sweet-ly sounding from the skies?
 Lo, the An - gel host re-joice; Heaven - ly Al - le - lu - ias rise.

2 "Glory in the highest, glory,"
 Thus they chant their joyful strain;
 "Glory in the highest, glory;
 Peace on earth, good will to men."
 3 With their blessed Alleluias
 Hear what wondrous things they tell—
 How lost man has now a Saviour,
 Born to conquer death and hell.

4 Born Thy people to deliver,
 Jesu, from the death of sin;
 Born to make us Thine forever;
 Still abide our souls within.
 5 Son of God, most holy Jesu,
 Endless glory be to Thee,
 To the Father and the Spirit,
 Now and through eternity.

Moving o'er the troubled waters.

(FOR WHIT SUNDAY.)

Carol 37.

Allegro moderato.

August Ullmann.



Mov - - ing o'er the trou - bled wa - ters Came the Spi - rit



in His night: Clad in beau - ty, earth, re - joy - ing, Sprang from



cha - os gloom to light. Ho - ly Spi - rit! Ho - ly Spi - rit!



Calm our souls, dis - solve their night, Calm our souls, dis - solve their night.

2.

Tongues of fire upon them resting
Christ's Apostles felt new power,
Preached the word, converted thousands,
Joyed in Pentecost's glad hour.
Holy Spirit!
Give our souls Thy precious dower!

3.

Witness throughout all the ages,
Voice to every faithful heart,
Guide to Christ's one holy body,
Sanctifying love Thou art.
Holy Spirit!
Cleanse us, quicken every part!

4.

Holy Trinity we praise Thee!
God the Father who did'st make,
God the Son who did'st redeem us,
Liv'st in glory for our sake.
Holy Spirit!
May we of Thy grace partake.

God, who rulest through the ages.

(FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.)

Carol 38.

August Ulmann.

Andante maestoso.

God, who rul - est through the a - ges, Glo - rious in Thy
ma - jes - ty, Sov'-reign, mer - ci - ful, and migh - ty, All Thy crea - tures
wor - ship Thee. Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! cry - ing.
God, our God, loved One in Three! God, our God, loved One in Three!

2.

God our Maker, God our Father,
Who hast made the round world sure,
In whose hand the deep is holden,
By whose word the hills endure,
Still sustain us by Thy power,
Keep us in Thy love secure.

3.

God our Saviour, our Redeemer,
Who from glory didst come down,
Who didst veil in shame and weakness,
Thy great might, Thy great renown,
Yea, we thank Thee, yea, we praise Thee,
Thou hast won the victor's crown.

4.

God the Spirit, God of comfort,
Who by promise dost abide
In the faithful hearts that love Thee,
Who our feet in truth dost guide,
Peace and joy Thy presence brings us;
We by grace are sanctified.

5.

God, who rulest through the ages,
Glorious in Thy majesty,
Sov'reign merciful and mighty,
All Thy creatures worship Thee.
"Holy, Holy, Holy," crying,
God, our God, loved One in Three!



THE ANGELS.



God hath sent His angels.

Carol 89.

(FOR EASTER.)

J. C. D. Parker.

Lively.

1. God hath sent His an - gels to the earth a - gain, Bring-ing joy-ful tid - ings

TREBLES.

to the sons of men. They who first at Christ - mas, throng'd the heav'n-ly way,

CHORUS.

Now be-side the tomb - door, sit on Eas - ter Day. An-gels, sing His tri - umph,

Slower.

as you sang His birth, "Christ the Lord is ris - en," "Peace, good-will on earth."

2

In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful angels gathered at His side.
And when in the garden, grief and pain and care
Bowed Him down with anguish, they were with Him there.
CHO.—Angels, sing, &c.

3

Yet the Christ they honour, is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness, did His Father's will.
And the tomb deserted, shineth like the sky,
Since He passed out from it, into victory.
CHO.—Angels, sing, &c.

Parish Choir, No. 88—4.

4

God has still His angels, helping, at His word,
All His faithful children, like their faithful Lord,
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into Life.
CHO.—Angels, sing, &c.

5

Father, send Thine angels unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander, all along our way.
Let them guard and guide us, wheresoe'er we be,
Till our resurrection brings us home to Thee.
CHO.—Angels, sing, &c.

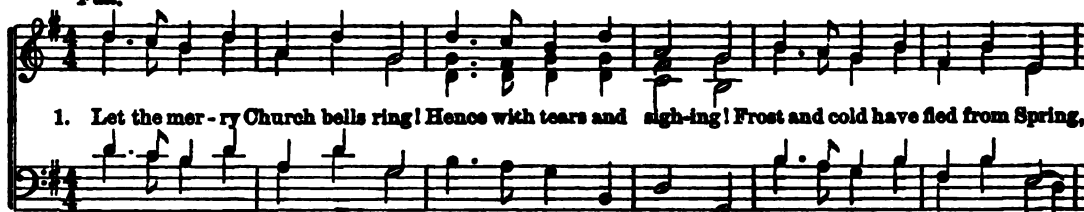
Let the merry Church Bells ring!

Carol 40.

(EASTER.)

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.

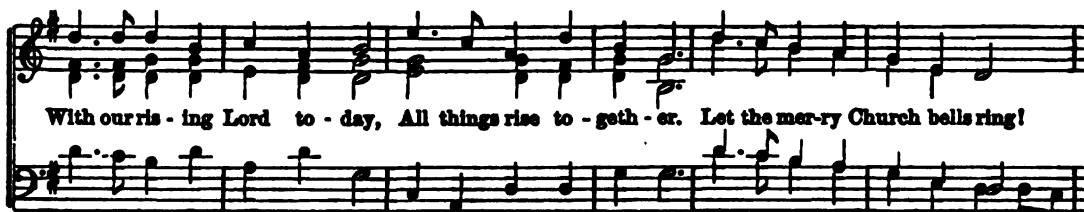
Fest.



1. Let the mer-ry Church bells ring! Hence with tears and sigh-ing! Frost and cold have fled from Spring,



Life hath con-quired dy - ing. Flow'rs are smil - ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath - er;



With our ris - ing Lord to - day, All things rise to - geth - er. Let the mer-ry Church bells ring!



Ring! Ring! Ring! Let the mer-ry Church bells ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!

2.

Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with Whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple;
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.
Let the merry, &c.

3.

Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth:
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say,
Christus resurrexit.
Let the merry, &c.

Easter Flowers and Dressing.

(FOR EASTER.)

Carol 41.

With spirit.

Arthur H. Brown.

f 1. Easter flow'rs and dress - ing, Easter joys and bless - - - - ing; The church to-day is

fes - tal clad, The Church's heart to-day is glad, Al - - - le - lu - - - ia!

Al - - le - lu - - - - - ia! This their song:— Al - - - le -

- lu - - - - - ia! Al - - - le - lu - - - - - ia! All day long.

2

Come, and vigil keeping,
Chase away your sleeping;
Your Mother would your hearts prepare
The Queen of Feasts to keep and share.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
This their song,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
All day long.

4

Come with holy yearning.
Love within you burning;
Oh! come, the Church's board is spread,
Consume the Chalice, eat her Bread.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
This her song,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
All day long.

8

Come with early morning,
Grace your souls adorning;
For with the rising sun 'tis meet,
The Church her risen Head should greet.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
This her song,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
All day long.

5

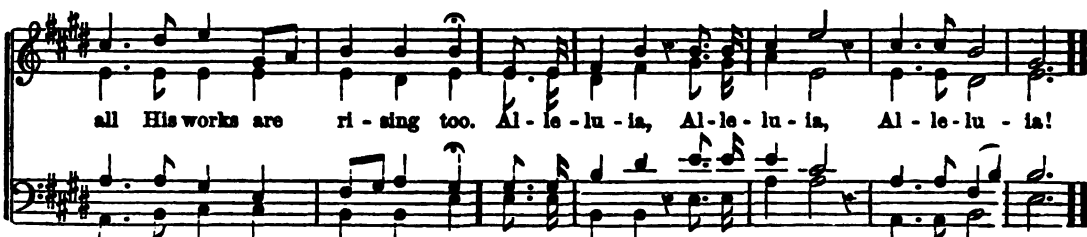
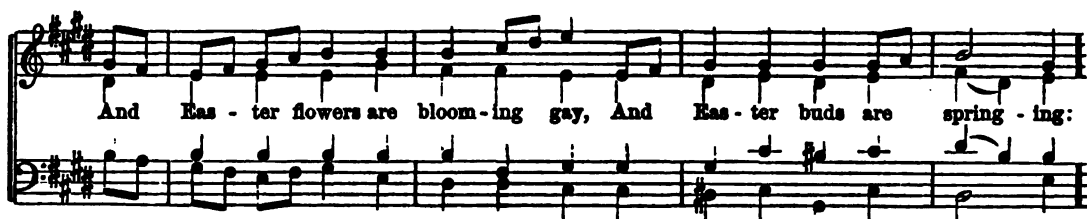
Come the bells are ringing,
Thankful offerings bringing;
High praises to the Victor King,
With Holy Mother, haste to sing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
This her song,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
All day long.

The world itself keeps Easter Day.

Carol 42.

(FOR EASTER.)

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.



2

There stood three Maries by the tomb
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly;
Alleluia, Alleluia.
With loving but with erring mind
They came the Prince of Life to find:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

3

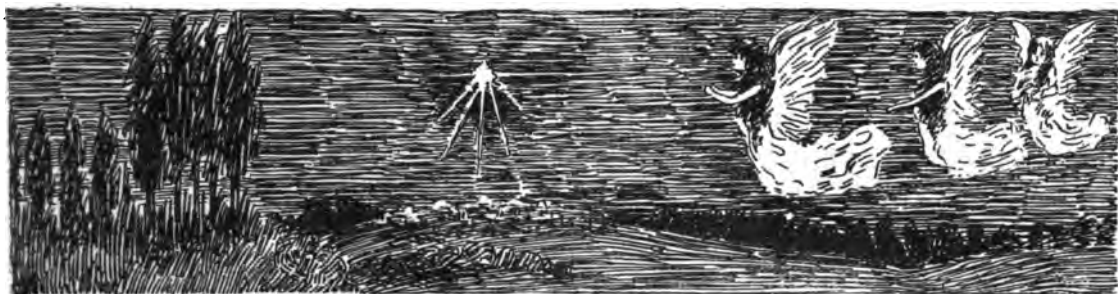
But earlier still the angel sped
His news of comfort giving;
And "why," he said, "among the dead
"Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluia, Alleluia:
"Go tell them all and make them blest,
"Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

4

But one, and one alone, remained
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner Mary:
Alleluia, Alleluia:
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him who hung upon the tree:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

5

The Church is keeping Easter Day,
And Easter hymns are sounding,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
The holy Font surrounding;
Alleluia, Alleluia;
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians, see ye rise as well:
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!



Lo: a star, ye sages hoary.

Carol 43.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Walter Newport.

f 1. Lo! a star, ye sa - ges ho - ry; Lo! a won - drous star a - bove,

ff He is born, the King of glo - ry, He, our won - drous star of love.

Lord of Life, Re - deem - er, Mas - ter, Loud the shep - herds' wel - come rolls,

He is born the peo - ples' pas - tor, He the Shep - herd of our souls.

2

p When from Thee we fain would borrow
Peace for heart and soul oppress,
pp Child of sorrows, heal our sorrow;
Spirit, give our spirits rest.
Let all evil past behaviour
In Thy love forgotten be,
Let our spirits, gentle Saviour,
Be this day new-born with Thee.

There came a little Child to Earth.

Carol 44.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick.

mf *pp* *f*

There came a lit-tle Child to earth Long a - go: And the angels of God proclaim'd His birth,

p *p* *Faster and smoothly.*

High and low, High and low. Out on the night, so calm and still, Their song was heard,

cres. *f rall.* *VERSE. 2.*

For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill Was Christ the Lord. Far a-way in that good - ly land,

pp *f* *p*

Fair and bright, Children with crowns of glo - ry stand, Robed in white, Robed in white;

Faster and smoothly. *cres.*

In white more pure than the spot - less snow, And their tongues u - nite In the Psalm which the

f rall. *mf* *VERSE 3.*

an - gels sang long a - 'go, On Christ-mas night. They sing how the Lord of that world so fair

* Should these notes be found too high the small notes may be substituted, or both sung together as two Trebles.

THERE CAME A LITTLE CHILD TO EARTH.

pp *f* *p*

A Child was born, And that they might a crown of glo - ry wear, Wore a crown of thorns, Wore a

Faster and smoothly.

crown of thorns. And in mor - tal weak - ness, in want and pain, Came forth to die,

cres. *f rall.*

That the chil - dren of earth might for - ev - er reign With Him on high.

mf *VERSE 4.* *pp*

He has put on His king - ly ap - par - el now, In that good - ly land; And He

mf *pp*

leads to where foun - tains of wa - ter flow That cho - sen band, That cho - sen band;

Faster and smoothly.

And for e - ver - more in their gar - ments fair and un - de - fil'd,

rall. *rall.*

Those ran - som'd chil - dren His praise de - clare Who was once a child.

Angel hosts in bright array.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. George P. Grantham.

Carol 45.

VERSE.



1. An - gel hosts in bright ar - ray,— Stars their night-watch keep - ing,— Earth-ward wend their
 si - lent way, While the world lies sleep - ing. Through the win - try clouds they glide,
 On through por - tal ho - ry, Where, the ox and ass be - side, Lies the Babe of

CHORUS.



Glo - ry. Ring the bells, and sound the horn! Shout with ex - ul - ta - tion!
 CHRIST the LORD to - day is born For the world's sal - va - tion!

2
 All unseen by mortal eye,
 Reverent and lowly;
 Prostrate there, they laud on high
 Him, the INFANT HOLY.
 From their lips celestial rise
 Sounds, with joy o'erflowing,
 Strains upborne beyond the skies,
 Hymns with rapture glowing.
 Ring the bells, &c.

3
 Hark the news the Angel tells:—
 Lo! an INFANT Stranger
 God's dear SON among you dwells,
 Born in Bethlehem's manger!
 Bursts a chorus from the sky,
 Loud from Heaven's portal:—
 Glory be to God on High,
 Peace, good-will to mortal!
 Ring the bells, &c.

4
 Angel spirits earthward led,
 With a hope endearing,
 First to worship, first to spread,
 News of CHRIST's Appearing!
 Trace we out your footfalls light,
 Praise we CHRIST in glory,
 Then wait on the tidings bright
 Of the Gospel story!
 Ring the bells, &c



“Ye happy Bells of Easter-Day.”

Carol 46.

Fast.

FOR EASTER.

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.

ORGAN.

Ye hap - py bells of East - er - Day!

Ring, ring your joy.... Thro' earth and sky.... Ye ring a

glo - rious word. The notes that swell in glad - ness tell.... The ris - ing

of the Lord.

Ye carol-bells of Easter Day!
The teeming earth,
That saw His birth
When lying 'neath the sword,
Upspringeth now in joy, to show
The rising of the Lord!

Ye glory-bells of Easter Day!
The hills that rise
Against the skies,
Re-echo with the word—
The victor-breath that conquers death—
The rising of the Lord!

Ye passion-bells of Easter Day!
The bitter cup
He lifted up,
Salvation to afford.
Ye saintly bells! your passion tells
The rising of the Lord!

Ye mercy-bells of Easter Day!
His tender side
Was riven wide,
Where floods of mercy poured:
Redeemed clay doth sing to-day
The rising of the Lord!

Ye victor-bells of Easter Day!
The thorny crown
He layeth down:
Ring! ring! with strong accord—
The mighty strain of love and pain,
The rising of the Lord!

Awake! Awake! 'tis Easter Morn.

(THE S. AGNES EASTER CAROL)

Carol 47.

TRIO.

Words and Music by the Rev. J. H. Hopkins.

A - wake, a - wake, 'tis East - er morn, The whole redeem'd Cre - a - tion sings, "Our

A - wake, a - wake, 'tis East - er morn, The whole redeem'd Cre - a - tion sings, "Our

A - wake, a - wake, 'tis East - er morn, The whole redeem'd Cre - a - tion sings, "Our

Accomp.

glo - rious Sun of Right - eous-ness Is risen, with heal - ing in His wings?" And

glo - rious Sun of Right - eous-ness Is risen, with heal - ing in His wings?" And

glo - rious Sun of Right - eous-ness Is risen, with heal - ing in His wings?" And

hell be - low, and Heaven on high, And earth all round us, join the cry:

hell be - low, and Heaven on high, And earth all round us, join the cry:

hell be - low, and Heaven on high, And earth all round us, join the cry:

AWAKE, AWAKE, 'TIS EASTER MORN.

CHORUS.

The musical score for the chorus 'Alleluia' is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'Al-le-lu-ia' repeated five times. The piano part provides a steady accompaniment with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *f* (forte).

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

To prison'd souls, that long had pined
In Death's dark shadow, Light hath shined;
A Voice divides the flames of fire,
And wonder wakes a new-born choir:
For hell below forgets her woe,
And forth her kindling praises flow:
CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

The Gardener in His garden walked,
And with a weeping woman talked;
To eyes that look through loving tears,
Lo! Death is Life, and CHRIST appears!
Before all men, by Magdalene
The risen LORD is heard and seen:
CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

The gates of brass are closed in vain,
The iron bars He bursts in twain;
The gulf that ne'er was crossed before
Wafts armies to its happier shore:
And Death, once King, has lost his sting,
And hell its CONQUEROR learns to sing:
CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

The faithful Women next rejoice;
They clasp His feet, and hear His voice;
They tell the Apostles all, that He
Will meet them soon in Galilee;
Their spices rare the morning air
Now sends in perfume everywhere:
CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

From Heaven an Angel came alone,
And rolled away the mighty stone;
While two, within, at either end,
In reverent, radiant state attend.
There, clothed in white, their forms of light
Fill all the tomb with glory bright.
CHORUS. Alleluia &c.

And "Peace" is breathed from JESUS now,
On beaming face and bended brow;
And tongues have come, of cloven fire,
And shades of night and sin retire.
Through earth and sky the voices fly,
And all Creation makes reply:
CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

The streams that run through every vale,
To field and forest tell the tale;
The birds, in all their songs of Spring,
Proclaim it, chanting on the wing:
Awake ye then, O sons of men,
And swell the chorus once again:
CHORUS. Alleluia, &c.

Shine, O Sun, in splendour bright.

Carol 48.

FOR EASTER.

H. H. Colburn.



CHORUS.



Now the flowers budding sweet,
In the soil beneath our feet,
Raise themselves from sleep like death,
Praising God with fragrant breath.

CHORUS. Sing joyously, &c.

All the trees and plants in spring
To the Resurrection bring
Signal offerings, and declare,
Christ is risen, ev'ry where.

CHORUS. Sing joyously, &c.



Joy fills our inmost heart to-day.

Carol 49.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Henry Godby.

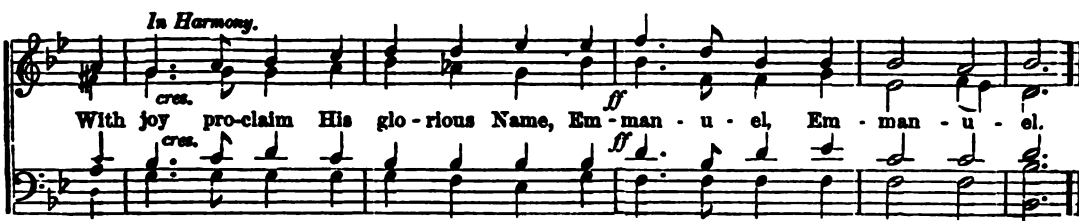
With spirit.



In Unison.



In Harmony.



2
Low at the cradle-throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And think no bliss can ours transcend,
No rapture sweet before.
The Holy One, &c.

3
For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger-shrine,
Where folded in Thy Mother's arms,
Thou sleepest, Babe Divine!
The Holy One, &c.

Parish Choir, No. 111-4.

4
Angels are thronging round Thy bed,
Thine infant grace to see;
The stars are paling o'er Thy head,
The Day-spring dawns with Thee.
The Holy One, &c.

5
Thou art the very Light of Light,
Enlighten us, sweet Child,
That we may keep Thy Birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
The Holy One, &c.

Behold a little Child.

Carol 50.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

R. Brown-Berthwick.

VOICES.

1. Be - hold a lit - tle Child.... Laid in a man - ger bed,.....

PEDALS (if accompanied.)

The win - try blasts blow wild.... A - round His in - fant head.....

But who is this so low - ly laid? 'Tis He by whom the worlds were made.

2
Alas! in what poor state
The Son of God is seen;
Why doth the Lord so great
Chose out a home so mean?
That we may learn from pride to flee,
And follow His humility.

3
Where Joseph plies his trade,
Lo! Jesus labours too;
The hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue,
That weary men on Him may rest,
And faithful toil in Him be blest.

4
Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace:
Say, wherefore taketh He
The scholar's lowly place?
That Christian boys with reverence meet
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

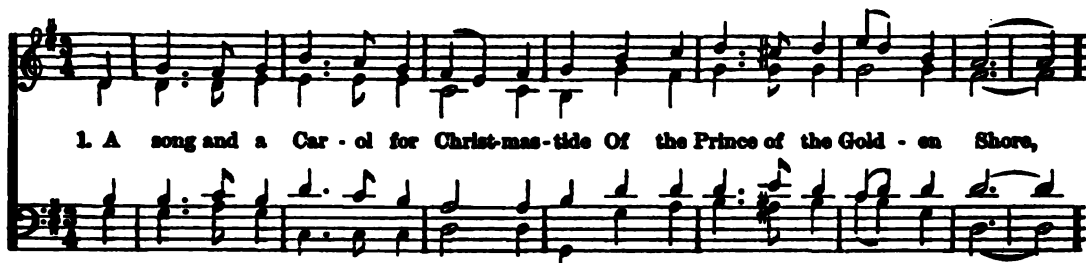
5
Christ! once Thyself a boy,
Our boyhood guard and guide;
Be Thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide;
That Thy dear love, so great, so free,
May draw us evermore to Thee.

A Song and a Carol for Christmas-tide.

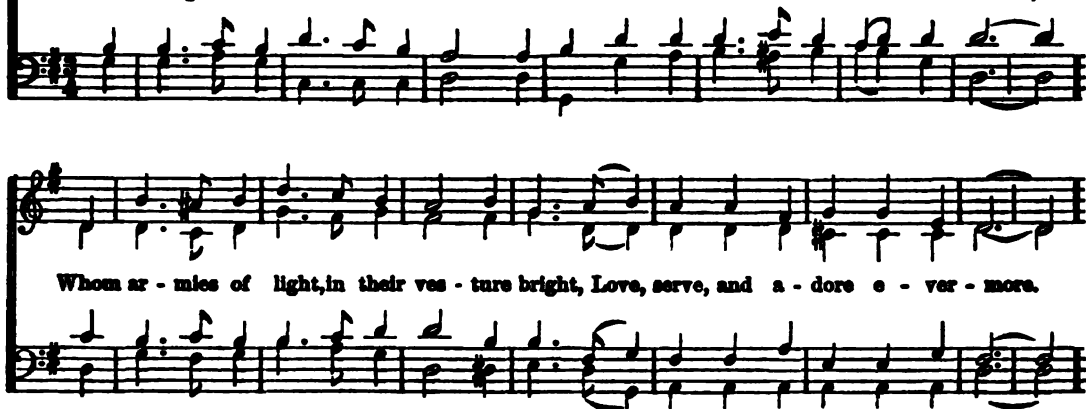
Carol 51.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

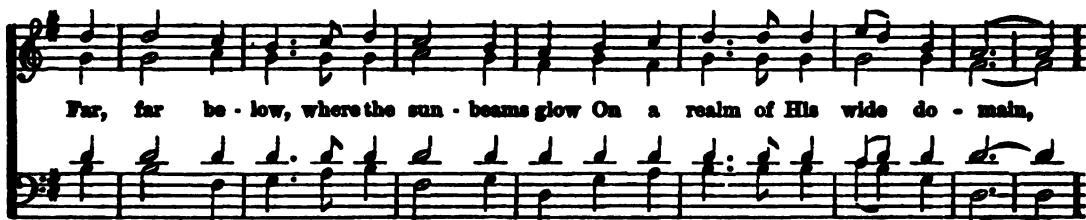
Rev. George P. Grantham.



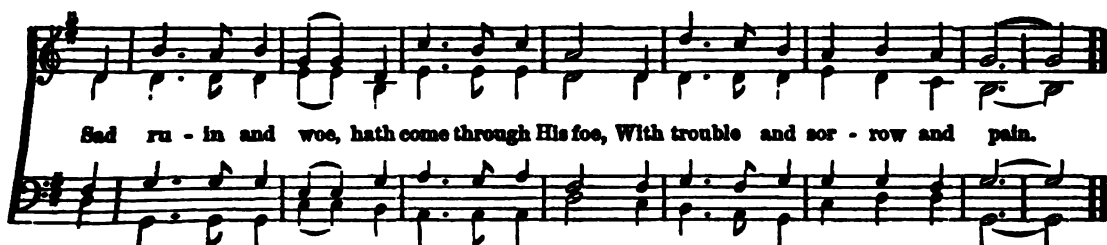
1. A song and a Car - ol for Christ-mas-tide Of the Prince of the Gold - en Shore,



Whom ar - mies of light, in their ves - ture bright, Love, serve, and a - dore e - ver - more.



Far, far be - low, where the sun - beams glow On a realm of His wide do - main,



Sad ru - in and wee, hath come through His foe, With trouble and sor - row and pain.

2

When thus spake the Prince to His Father dear—

“Now life with a life will I buy,

Bring help from above for the sons of my love,

For them will I suffer and die!”

Away and away to the far-off land,

When the fulness of time was come,

Now speedeth the Lord of the Golden Strand

From His fair everlasting home.

3

And bright was the carol, and loud the song

Which burst from the silver sky,

When entering lowly Earth's sons among

He was seen by the hosts on high.

Which song shall resound, as the years go round,

Till the moon and the stars shall cease;

All glory and praise to the Ancient of days,

And to men be good will and peace!

Carol 52.

From far away.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1. From far a-way we come to you; *pp* The snow un-der foot and the
mf moon in the sky, *mf* To tell of great ti-dings, strange and true, *p* Christian men all, sal-
 va-tion is nigh! *mf* Sal-va-tion is nigh. *mf* From far a-way we
 come to you; To tell of great ti-dings, strange and true; From far a-way we
 come to you, To tell of great ti-dings strange and true.....

2
 Out on a field where the night was deep,
The snow under foot, &c.
 There lay three shepherds tending their sheep,
Christian men all, &c.

3
 "O ye shepherds what did you see?
The snow under foot, &c.
 To make you so full of joy and glee?"
Christian men all, &c.

4
 "In an oxstall this night we saw,
The snow under foot, &c.
 A Babe in a manger, laid on straw,
Christian men all, &c.

N. B.—In the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 9th verses, the melody in the first bar will need the following slight modification, in order to fit it to the accent of the words:

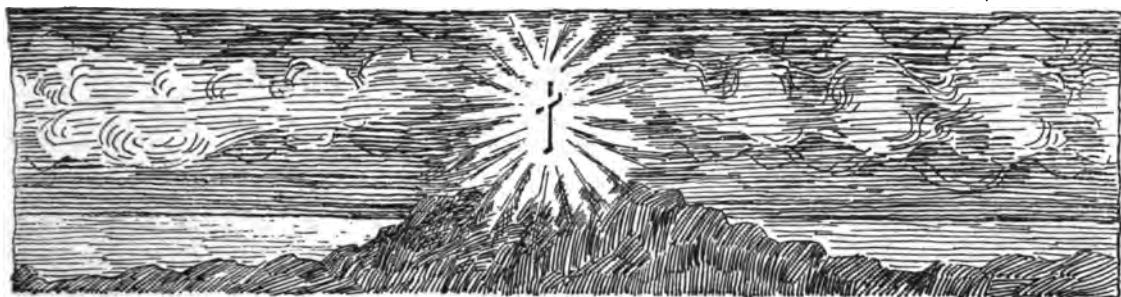


And a corresponding change must be made in the subsequent parts of the melody where the same words recur.

5
 And as we gazed this sight upon,
The snow under foot, &c.
 The angels called Him, the Holy ONE,
Christian men all, &c.

6
 And a marvellous song we straight heard then,
The snow under foot, &c.
 Of Peace on the Earth, Good will towards men,"
Christian men all, &c.

7
 News of a fair and marvellous thing!
The snow under foot, &c.
 Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, we sing!
Christian men all, &c.



Alleluia! Alleluia!

Carol 53.

(FOR EASTER.)

Frederick Westlake.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voi - ces raise;

Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise.

He, who on the Cross a Vic - tim, For the world's sal - va - tion bled,....

mf Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, *cres.* Now is ris - en from the dead.

2

mf Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits,
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its free abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.
Parish Choir, No. 120—4.

3

f Christ is risen! we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-bands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

The Easter sunshine breaks again.

(FOR EASTER.)

Carol 54.

Con spirito.

The Eas - ter sun - shine breaks a - gain On all the sin - ful earth,

More glo - rious than the star - lit morn, We've sang at Je - sus' Birth!

p *rest.*

We've watch'd be - side our Sav - lour's Cross, We've sor - rowed at His grave;

f

But now He's brok - en Death's dark bands, Our Je - sus, strong to save! Way! Sing

Last verse only.

on ye hap - py Chris - tian hearts, The Lord is risen to - day!

* The last two lines of verse 3, are repeated.

2

f Fair blossoms on the Easter morn
Fling forth their fragrance sweet,
And tell of Resurrection-joy,
And Jesus' work complete!
But fairer still the offering
Each loving heart should bring,
Of faith and love and penitence,
f To Christ, its risen King.

3

mf So on this glorious Easter-day
Our glad some songs we raise,
cres And echo e'en to Heaven's own gates
Our happy notes of praise!
mf For He who died is risen again,
"The Life, the Truth, the Way!"
f Sing on, ye happy Christian hearts,
f The Lord is risen to-day.!

Easter flowers, Easter carols.

Carol 55.

(FOR EASTER.)

W. H. A. Hall.

Brightly.

mf Eas - ter flow - ers, Eas - ter car - ols Deck the al - tar, fill the air; Glo - rious dawns the hap - py morn - ing

mf O'er a world so bright and fair. Al - le - lu - ia let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia to the King!

mp ² When the clouds of night were broken,
Angels rolled the stone away,
And on this bright Easter morning
Sing we now the triumph lay.
f Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King!

mf ⁴ "He is risen!" thus the angel
Spoke unto the faithful three,
"He is risen," wondrous story,
"He has gone to Galilee."
f Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King!

mf ³ In the mists of early morning,
Came the faithful to the tomb,
Angel guardians clad in white robes,
Sat there in the breaking gloom.
f Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King!

mf ⁵ Now the clouds of night are broken,
Mortals now the story tell,
f "He is risen! Alleluia!"
Let the joyful anthem swell.
f Alleluia let us sing,
Alleluia to the King.

W. J. ROEMER

Morn of beauty!

(FOR EASTER.)

Carol 56.

Edward Handley.

mf Morn of beau - ty! Morn of glad - ness, Bright - ning o'er the sin - ful earth;

mf Chas - ing shades of doubt and sad - ness, Wak - ning all to ho - ly mirth.

mf ² Past the days of tears and mourning,
Peace and joy alone remain;
f Hail the light of Easter dawning
On the darksome world again.

mf ³ Ransom'd sinners gladly waking,
Bless the day the Saviour rose;
Chains of death asunder breaking,
Vain the malice of His foes.

f ⁴ Now Redemption's work completed,
Gloriously He leaves the grave!
Be by ev'ry tongue repeated,
"Christ the Lord is ris'n to save."

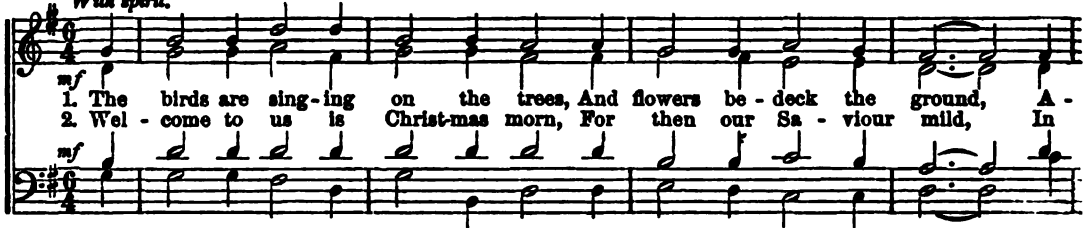
The birds are singing on the trees.

(FOR ASCENSION).

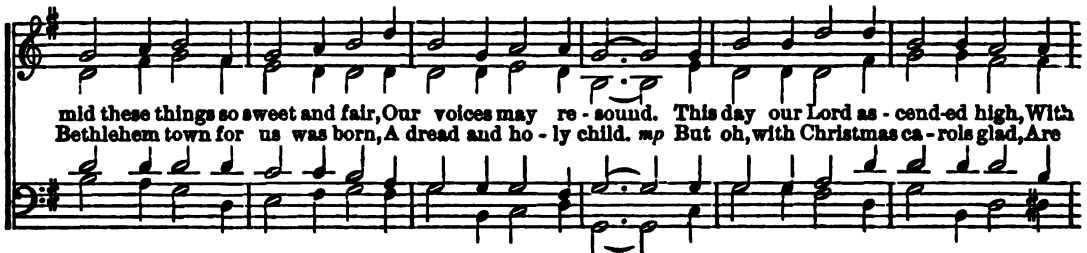
Rt. Rev. H. L. Jenner.

Carol 57.

With spirit.



mf 1. The birds are sing-ing on the trees, And flowers be-deck the ground, A -
mf 2. Wel-come to us is Christ-mas morn, For then our Sa-viour mild, In



mid these things so sweet and fair, Our voices may re-sound. This day our Lord as-cend-ed high, With
 Bethlehem town for us was born, A dread and ho-ly child. *mp* But oh, with Christmas ca-rols glad, Are

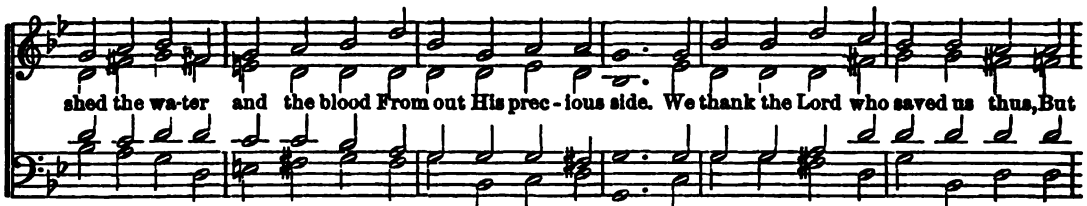


so-lemn ju-bi-lee, Then let us join the an-gel choirs In glad fes-tiv-i-ty.
 blent some notes of woe, To think what anguish for our sakes That heavenly Babe must know.

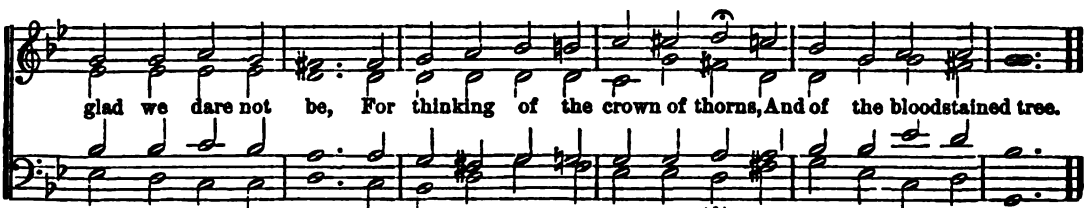
Third Verses only.



p 3. And good for us that bles-sed day, On which our Sa-viour died, And
p shed the wa-ter and the blood From out His prec-i-ous side. We thank the Lord who saved us thus, But



glad we dare not be, For thinking of the crown of thorns, And of the bloodstained tree.



f Our Easter-day is glad and bright,
 And Alleluias ring
 From all the Church, to welcome back
 Her risen Lord and King.
 Yet not at blessed Easter tide
 The triumph is complete;
 Our Saviour lingers still on earth,
 Far from His Father's seat.

f But blest Ascension Day to us
 Brings happiness alone,
 We joy with our triumphant Lord,
 Ascending to His Throne.
cr The angels welcome Him on high,
 With glad and solemn lay;
ff Then let us echo back their songs,
 This bright Ascension Day.



Come, let us sing the story.

Carol 58.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

H. W. Little.

mf

1. Come, let us sing the sto - ry Of Christ the Lord of Glo - ry,....
 2. An an - gel - choir is sing - ing, And near - er earth is bring - ing...

cres.

Born on Christ-mas morn - - - ing, Born on Christ-mas morn - ing.
 Joy on Christ-mas morn - - - ing, Joy on Christ-mas morn - ing.

p *cres.*

Em - man - uel is His Name, From heav'n to earth He came,....
 The shep - herds quake with fear, And kneel - ing, ga - ther near, ...

riten.

On that Christ-mas morn - ing, On that Christmas morn - - - ing....

3

The shepherds' fear allaying,
 An angel thus is saying,
 On that Christmas morning,
 "Glad tidings of great joy
 I bring without alloy,"
 On that Christmas morning.

Parish Choir, No. 124-4.

4

Their glorious voices ringing,
 The heavenly hosts are singing,
 On that Christmas morning.
 They sing of peace and love,
 Good-will from heaven above,
 On that Christmas morning.

Hark! the full-voiced Choir is singing.

(FOR CHRISTMAS)

Carol 59.

Wm. Gossman.

Arr. by H. S. Irons.

VERSE.



Hark! the full - voic'd Choir is sing - ing, As the mid - night dark - ness flies;



Heavenly An - gels now are bring - ing Peace - ful tid - ings from the skies.

CHORUS.



Hail! O Je - sus! Hail! O Je - sus! Sun of Righ - teous -



ness, a - rise! Sun of Righ - teous - ness a - rise!



2
Yes, behold the Day of Glory
Dawn at length for all the earth;
List, the Cherubs tell the story,—
"This the Day of Jesus' Birth."
Hail! O Jesus! Hail! O Jesus!
Day-spring from on High, shine forth!

3
Lo, He comes! His Throne the Manger,
Shepherds, seek His Shrine the Stall;
Ox and ass behold the Stranger,
God, who made and governs all!
Hail! O Jesus! Hail! O Jesus!
Hail Thy glorious festival!

4
Mortals, raise your loudest voices,
Jesus lifts on high your horn;
Earth redeemed to-day rejoices,
For to-day her Lord is born!
Hail! O Jesus! Hail! O Jesus!
Hail, all hail this sacred morn!

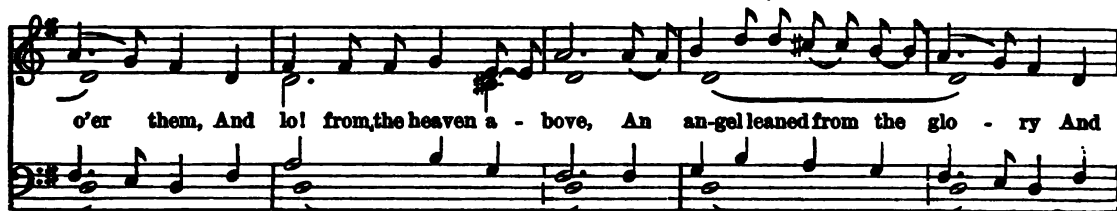
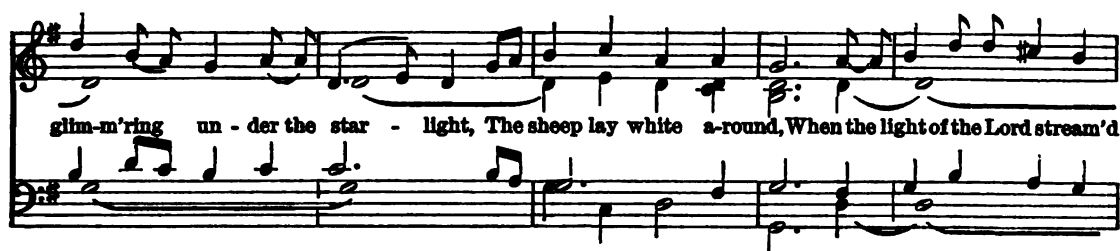
In the field with their flocks abiding.

Carol 60.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

John Farmer.

Moderato. Unison.



2
 "To you in the City of David,
 A Saviour is born to-day!"
 And sudden a host of heav'nly ones
 Flash'd forth to join the lay!
 O never hath sweet message
 Thrill'd home to the souls of men,
 And the Heav'ns themselves had never heard
 A gladder choir till then,—
 For they sang that Christmas Carol,
 That never on earth shall cease, etc.

3
 And the shepherds came to the Manger,
 And gazed on the Holy Child;
 And calmly o'er that rude cradle
 The Virgin Mother smil'd;
 And the sky, in star-lit silence,
 Seem'd full of the angel lay;
 "To you in the City of David
 A Saviour is born to-day;"
 Oh they sang— and I ween that never
 The carol on earth shall cease, etc,

Let every heart now dance with joy.

Carol 61.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. J. H. Hopkins.

CHORUS. FULL.

f Let eve - ry heart now dance with joy, For Christmas comes a - gain;

Sing "Glo - ry be to God on high, On earth good will to men!"

VERSE SOLO.

mf Though win - try cold may chill the skies, And earth be dark and bare;

Our Christmas light with - in shines bright, And love reigns eve - ry - where.

2

Though summer trees are leafless all,
And grey on Nature's brow;
Our Christmas tree now sparkling see,
With lights on every bough!
CHORUS. Let every heart, &c.

3

Though fields are stripped of Autumn fruits,
And snow-storms end the Fall;
By loving hands well loaded, stands
Our Tree, so strong and tall!
CHORUS. Let every heart, &c.

4

No room was found for CHRIST the King,
When he was born of yore;
But hearts *now* yearn for His return,
To reign for evermore!
CHORUS. Let every heart, &c.

5

No love like His was ever known,
Our earthly life to share;
It is *His* light makes Christmas bright,
His love reigns everywhere!
CHORUS. Let every heart, &c.



Easter Day hath dawned again.

Carol 62.

(FOR EASTER.)

C. A. Barry.

Moderate.

Eas - ter day hath dawn'd a - gain, Past the night of grief and pain,

cres. Vain the guard, the tomb in vain, *pp* To hold our bu - ried Je - sus!

rit.

* May be sung as an accompanied melody, or as a two-part chorus, with or without accompaniment.

2

Faithful hearts their watch have kept,
Loving eyes have mourned and wept,
Where, it seemed, He lately slept,
So still and silent, Jesus!

3

Now, all tears have passed away
With the early morning ray;
From the grave, where once He lay,
There hath arisen Jesus!

4

Risen, He hath worshipped been
By repentant Magdalene,
And by Simon hath been seen,
Our all-triumphant Jesus!

5

On this blessed Eventide,
Two there were He walked beside,
And they prayed — "With us abide!"
Although they knew not Jesus!

6

Jesu, Lord! I pray to Thee,
Though Thy Face not yet I see,
Evermore abide with me—
My Lord—my God—my Jesus!

Parish Choir, No. 140—4.

Christ is risen, all triumphant.

Carol 63.

(FOR EASTER.)

Aug. Umann.

Allegro non troppo.

Christ is ris - en, all tri-umph - ant, He is ris - en from the tomb!

dim. e rit.

An - gel voi - ces sweet - ly sing - ing, Ban - ish all our earth - ly gloom:

Join the glad song, all ye na - tions, Of His great re - deem - ing love,

Cal - va - ry a - lone can save us, Christ is smil - ing from a - bove.

2

He has risen! He is pleading
For each poor and struggling one;
Blessed day we hail thy dawning,
Hope shall gild thy rising sun!
While on earth, reviled, rejected,
Gain He counted but as loss.
Hallelujah! He has risen
And we bow before the Cross.

3

Let the glad songs now ascending,
Sing our dear Redeemer's Name;
Christ has risen! Christ has risen!
All our hope is in the same;
Blessed day that banished darkness,
At the Cross we bow in love,
Knowing that a risen Saviour
Smiles all sweetly from above.

4

Ring, glad bells, your loudest anthems,
Sounding joy o'er all the earth,
Crown the altars now with garlands,
Let us bow before His worth!
Christ has risen! joy excelling,
All our sorrows flee away,
And our hearts with joy are beating.
On this blessed Easter Day!

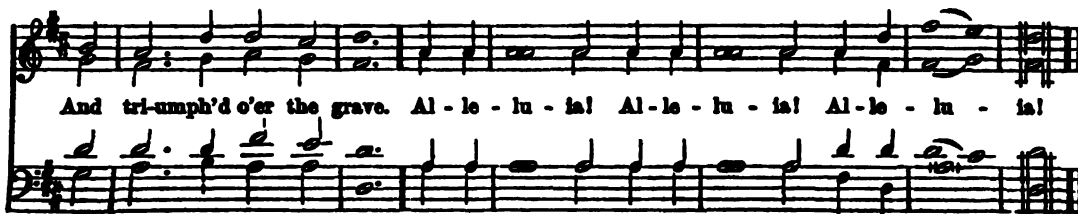
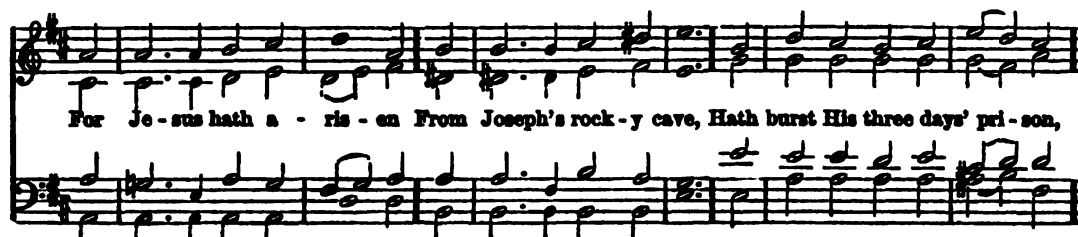
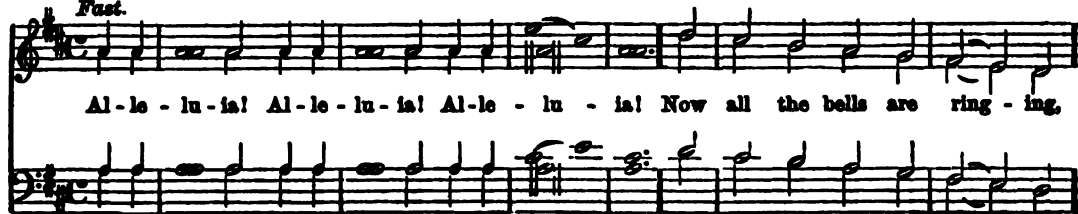
Now all the bells are ringing.

(FOR EASTER.)

Carol 64.

Fast.

Rev. J. B. Dykes.



2

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
O hasten we to meet Him,
With our companions dear,
With love and awe to greet Him,
As He is drawing near;
Once dead, our Jesus liveth,
Who ne'er again may die,
Yet still His death He pleadeth
Before the Throne on high.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

3

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Still, Jesu! we adore Thee
With faith which may not fall;
Still, as we kneel before Thee,
We hear Thee say "All hail!"
Thou, who art now descending
To raise us up to Thee,
An Easter-tide unending
Grant us in Heaven to see.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

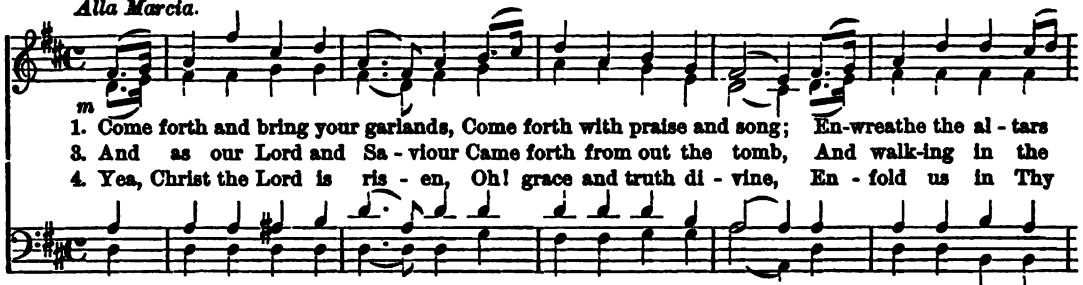
Come forth and bring your garlands.

Carol 65.

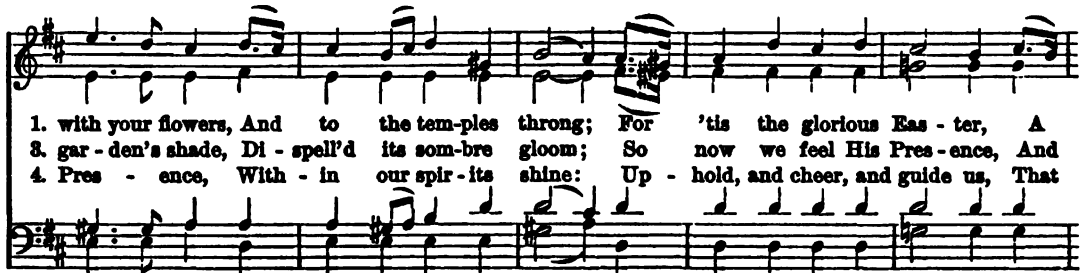
(FOR EASTER.)

Aug. Ullmann.

Alla Marcia.



1. Come forth and bring your garlands, Come forth with praise and song; En-wreath the al-tars
3. And as our Lord and Sa-viour Came forth from out the tomb, And walk-ing in the
4. Yea, Christ the Lord is ris-en, Oh! grace and truth di-vine, En-fold us in Thy



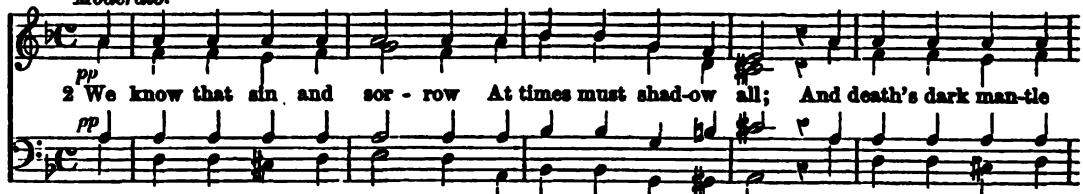
1. with your flowers, And to the tem-ples throng; For 'tis the glorious Eas-ter, A
3. gar-den's shade, Di-spell'd its som-bre gloom; So now we feel His Pres-ence, And
4. Pres-ence, With-in our spir-its shine: Up-hold, and cheer, and guide us, That



1. day for prayer and praise, When all who love the Sa-viour May join our glad-some lays.
3. still we hear His voice, Who said to Ma-ry "Do not fear, Be-hold Me and re-joice."
4. we may tru-ly say: "To us the Lord is ris'n indeed, This glo-rious Easter Day."

SECOND VERSE.

Moderato.

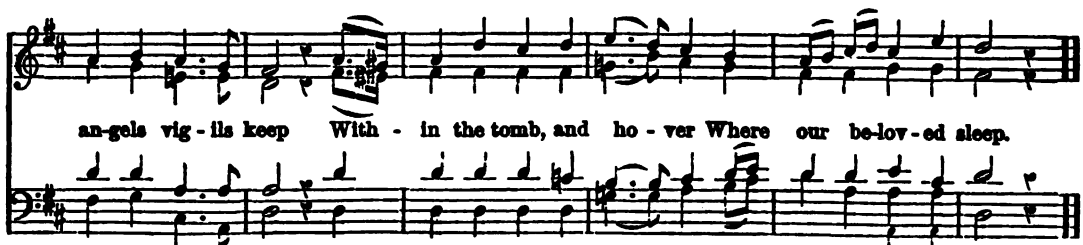


pp
2 We know that sin and sor-row At times must shad-ow all; And death's dark man-tle
pp

Tempo prima.



cov-er The earth as with a pall; *p* Yet, still as o'er our Sa-viour, Bright
p



an-gels vig-ils keep With-in the tomb, and ho-ver Where our be-lov-ed sleep.



Good news from the hills of Judea.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

May be sung as a choral duet.

Madame Sainton-Dolby.

Carol 66.

Maestoso.

"Good news from the hills of Ju - dea, Good news from the mountains of light; The King in His beau - ty is

Allegro con spirito.

here, He came to His peo - ple last night! "He is come! He is come! Ring the bells! Ring the bells! He is

come! He is come! Ring the bells! Ring the bells! Je - sus Christ has come down, Go, pre - pare Him a crown! He is

rall.

come! He is come! Ring the bells! Ring the bells! He is come! He is come! Ring the bells! Ring the bells!" 2. "Has He

* The small upper notes to be sung by voices that can reach the F[#]

2
"Has He come to the castle so grand,
To be feasted and honoured to-day?
Has He come to the lords of the land?
Has He come to the bright and the gay?
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
Jesus Christ has come down
To a poor little town;
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

3
"Has He come in His grandeur and pride
To ride through the streets of the town,
With the princes and priests at His side,
And the soldiers defending His crown?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
In a cave cold and bare
You will find the King there;
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

6
"If the shepherds were poor, so am I;
For nothing I have of my own;
To the love of the King may I fly?
May I kneel at the foot of His Throne?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
Jesus Christ loveth all,
Young and old, great and small,
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

4
"Have they dressed Him in purple and gold?
Have they laid Him within a soft bed,
Like the kings and the princes of old,
With a guard to watch over His Head?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
He is laid in the grass
With the ox and the ass;
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

5
"Have they sounded the trumpets afar?
Have they welcomed with music and song
The Prophet, the King, and the Star,
The Light we have looked for so long?"
"He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!
To the shepherds alone
Hath He made Himself known;
He is come! He is come! Ring the bells!"

The stars are shining bright and clear.

Carol 67.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. E. W. Bullinger.

The stars are shin-ing bright and clear, The hills are white with snow: Our Christ-mas eve has
come a - gain, Our hearts with joy o'er - flow; The Christ - mas car - ols, sweet and glad, Are
sound - ing on the air; And Christmas wreaths, in glist'-ning show, Make bright the house of prayer.

2

Not here across the snow was heard
The first sweet Christmas song;
But where the crimson lilies bloom,
Judaes's hills among:
Those hills where David long before
His father's sheep had kept;
And where, o'er Rachel's lonely tomb,
The mourning Jacob wept.

3

And not by earthly choristers
Was that first carol sung;
Not through the temple's shining courts
Its faultless music rung;
No listening crowds had gathered there,
That wondrous chant to hear;
Save watchful shepherds on the hills,
No human soul was near.

4

'Twas sung by countless multitudes
Of Angels pure and bright,
And o'er the bare and silent hills
There shone a glorious light;
Such heavenly music ne'er was heard
Before by sons of men,
And never more shall song like that
Be heard on earth again.

5

We know the tidings which they brought
Of Christ our Saviour's birth,
Their song of "Glory be to God,
Good-will and peace on earth;"
And so the Christmas carol, sung
By Angels long ago,
Is sweeter than all other songs
Which Christians sing below.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells.

Carol 68.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Arthur H. Brown.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells; Chime out the won-drous sto - ry; First in song on An - gel tongues It
came from realms of glo - ry; Peace on earth, good - will to men, An - gel - ic voi - ces ring - ing—

RING THE BELLS, THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

rall. **CHORUS.**

Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glorious message bring-ing. Ring the mer-ry Christmas bells; Chime
out the wondrous sto-ry; Glo-ry be to God on high, For e-ver-more be glo-ry.

2
Wise men hastened from the East
To bring their richest treasure—
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense
And jewels without measure.
Him they sought, although a King,
They found in birthplace lowly,
There within a manger lay
The Babe so pure and holy.
CHO.— Ring the merry Christmas bells, &c.

3
Earthly crowns were not for Him;
He came God's love revealing;
On the Cross He died for us,
His blood forgiveness sealing.
'Tis the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day
Its grateful anthems raises.
CHO.— Ring the merry Christmas bells, &c.

Come to the manger, in Bethlehem.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 69.

Samuel Smith.

1. Come to the man-ger in Beth-le-hem, A sweet Child lies there-in,.....
2. But the heart of the world is far too small To take in that lit-tle Child:
3. Come to the man-ger in Beth-le-hem, Never mind the frost and snow,
4. And the more the cold world turns Him out, The more we will take Him in,.....

A Ho-ly Child come down to earth To save the world from sin;....
It sends Him a-way; there is no room For His face so sweet and mild;...
We will think of the Child, and the thought of Him Shall warm us as we go;....
When our hearts are full of the Ho-ly Child They will have no room for sin;....

pp

A lit-tle Child with a Heart so large, It takes the whole world in!....
They would turn Him out if they on-ly could, To the storm so rude and wild....
We will kiss His Ho-ly Hands and Feet, And tell Him we love Him so!....
Come to the man-ger of Beth-le-hem, For a sweet Child lies there-in!....

The joyful morn is breaking.

Carol 70.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

E. J. Hopkins.

The joy - ful morn is break - ing, The bright - est morn of earth, Through all cre - a - tion
wa - king The joy of Je - sus' birth. His star a - bove is glistening, Where
Je - sus cra-dled lies, And all the earth is listening The car - ol of the skies.

2

8

High strains of praise are swelling
From angel hosts on high,
And one soft voice is telling
Glad tidings from the sky;
Tidings of free salvation,
Of peace on earth below;
Through every land and nation
The blessed word shall go!

His children's songs shall name Him
In many a tongue to day;
His Church shall yet proclaim Him
To people far away;
Till idols fall before Him,
Till strife and wrong shall cease,
Till all the earth adore Him,
The eternal Prince of Peace!

No room in the inn.

Carol 71.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

H. J. Gauntlett.

Slowly and sustained.

1. No room in the inn for the tra - vel-lers wea-ry, Though hungry and thir-s-ty and foot-sore they be;
2. No place but the sta - ble for Jo-seph and Ma-ry, Al-though they are own'd of the true roy - al line;
The chil - dren of Da - vid, in Da-vid's own ci - ty, They come to en - rol at the Cae-sar's de - cree.
They turn from the inn, from its warmth and its plenty, To rest for the night with the ass - es and kine.

3

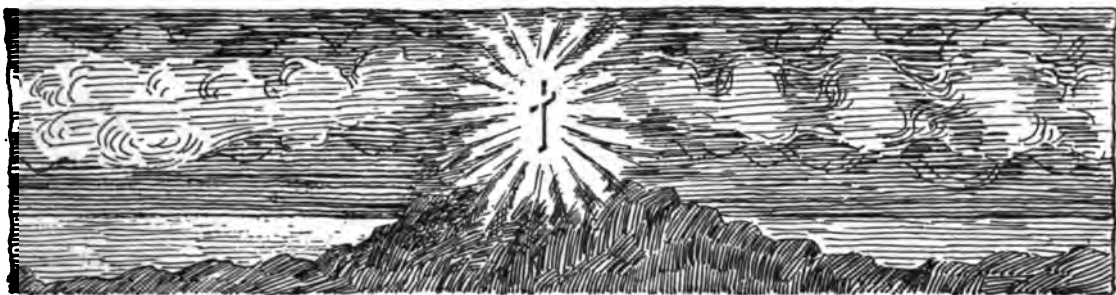
5

Oh, had the host known, though the inn was o'er crowded,
Who sought in his hostel for shelter and rest,
The fairest guest chamber had been for the strangers,
And he had provided for them of his best!

For in the rude stable, where stars were all shining,
The Lord of the Angels took up His abode,
The Babe in the manger so calmly reposing,
Was Israel's Messiah, the dear Son of God.

We join with the Angels in giving God glory;
From Christmas to Christmas the story repeat
How Jesus was laid a fair Babe in the manger,
And hasten with shepherds to kneel at His Feet.

All glory, all glory to God in the highest!
All glory to Jesus for His lowly birth!
With hearts full of joy we re-echo with gladness,
Good will be to men, and sweet peace upon earth.



Christ the Lord is risen again.

Carol 72.

(FOR EASTER.)

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.

mf

Christ the Lord is risen a - gain, Christ hath bro - ken ev - ery chain;

Hark, an - gel - ic voi - ces cry, Sing - ing e - ver - more on High,

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A -

Ped.

ff

men. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2
He, who gave for us His life
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day,
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia! &c.

8
He, who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry:
Alleluia! &c.

6
Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

4
He, who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia! &c.

5
Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia! &c.

Easter flowers are blooming bright.

Carol 73.

(FOR EASTER.)

Rev. Sir. F. A. G. Ouseley.

Eas - ter flowers are bloom - ing bright, Eas - ter skies pour ra - dant light,
 Christ our Lord is risen in might, Glo - ry in the high - est.

2
 Angels carolled this sweet lay,
 When in manger rude He lay;
 Now once more cast grief away,
 Glory in the highest.

3
 He, then born to grief and pain,
 Now to glory born again,
 Callest forth our gladdest strain,
 Glory in the highest.

4
 As He riseth, rise we too,
 Tune we heart and voice anew,
 Offer homage glad and true,
 Glory in the highest.

Soldiers, awake! This is the festal hour.

Carol 74.

(FOR EASTER.)

W. H. Walter.

With spirit.
 Sol - diers, awake! This is the fes - tal hour, Forth from the grave the Saviour Christ hath risen :
rall.
 Gar - land the Cross with flowers and fragrant wreaths; The Saviour lives, and death no more hath power

2
 Soldiers arouse! Banish all Lenten gloom,
 Let sacred joy this Easter morn attend;
 Jesus hath burst the mighty bands of death,
 And holy angels guard the riven tomb.

4
 Soldiers, to arms! Forth to life's battle-field,
 The Spirit's sword your only trust shall be;
 While on your brow Salvation's helmet rests,
 And Christian faith protects you as a shield.

3
 Soldiers, to prayer! Kneel first this blessed day
 To Him, The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
 See on your banner His redeeming Cross,
 And there your motto, "Ever watch and pray."

5
 Soldiers, salute, with Heaven's triumphant host,
 Jesus, the Prince of Peace, the Conqueror!
 Yield Him the homage, due Almighty God:
 Worship the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Heaven with rosy Morn is glowing.

Carol 75.

(FOR EASTER.)

J. B. Higginbotham.

Joyously.



2

Useless watch the guard are keeping
O'er that tomb so still and lone;
He who there in death was sleeping,
Bursts the seal, and rends the stone.
"Weep no more; no more be given
Gushing tears and mournful sighs,
For the grave's dark gates are riven;
Christ is risen!" the angel cries.

3

Be our Paschal joy unending!
And, O Lord, deign Thou to save
Contrite souls, that lowly bending,
Pray for life beyond the grave.
Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, who rose this day,
To the Spirit praise be given—
THREE IN ONE, AND ONE IN THREE

At the early Easter Morn.

Carol 76.

(FOR EASTER.)

James A. Johnson.

Allegretto. p

At the ear - ly Eas - ter morn, In the gray and sl - lent dawn, Ma - ry came, with

look for-lorn, To the tomb where, 'midst the gloom, They laid her Lord's be - lov - ed form:

Soon her dim and weep - ing eyes Filled with glad - ness and sur - prise— Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

lu - jah! "The Lord is risen?" Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

ff **SYMPHONY.**

A - - - - - men.

After last verse.

2
See, the stone is rolled away,
Death hath yielded up his prey;
Angels bright directing, say,
"He ye seek is risen indeed,—
He left the Tomb ere break of day."
O the glad and cheering sound,
Causing hearts with joy to bound!
Hallelujah, &c.

8
Ye who pine in gloom and night,
Waiting for the coming light,
See, it breaks in radiance bright;
Easter Morning, in its dawning,
Fills our souls with calm delight;
Let us then, with one accord,
Praise our newly-risen Lord.
Hallelujah, &c.



Ring out, ye throbbing stars of night.

Carol 77.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Mrs J. H. Barbour.

ALL.

With energy.

Ring out, ye throbbing stars of night! Fill all the world with rhythmic light For which men long have

wait - ed; For which men long have wait - ed! Re - peat the joy-ous song that roll'd From Heav'n's eter-nal

depths of old When earth was first cre-a - ted. When earth was first cre - a - ted! To - geth - er sing! For

God doth bring Je - sus, the e - ver-last-ing Lord, To be by all His works a - dored.

GIRLS. Break forth in praise, angelic throngs!
Spread Bethlehem's plains with sweetest songs,
A cloud of uttered glory;
Enfold therein the shepherds meek,
And those who fadeless pastures seek,
Described in prophets' story.
ALL. Adore your King!
For God doth bring
Emanuel the Holy Child
By whom the world is reconciled.

GIRLS. Lift up, ye Gentiles, from afar
Your voice of triumph to the star
On Sion's forehead flaming.
For lo! it burns with heavenly fire,
Of cherished dreams and vague desire
Fulfillment now proclaiming!
ALL. Let psalms ring
For God doth bring
The King all nations longed to find!
The Light and Leader of mankind!

BOYS. Rejoice, ye waiting Jews devout!
Let your victorious faith ring out
In swelling *Benedictus*!
The night of watching now is past,
Redemption's day has come at last,
No more can fear afflict us!
ALL. Let trumpets ring
For God doth bring
The promised heir of David's throne,
Whose kingdom all the earth shall own!

ALL. Hark! how the bells together chime!
All ringing in the Golden time
The age of love and glory;
The choirs of Heaven and those of earth
Unite, O Christ! to hail Thy birth,
All worlds as one adore Thee.
One anthem rolls
From ransomed souls,
From nature and each living thing,
To Thee, incarnate Son and King!

Parish Choir, No. 174 — 4.

● Dark was the night.

Carol 78.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

B. W. J. Trevaldwyn.

mf SOLO, OR VOICES IN UNISON.

1. O dark was the night and cold blew the wind, But Jo - seph and Ma - ry no shel - ter could find ; In

all the fair ci - ty of Beth - le - hem, In cot - tage or inn was no room for them!

CHORUS IN HARMONY.

f Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis, *ff* glo - ria in ex - cel - sis, *rall. pp* glo - ria in ex - cel - sis De - o.

2.

But in a poor stable their couch was made,
And low in a manger the Babe was laid,
O fair was the Child, the mother how fair !
But only the oxen stood waiting there !

3.

But out on the hills was a wondrous light,
And heavenly music entranced the night ;
And beasts of the field were roused in their lair
By the sound of voices and harps in the air.

4.

And shepherds a - watching their flocks by night
Espied in the heavens a marvellous sight ;
Of angels and spirits a mighty throng,
For joy and great gladness singing this song :

5.

O come then, ye faithful, ye men of good will,
Let joy and thanksgiving every heart fill ;
Tell out the glad tidings that Jesus has come,
To open the way to the heavenly home.

Carol, brothers, carol.

Carol 79.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg.

CHORUS.

ff Car - ol, brothers, car - ol, Car - ol joy - ful - ly, Car - ol the good tidings, Car - ol mer - ri - ly:

FIN.

ff And pray a glad some Christmas For all good Christian men ; Car - ol, brothers, carol, Christmas day a - gain.

DUET.

1. Car - ol, but with glad - ness, Not in songs of earth ; On the Saviour's birth - day Hallowed be our mirth ;

D. C.

While a thousand blessings Fill our hearts with glee, Christmas day we'll keep, The Feast of Char - i - ty.

2
At the merry table,
Think of those who've none,
The orphan and the widow,
Hungry and alone.
Bountiful your offerings
To the altar bring ;
Let the poor and needy
Christmas carols sing.
CHO.—Carol, brothers, carol, &c,

3
Listening angel music,
Discord sure must cease—
Who dare hate his brother
On this day of peace ?
While the heavens are telling
To mankind good will,
Only love and kindness
Every bosom fill.
CHO.—Carol, brothers, carol, &c,

4
Let our hearts, responding
To the seraph band,
With this morning's sunshine
Bright in every land :
Word, and deed, and prayer
Speak the grateful sound,
Telling "Merry Christmas"
All the world around.
CHO.—Carol, brothers, carol, &c,

Silent stars were watching.

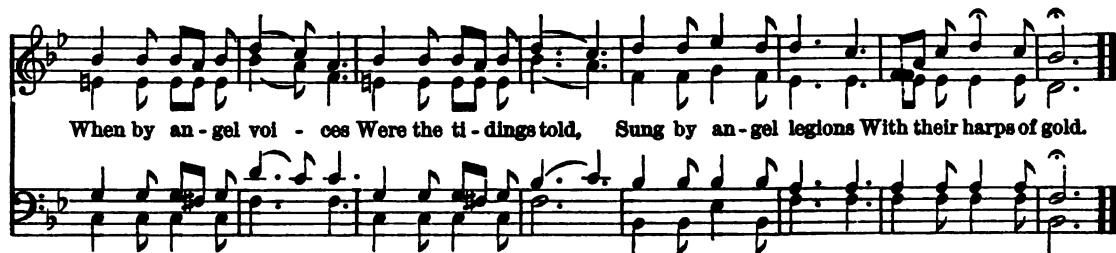
Carol 80.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

W. H. A. Hall.



1. Si - lent stars were watching O - ver hill and plain, Hum - ble shepherds on - ly Heard the joy - ful strain,



When by an - gel voi - ces Were the ti - dings told, Sung by an - gel legions With their harps of gold.

2
Then, in haste, the shepherds
Heedless of their fold,
Seek King David's city
As the angels told.
There they find the manger,
There the Infant King,
There they tell the story
To the wondering.

3
In the East, the wise men
Journeying from afar,
Guided to the manger
By the mystic star.
Gold and fragrant incense,
Costly gifts they bring,
In the stable lay them,
Kingly offering.

4
And on this our Christmas,
While our hearts we bring,
Hear the wondrous story,
Joyous carols sing;
To the holy Christ-child
Grant, O Lord, that we,
Like the kings and shepherds,
May be led by Thee.

Blessed night, when Bethlehem's plain.

Carol 81.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

J. W. Sidebotham.



1. Blessed night, when Beth'lem's plain Echo'd with the joyful strain, "Peace has come to earth again." Al-le-lu - ia!

2
Blessed hills that heard the song
Of the glorious angel throng
Swelling all your slopes along
Alleluia!

3
Happy shepherds, on whose ear,
Fell the tidings glad and clear,
"God to man is drawing near."
Alleluia!

4
Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,
Hidden from the great and wise,
Entering earth in lowly guise—
Alleluia!

5
Entering by the narrow door,
Laid upon this rocky floor,
Placed in yonder manger poor.
Alleluia!

6
We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing:
Our best offering to Thee bring.
Alleluia!

7
Mighty King of Righteousness,
King of Glory, King of Peace,
Never shall Thy Kingdom cease!
Alleluia!



Sing we now of joy and gladness.

Carol 82.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

W. Gilbert.

Andante legato.

Sing we now of joy and glad - ness, Christ our King come down to earth,

cres.
Free man-kind from pain and sad - ness, Hail th' In-car - nate Sa - viour's birth.

dim. *p* O - - - rient
List, an - gel - ic strains are stream - ing Through the O - rient skies,

cres. *f*
Look, ce - les - tial light is beam - ing On the won - d'ring shep - herds' eyes.

2
Haste we then, this birth-day morning,
To the Bethlehem cattle-shed;
Heed we not, tho' scant adorning
Deck the lowly manger bed:
Though man's fleshly form He weareth,
In His birth-place bare,
He the Eternal Kingdom shareth,
Christ Himself is cradled there.

Parish Choir, No. 176—4.

3
Offer we in plenteous measure
Gold and gem and costly spice,
If our hearts attend our treasure
He'll accept the sacrifice:
If to Him our life be given,
Raised from earth our eyes,
He will grant us rest in heaven,
In His rest—in Paradise.

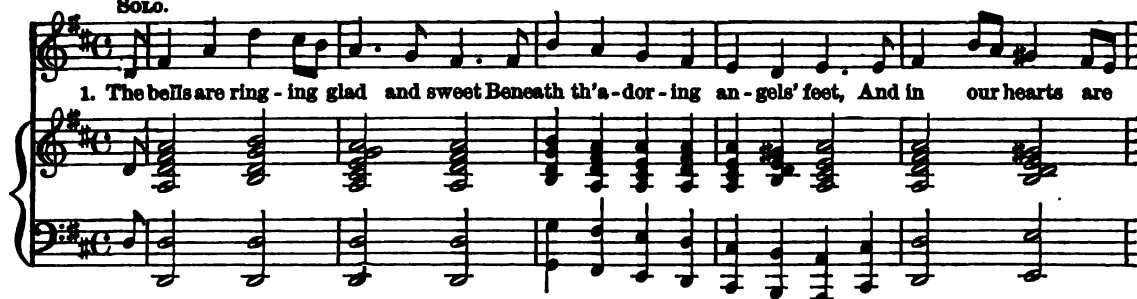
The bells are ringing glad and sweet.

Carol 83.

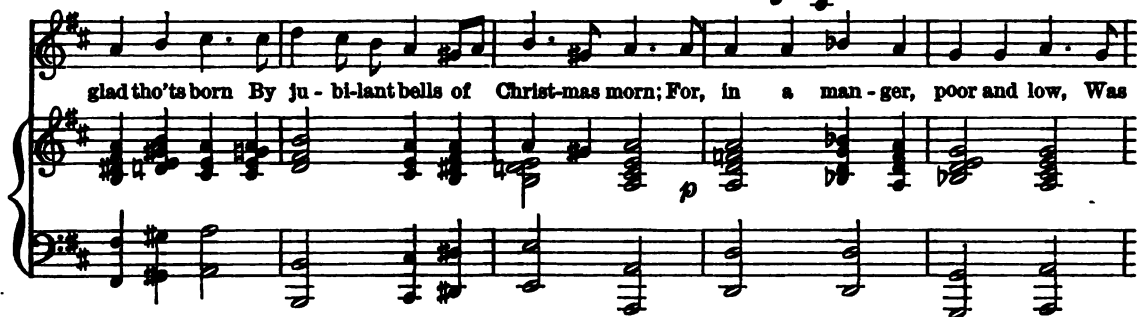
(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

D. E. Hervey.

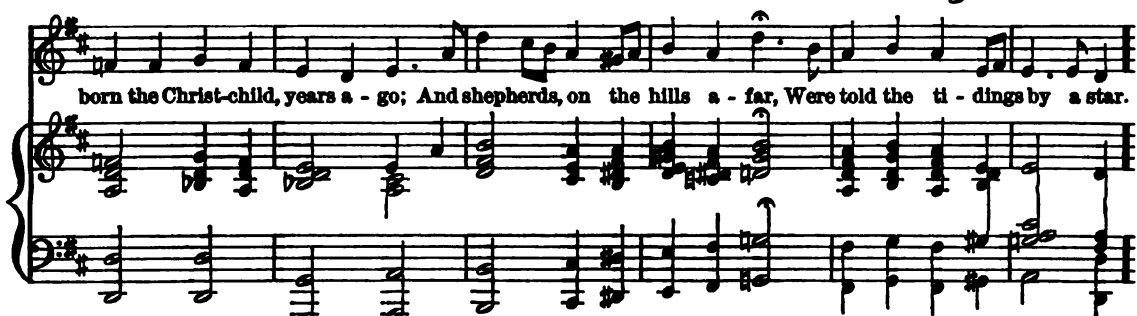
SOLO.



1. The bells are ring - ing glad and sweet Beneath th'a - dor - ing an - gels' feet, And in our hearts are



glad tho'ts born By ju - bi-lant bells of Christ-mas morn; For, in a man - ger, poor and low, Was

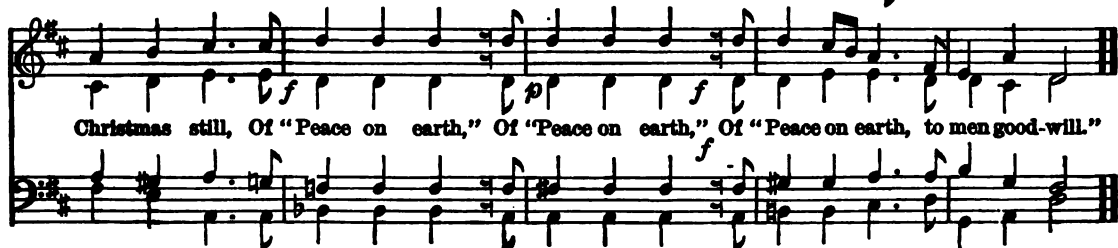


born the Christ-child, years a - go; And shepherds, on the hills a - far, Were told the ti - dings by a star.

CHORUS.



Oh, ring, glad bells, ring loud and sweet The song the a - ges shall re-peat, Which an - gels sing on



Christmas still, Of "Peace on earth," Of "Peace on earth," Of "Peace on earth, to men good-will."

3
O Christ-child, in a manger born,
The stars sang on Thy birthday morn.
While cradled on Thy mother's breast,
The wise men sought Thy place of rest;
Then peace descended on the earth,
In honour of Thy lowly birth.
Ah! Thou hast died for us, and them
Who hailed Thee King at Bethlehem.—CHO.

3
Oh, song, adown the centuries roll'd!
Oh, song, which never can grow old!
O Christ-child, born a cross to bear,
That we, at last, a crown might wear,—
Let us, like shepherds, to Thy feet
Bring love, as tribute-offering meet,
And worship there, while angels sing
In praise of Jesus Christ, our King.—CHO.

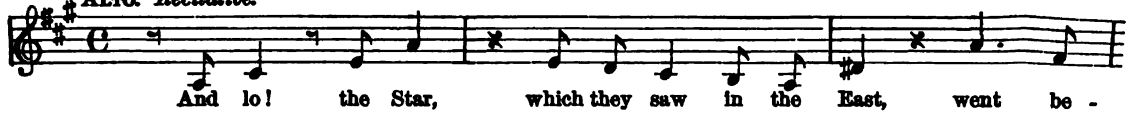
Star of glory, brightly streaming.

Carol 84.

(FOR EPIPHANY.)

J. Garnett.

ALTO. *Recitative.*



CHORUS.



2

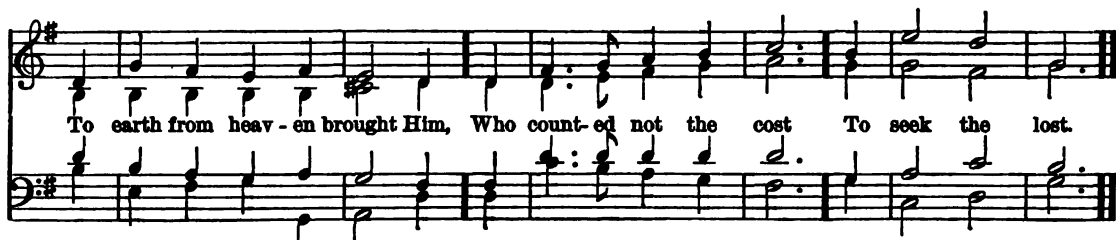
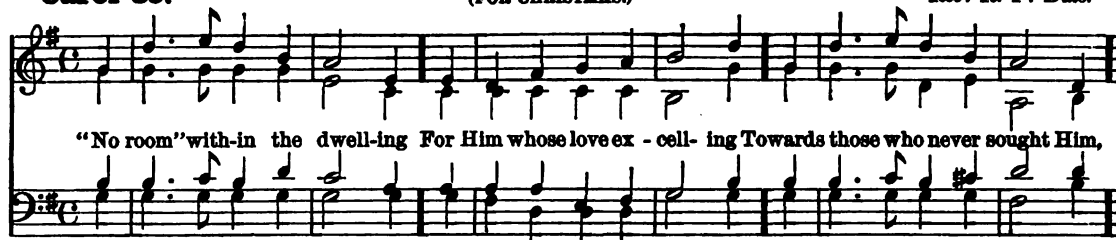
Holy Father! Thou who gavest
Them that light and grace to see!
Holy Son! O Christ, who savest
All that look for light to Thee!
Holy Spirit, ever pouring
Grace on them that seek aright!
Grant us, Lord, with hearts adoring,
Still to walk with Thee in light.

No room within the dwelling.

Carol 85.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. R. F. Dale.



2
"No room;" so to the manger
They bore the kingly stranger;
But angel hosts attended,
And angel voices blended,
Whilst on His mother's breast
He lay at rest.

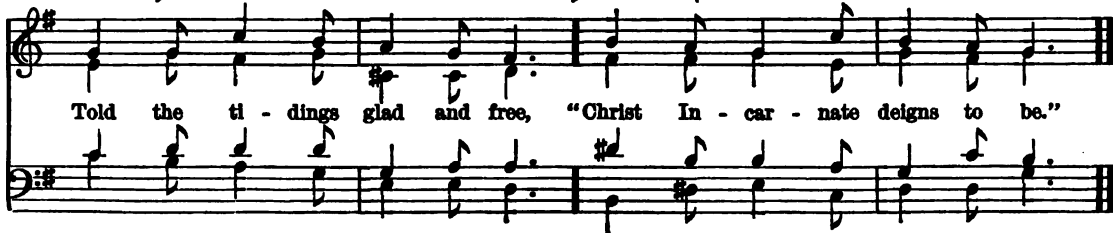
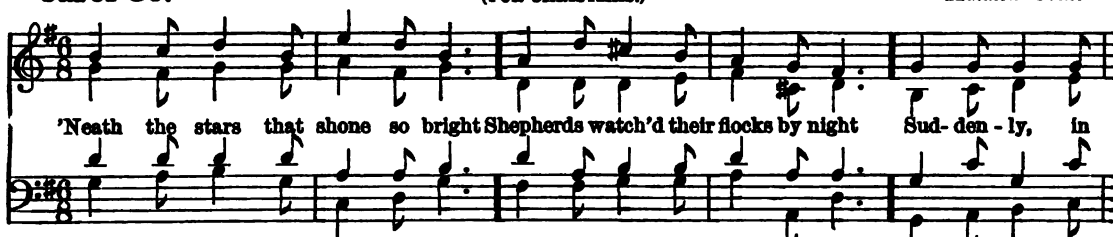
3
"No room;" O Babe so tender
To Thee our hearts we render,
Not meet for Thy possessing,
Yet make them by Thy blessing
A home wherein to dwell,
EMMANUEL!

'Neath the stars that shone so bright.

Carol 86.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Matthew Cooke.



2
Born this day of David's line
Now behold the Babe Divine;
Rude the raiment that enfolds Him,
Rough the manger-bed that holds Him;
Lord all holy, laid so lowly,
Who from highest realm of heaven
Stoops that man may be forgiven.

3
May we all with heart and voice
Still in Bethlehem rejoice;
Thither by the bright star led
To the House of Living Bread;
Chant the story of His glory
Till His Majesty we see
At His last Epiphany.



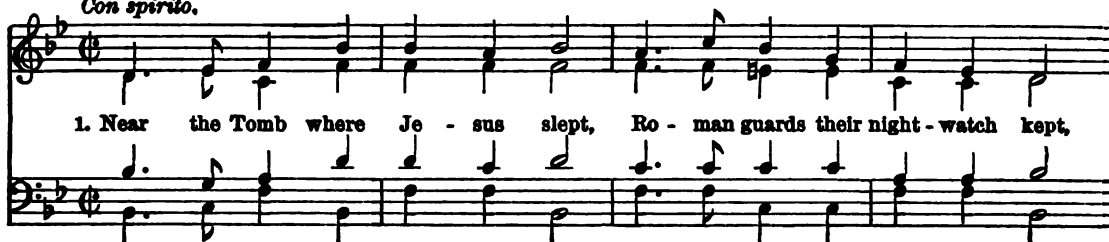
Near the Tomb where Jesus slept.

Carol 87.

(FOR EASTER.)

Geo. P. Grantham.

Con spirito.



CHORUS.



²
In the darksome midnight, lo!
Hark! an earthquake rolls below!
Sign of deadly conflict o'er,
Death despoiled for evermore!

Chorus.

³
That which by the cave-mouth lay,
Angel hands have rolled away;
And the Lord, His three days sped,
Comes triumphant from the dead!

Chorus.

Chorus after last verse.

Christ! Thou Conqueror! all hail!
Let not Death o'er us prevail:
Help us in our mortal strife,
Bring us to the Land of Life!

⁴
O! the breathless fear which fell
On the guards no tongue may tell;
Prostrate all, in sore dismay,
As He rose, and passed away!

Chorus.

⁵
Christ! Thou Victor o'er the tomb,
Take us in the Day of Doom,
Take us to Thine own dear side,
At the last great Easter-tide!

Christ is risen! Alleluia!

Carol 88.

SEMI-CHORUS.

(FOR EASTER.)

F. C. Maker.

Unison. *Harmony.*

ff 1. Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head!

ff

Unison. *Harmony.*

Sing His prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is ris - en from the dead!

mf Grate - ful - ly our hearts a - dore Him, As His light once more ap - pears,

mf

rit.

Bow - ing down in joy be - fore Him, Ris - ing up from grief and tears.

Full-Chorus.
a tempo. *Unison.* *Harmony.*

ff Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head!

ff

Unison. *Harmony.*

Sing His prais - es, Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is ris - en from the dead.

2
Christ is risen! all the sadness
Of our Lenten fast is o'er;
Through the open gates of gladness
He returns to life once more;
Death and hell before Him bending,
He doth rise, the Victor now,
Angels on His steps attending
Glorious round His wounded brow:
Cho.— Christ is risen! &c.

3
Christ is risen! all the sorrow
That last evening round Him lay,
Now hath found a glorious morrow
In the rising of to-day;

And the grave its first fruits giveth,
Springing up from holy ground,
He was dead, but now He liveth,
He was lost, but He is found:
Cho.— Christ is risen! &c.

4
Christ is risen! henceforth never
Death or hell shall us enthrall,
Be we Christ's, in Him for ever
We have triumphed over all:
All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
'Tis His day of Resurrection!
Let us rise and keep the Feast;
Cho.— Christ is risen! &c.

Sweetly the birds are singing.

Carol 89.

(FOR EASTER.)

C. F. Roper.

1. Sweetly the birds are sing - ing, At East - er dawn; Sweetly the bells are ring - ing, On
 2. Birds! forget not your sing - ing, At East - er dawn; Bells! be ye ev - er ring - ing, On
 3. Buds! ye will soon be flow - ers, Cherry and White; Snow-storms are changing to show - ers,
 4. East - er buds were grow - ing, A - ges a - go; East - er lil - lies were blow - ing

East - - - er Day. And the words that they say On this glad Easter Day, Are Christ the Lord is Ris - en.
 East - - - er morn. In the spring of the year, When Easter is here, Sing Christ the Lord is Ris - en.
 Dark - ness to light. When the wakening of spring, O sweet - ly sing, Lo! Christ the Lord is Ris - en.
 By the wa - ter's flow. All nature was glad, Not a creature was sad, For Christ the Lord is Ris - en.

● Holy Church, but yester-night.

Carol 90.

(FOR EASTER.)

Melody by H. G. B.
Harmonized by Rev. Wm. Stanton.

1. O Ho - ly Church, but yes - ter - night In dust thy robes were trail - ing, The dew was heav - y
 on thy head, And thou thy Lord be - wall - ing; O Ho - ly Church, the gates are burst, The
 seal could hold no long - er, The clos - ing stone was ad - a - mant, The God with - in was strong - er.

2
 O Holy Church, this Easter morn,
 Thy richest banquet spread,
 Thy risen Lord, a-hungred comes
 To bless and share thy bread;
 O Holy Church, the Lord is here,
 Let him repent who heareth,
 "Arise and shine," Thy Light is come,
 Thy glory now appeareth.

3
 O Holy Church, dear Bride of Christ,
 With flow'rs bedeck Thine altar,
 Array thy courts in evergreens,
 Intone thy richest psalter;
 O Mother dear, who all thy Lord's
 Rare graces dost inherit,
 Now bid the loud TEB SANCTUS rise,
 To Father, Son, and Spirit.

Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Carol 91.

(FOR EASTER.)

"Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day;" List-en while the an - gels say. From His tomb the stone we roll'd,
Eas - ter skies were cloth'd in gold; Forth in tri-umph Je - sus pass'd, Death's torn bands behind Him cast.

²
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day;"
Listen while the Soldiers say:
Arms uplift from rest and sleep,
Sword nor Spear the Lord could keep;
Calvary's mount did rock and reel;
Burst the guard of stone and seal.

³
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day;"
Listen while the Prophets say:
Where lay bound His sacred Head,

Death and hell must loose their dead;
Preach it to a captive world,
Easter Banners are unfurled.

⁴
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day;"
Listen while His bless'd lips say;
Graves and seas shall hear My word,
Saints shall wake and hail Me Lord;
Where He soars lift we our heart,
Christ from us Death cannot part.

Sing Alleluia, all ye lands.

Carol 92.

(FOR EASTER.)

Ancient.

Sing Al - le - lu - la, all ye lands! Ye floods and o - ceans, clap your hands! The
King re - turns from glo - rious fight, Whose arms have shat - tered Sa - tan's might; Our
glad - dest song shall there - fore be, That GOD WAS REIGN - ING FROM THE TREE!*

²
The sling and five smooth stones have slain
The giant on the battle plain;
And Holofernes' falchion dread,
Hath sever'd Holofernes' head;
Our Chief is crown'd, for slain was He,
When GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE!

³
Alone, despised, and set at naught,
The press He trod, the fight He fought;
Alone He crush'd the Dragon down,

And so alone He wears the crown;
The sun is bright, the clouds must flee,
For GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE!

⁴
Jerusalem, arise and shine!
The glory of thy Lord is thine;
The victor's crown, the Royal Throne,
Are all His gift, and all thine own;
For all of His thine own shall be,
Since GOD WAS REIGNING FROM THE TREE!

*The allusion is to the old rendering of Psalm xvi: 10, so often quoted by early writers in their controversies with the Jews: *Tell it out among the nations, The Lord hath reigned from the Tree.*



O'er the hill and o'er the vale.

Carol 93.

(FOR EPIPHANY.)

F. J. Dugard.

Joyfully.

O'er the hill and o'er the vale Come three kings to - geth - er, Car - ing nought for

snow and hail, Cold, and wind, and weath - er; Now on Per - sia's san - dy plains,

Now where Ti - gris swells with rains, They their cam - els teth - er; Now through Sy - rian

lands they go, Now through Mo - ab, faint and slow, Now through E - dom's heath - er.

2

O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
Each king bears a present :
Wise men go a Child to hall,
Monarchs seek a peasant ;
And a star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
Shines with beams incessant.
Therefore onward, onward still !
Ford the stream and climb the hills :
Love makes all things pleasant.

Parish Choir, No. 206—4.

3

He is God ye go to meet ;
Therefore incense proffer.
He is King ye go to greet :
Gold is in your coffer.
Also Man He comes to share
Every woe that man can bear.
Tempter, Raller, Scoffer ;
Therefore now against the day,
In the grave where Him they lay,
Myrrh ye also offer.

The Christmas Message.

Carol 94.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

H. Lo Bianco.

Allegretto.

A mes - sage from our Fa - - ther, From yon - der Home of

Allegretto.

light, An - gel - ic hosts are bring - ing On this most

glo - rious night; Beth-le - hem's Star is glow - ing Most

ra - diant - ly on high, While songs of ex - ul - ta - - tion Re -

Chorus. p

e - cho through the sky. Peace on earth, good will to

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

cres. con. do. *f*

men, And to the Sa - viour glo - ry; For He is born in

cres. con. do. *f*

Beth - le - hem, Bright An - gels tell the sto - - ry; Let us with

pp *rall.*

joy - ful hearts re - ply, Sweet Je - su, we a - dore Thee!

pp *rall.*

2

We seek the lowly stable,
Led by the Angels fair,
For Christ, the Son of Mary,
Is humbly cradled there;
With Cherubs watching o'er Him,
And Seraphs thronging round;
O enter in with holy joy!
That place is hallowed ground.
CHORUS.— Peace on earth, &c.

3

With shepherds poor and lowly,
Our Infant God we greet;
We offer soul and body
In homage at His Feet;
He lieth in the Manger
Who rules the worlds on high;
O Mighty God, we bless Thee,
We own Thy Majesty!
CHORUS.— Peace on earth, &c.

4

Hail, sweet and precious Saviour,
Now born to set us free!
Hail, lovely Rose of Sharon
All glory be to Thee!
Hail, greater Son of David,
Our Father's Gift of Love!
We bless, adore, and praise Thee,
O Day-star from above!
CHORUS.— Peace on earth, &c.

5

With Christmas benediction
Fill ev'ry soul, O Lord!
Desire of all the nations,
Our blest, Incarnate God!
A message from our Father
Sweet angel-voices bring;
Light up with joy the tapers,
Let ev'ry church-bell ring!
CHORUS.— Peace on earth, &c.

Oh! sing a merry Carol.

Carol 95.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

C. F. Roper.

mf *Ritard.* *a tempo.*

1. Oh, sing a mer - ry ca - rol, A ca - rol Chris - tian sing; For Christ this day in
 2. Oh, sing a mer - ry ca - rol, Let all the world re - joice, That Christ has come to
 3. Oh, sing a mer - ry ca - rol, For our re - demp - tion night, The Lord of Life has

mf *f* *mf* *cres.*

Beth - le - hem, Was born the Sav - iour King! While an - gels chant the joy - ful song, Let
 dwell on earth Then shout with cheer - ful voice! Oh, sing the mer - ry ca - rol then, And
 come to reign, De - scend - ing from the sky;

cres. *do.* *f*

all their vol - ces raise, And still with cheer - ful strain pro - long The heav'n - ly song of praise.
 to the earth brings peace, Good will to men hence - forth the song, That nev - er more shall cease.
 sing it joy - ful - ly, To cel - e - brate this glo - rious day Of Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.

When Christ was born of pure Marie.

Carol 96.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

H. S. Irons.

When Christ was born of pure Ma - rie, In Beth - le - hem, that fair ci - tie,

The An - gels sang with mirth and glee, In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a.

2 Herdmen beheld those Angels bright,
 To them appeared they with great light;
 And said God's Son is born to - night,
 In *Excelsis Gloria.*

3 This King is come to save mankind,
 In Scripture promised, as we find,
 Therefore this Song have we in mind,—
 In *Excelsis Gloria.*

4 Grant us, O Lord, for Thy great Grace,
 In heaven the bliss to see Thy Face,
 Where we may sing to Thy solace,—
 In *Excelsis Gloria.*



Ring out, ring out, ☉ Christmas bells.

Carol 97.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

C. F. Roper.

f 1. Ring out, ring out, *p* O Christ-mas bells! A tale of joy your mu - sic tells;

mf A Sav - iour King was born to - day To rule the hearts of men for aye.

CHORUS. *f* For this we join to swell the strain The an - gels sang o'er Ju - dah's plain!

ff Glo - ry to God, good will to men, Shall rise and fill the heav'ns a - gain.

3
O Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Sweet peace and joy Thy presence brings;
We know the Father loves us well
To rescue thus our souls from hell.
CHORUS.— For this we join, &c.

3
But who can measure all the love
That brought Thee from Thy throne above,
With us to live, for us to die,
That we might reign with Thee on high.
CHORUS.— For this we join, &c.

4
Dear Saviour, Elder Brother, Friend,
Abide with us till life shall end;
And then, when death shall set us free,
Within the kingdom won by Thee,

CHORUS.— Earth's ransomed ones shall swell the strain,
"All worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Honour and glory to receive
From all created things that breathe."

In the lonely midnight.

Carol 98.

Words by T. C. Williams.

CHRISTMAS

A. P. Howard.

1. In the lone - ly mid - night, On the win - try hill, . . . Shep-herds heard the an - gels
 2. Though in Da - vid's ci - ty An - gels sing no more, . . . Love makes an - gel mus - ic

Sing - ing, "Peace, good - will." Lis - ten, O ye wea - ry, To the an - gels' song,
 On earth's dark - est shore; Though no heaven - ly glo - ry Meet your wondering eyes,

Un - to you the ti - dings Of great joy be - long.
 Love can make your dwell - ing Bright as Pa - ra - dise.

3
 Though the child of Mary
 Sent from heaven on high
 In His manger cradle
 May no longer lie,
 Love is King for ever,
 Though the proud world scorn;
 If ye truly seek Him
 Christ your King is born.

Sing, oh, sing this blessed morn.

Carol 99.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

C. F. Roper.

1. Sing, oh, sing this bless - ed morn, Un - to us a Child is born; Un - to us a Son is giv'n,

CHORUS.
 God Himself comes down from heav'n. Sing, oh, sing this bless - ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born.

2
 God of God, and Light of light,
 Comes with mercies infinite;
 Joining in a wondrous plan,
 Heaven to earth, and God to man.
 CHORUS.—Sing, oh, sing, &c.

3
 God with us, Immanuel,
 Deigns for ever now to dwell,
 He on Adam's fallen race
 Sheds the fulness of His grace.
 CHORUS.—Sing, oh, sing, &c.

4
 God comes down that man may rise,
 Liften by Him to the skies;
 Christ is Son of man that we
 Sons of God in Him may be.
 CHORUS.—Sing, oh, sing, &c.

4
 Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,
 With Thy Spirit day by day,
 That we ever one may be,
 With the Father and with Thee.
 CHORUS.—Sing, oh, sing, &c.

Carol 100.

Nowell. Hail, gentle King.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Walter Maristow.

No - well, No - well, No - well. Hall, gen-tle King!

Slowly and softly. *pp* *ppp* *Moderato.*

No - well, No - well, No - well, No - well. Hall, gen-tle King!

pp *ppp*

No - well, No - well, No - well.

Briskly.

Blest be Thy man - ger throne, Blest be this Sta - ble mean, this Lodg - ing low - ly,

f

cres. *dim.* *D.C. al segno.*

Blest be this roy - al ci - ty Beth - le - hem, Blest be Thy Mo - ther Ho - ly.

p

After the last verse. Solo. *ppp*

No - well, No - well, No - well.

p *pp* *ppp*

No - well, No - well, No - well, No - well, No - well, No - well.

p *pp* *ppp*

No - well, No - well, No - well.

2
HAIL, GRACIOUS LORD ! Blest be the Kindly Night,
Hushing in slumber pure the World unholy,
Veiling in dusky shade the landscape wide,
Hiding Thy Cabin Lowly.

3
HAIL, PRINCE OF PEACE ! Blest be Thy Star above,
Telling the Sleeping Earth the happy Story ;
Blest the Angelic Choir, whose echoing song
Welcomes Thy rising Glory.

4
HAIL, LIGHT OF LIGHT ! Rise on our darkened Hearts,
Let Thy bright Beams dispel our Sin and Sadness,
Brighter and Brighter shining, till the Day
Dawn in eternal Gladness.

5
HAIL, LORD OF LIFE ! Blest be Thy wondrous Love,
Blest be Thy pitying Care for Sinners friendless,
Blest be the Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Blest through the Ages endless.

NOWELL.

Ring out, ring out a joyful peal.

Carol 101.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

W. Borrows.

mf Ring out, ring out, a joy - ful peal, from ev - ery tower and stee - ple, Tell far and near the

mf

Last verse. FINE. p

glo - rious news, Glad tid - ings to all peo - ple. That on this ho - ly, fes - tal morn, The

Last verse. FINE.

Sa - viour of man - kind was born! That on this ho - ly, fes - tal morn, The Sa - viour of man -

ff *rit.* *a tempo.* *Last verse D. C. al Fine.*

kind was born! That on this ho - ly, fes - tal morn, The Sa - viour of man - kind was born.

rit. *a tempo.*

3
To shepherds, who on Judah's plains
By night their watch were keeping.
The glory of the Lord appeared
While all around were sleeping:
They first the Angel's message heard,
They first went forth to see their Lord.

3
While sages from a distant land,
A star their footsteps leading,
Came seeking for the Holy Child,
No toil nor danger heeding:
They came to pay their worship meet,
And lay their offerings at His feet.

4
To Him, then, let us also pay
Our grateful adoration,
Whose birth we celebrate to-day
With songs of exultation;
Lift up our hearts with one accord
To Jesus, our incarnate Lord.



Easter flowers are blooming bright.

Carol 102.

(FOR EASTER.)

J. T. Field.

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 144$.

cres.

f Eas-ter flowers are blooming bright, Eas-ter skies pour ra-diant light, Christ our Lord is

f risen in might, *ff* Glory in the high - est. *mf* An - gels caroll'd this sweet lay, When in manger rude He lay ;

cres. Now once more cast grief a - way, *rall.* *ff* Glo - ry in the high - est. *a tempo.* *f* Eas-ter flowers are blooming bright,

cres. *rall.* *ff* *a tempo.* *f*

cres. *rall.* *rit.* Eas - ter skies pour ra-diant light, Christ our Lord is risen in might, Glo - ry in the high - est!

cres. *rall.* *rit.*

2

He, then born to grief and pain,
 Now to glory born again,
 Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
 Glory in the highest.
 As He riseth, rise we too,
 Tune we heart and voice anew,
 Offering homage glad and true,
 Glory in the highest.
 Easter flowers are blooming bright,
 Easter skies pour radiant light,
 Christ our Lord is risen in might,
 Glory in the highest!

Ring out, ring out a joyful peal.

Carol 101.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

W. Borrows.

mf Ring out, ring out, a joy - ful peal, from ev - ery tower and stee - pie, Tell far and near the

mf

Last verse. FINE. p

glo - rious news, Glad tid - ings to all peo - ple. That on this ho - ly, fes - tal morn, The

Last verse. FINE.

Sa - vour of man - kind was born! That on this ho - ly, fes - tal morn, The Sa - vour of man -

ff *rit.* *a tempo.* *Last verse D. C. al Fine.*

kind was born! That on this ho - ly, fes - tal morn, The Sa - vour of man - kind was born.

2
To shepherds, who on Judah's plains
By night their watch were keeping,
The glory of the Lord appeared
While all around were sleeping:
They first the Angel's message heard,
They first went forth to see their Lord.

3
While sages from a distant land,
A star their footsteps leading,
Came seeking for the Holy Child,
No toil nor danger heeding:
They came to pay their worship meet,
And lay their offerings at His feet.

4
To Him, then, let us also pay
Our grateful adoration,
Whose birth we celebrate to-day
With songs of exultation;
Lift up our hearts with one accord
To Jesus, our Incarnate Lord.



Easter flowers are blooming bright.

Carol 102.

(FOR EASTER.)

J. T. Field.

Allegro. ♩ = 144.

cres.

f Easter flowers are blooming bright, Easter skies pour radiant light, Christ our Lord is

f risen in might, Glory in the high - est. *mf* An - gels caroll'd this sweet lay, When in manger rude He lay :

cres. *rall.* *ff* *a tempo.* *f* Now once more cast grief a - way, Glo - ry in the high - est. Easter flowers are blooming bright,

cres. *rall.* *ff* *a tempo.* *f* Easter skies pour radiant light, Christ our Lord is risen in might, Glo - ry in the high - est!

2

He, then born to grief and pain,
 Now to glory born again,
 Callesth forth our gladdest strain,
 Glory in the highest.
 As He riseth, rise we too,
 Tune we heart and voice anew,
 Offering homage glad and true,
 Glory in the highest.
 Easter flowers are blooming bright,
 Easter skies pour radiant light,
 Christ our Lord is risen in might,
 Glory in the highest!

Ostera! spirit of spring-time.

Carol 108.

(FOR EASTER.)

James I. Alexander.

cres. *dim.*

1. Os-te-ra! spirit of spring-time, Awake from thy slumbers deep; Arise! and with hands that are glow-ing Put
2. Th' altar is snowy with blossoms, The font is a vase of perfume, On pil-lar and chan-cel are twin-ing Fresh

p *rit.* *cres.*

off the white garments of sleep. Make thy-self fair, O goddess! In new and re-splendent ar-garments of el-o-quent bloom. *Christ is ri-sen*, with glad lips we ut-ter, And far up the in-fin-ite

cres. *rit.*

ray, For the foot-steps of Him who has ris-en Shall be heard in the dreams of day
height Arch-an-gels the pe-an-re-ech-o, And crown Him with lil-ies of Light!

cres.

p **TRIO SOLO. Sing lower.**

Flush-es the trail-ing ar-bu-tus, Low un-der the for-est

leaves, A sign that the drow-sy god-dess The

ALL HAIL THE GLADSOME EASTER MORN.

SOPRANO SOLO.

rall. *Lento.*

breath of her Lord per - cives. While He suf - fer'd, her

CHORUS. Lento.

Instrument While He suf - fer'd, her
tacet. pp

pulse beat numb - ly; While He slept, she was still with pain.

pulse beat numb - ly; While He slept, she was still with pain.

ff *D. C. al*

But now He a - wakes, He has ris - en, Her beau - ty shall bloom, shall bloom a - gain.

All hail the gladsome Easter Morn.

Carol 104.

Cheerfully.

(FOR EASTER.)

Bowens Briggs.

All hail the gladsome Easter Morn, For which the springtime's flow'rs are born; Earth wears her gayest robes to-day,

And casts her Len - ten garb away. Ring out! ring clear! Ring far and near, Oh, bells in stee - ples high!

Ring in the dawn Of Eas - ter Morn, Beneath the springtime sky.

2
Bloom, lilies, on your slender stems
To crown the day like diadems,
And lifting up your petals white,
Make Easter altars glad and bright.
While ring so clear,
From far and near,
The bells in steeple high,
And glad hearts raise
Their song of praise
Beneath the spring-time's sky.

Christ is risen!

Carol 105.

(FOR EASTER.)

J. T. Field.

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 120.$

f *cres.* *f*

Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en! Christ is

cres. *mf* *cres.*

ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain! For our gain He suf - fer'd loss . . . By Di -

Slow. *pp* *ff* *tempo.*

vine de - crees; He hath died up - on the Cross, But our God is Ha .

f *cres.* *ff*

Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is

rall. *rall.* *Commence 2nd verse.*

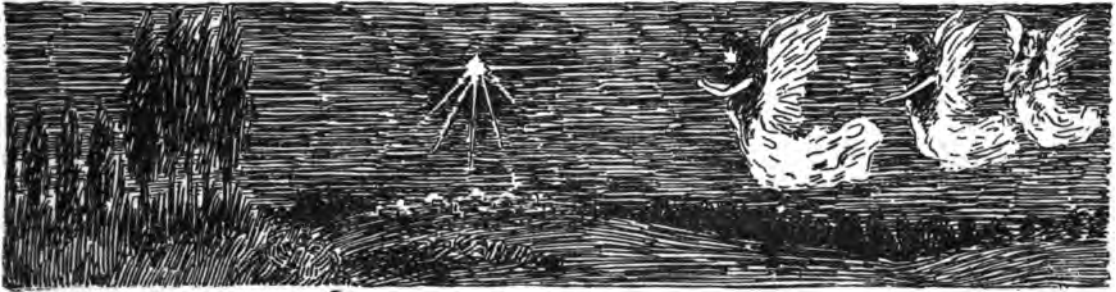
ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain! See the chains of death are

2

See the chains of death are broken ;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love ;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
He hath burst His bonds in twain ;
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
Alleluia ! swell the strain !

3

Glorious Angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies ;
Heaven with joy and holy longing
For the Word Incarnate, cries,
"Christ is risen ! Earth, rejoice !
Gleam, ye starry train !
All creation, find a voice ;
He o'er all shall reign."
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
He hath burst His bonds in twain ;
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
O'er the universe to reign.



See! the morning star is dwelling.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 106.

John E. Pinkham.

1. See! the morn - ing star is dwell - ing On the East - ern mount - ain height:

See! the Day all days ex - cel - ling, Bursts up - on our ach - ing sight;

cres. Sing we then in car - ol free, *ff* CHRIS - TUS NA - TUS HO - DI - E, *f*

f CHRIS - TUS NA - TUS, *ff* CHRIS - TUS NA - TUS, *ff* CHRIS - TUS NA - TUS HO - DI - E!

2

3

Long our watch has been and dreary,
Long we wandered from afar;
So the wise men, worn and weary,
Followed still the leading Star,
Till the Day-Spring's Self they see,
CHRISTUS NATUS HODIE,
CHRISTUS NATUS, CHRISTUS NATUS,
CHRISTUS NATUS HODIE.

Parish Choir, No. 240—4.

Hence away! all care and sadness!
Hence, and ne'er return again!
Angels sing with notes of gladness
"Peace on earth, Good-will to men."
Join we then in carol free,
CHRISTUS NATUS HODIE,
CHRISTUS NATUS, CHRISTUS NATUS,
CHRISTUS NATUS HODIE.

The Vision of the Shepherds.

Carol 107.

Words by Nahum Tate, 1708.

CHRISTMAS.

A. P. Howard.



1. While shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he,—for migh-ty dread Had seized their troub-led mind,—"Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind.

2 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign,—
The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song,—
'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

While Shepherds watched.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 107. (2)

Another setting of the above carol.

Arr. by H. S. Irons.



1. While shep-herds watched their flocks . . . by night, All seat-ed on the ground,
2. "Fear not," said he,—for might-y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind,—
The an-gel of the Lord came down, The an-gel of the Lord came down, And
"Glad ti-dings of great joy I . bring, Glad ti-dings of great joy I . bring To
glo-ry shone a-round, The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.
you and all man-kind, Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you . and all man-kind.

What child is this?

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 108.

J. T. Field.

Allegretto.

mf What Child is this, who, *dim.* laid to rest, On Ma-ry's lap is sleep-ing; *mf* Whom an-gels greet with *cres.*
mf anthems sweet, While shepherds watch are keep-ing? *dim.* This, this is Christ the King, *mp* Whom *cres.*
cres. molto. shepherds guard, and angels sing; *ff* Haste, haste to bring Him land, *dim.* The Babe, the Son of Ma-ry!

2
 Why lies He in such mean estate,
 Where ox and ass are feeding?
 Good Christian, fear: for sinners here
 The silent Word is pleading:
 Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through,
 The Cross be borne, for me, for you;
 Hail! hail! the Word made flesh,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary!

3
 So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
 Come peasant, King, to own Him;
 The King of kings salvation brings;
 Let loving hearts enthron Him.
 Raise, raise the song on high,
 The Virgin sings her lullaby:
 Joy! joy! for Christ is born,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary!

Hark! how the bells.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 109.

Rev. J. B. Powell.

Briakly.

mf Hark! how the bells at mid-night hour, Tell-ing their tale from tower to tower,
 Bring-ing glad tid-ings to the morn, Mer-ri-ly are ring-ing, "Christ is born."

2
 Hark to the songs of heavenly love
 Angels are hymning from above;
 Hark! as again we hear them sing
 "Glory in the highest; Christ is King!"

3
 Hail to the King! who comes so meek,
 Hail to the Child! so poor, so weak;

Hail to the Son! our God, the Word,
 Alleluia! praise ye Christ, the Lord.

4
 Come, Christians, come and joyous greet
 Jesus, the Child; with welcome meet;
 Bringing salvation, born for you,—
 Laud Him then with hearts and voices true.

Christmas comes again.

Carol 110.

Rev. J. H. Hopkins.



Christ-mas comes a - gain, And the merry, merry Church bells ring, Christmas comes a - gain, Loud the



hap-py lit-tle chil-dren sing. Now "Glo-ry be to God on high," Resounds once more thro'

CHORUS.



earth and sky; For Christmas comes again, And the merry, merry Church bells ring, Christmas comes a -



gain, Loud the hap-py lit-tle chil-dren sing.

2

Christmas comes again!
See the shepherds on their winding way,
Christmas comes again!
At their feet the little lambkins play.
Three Wise Men from the East are there,
And bring their gifts both rich and rare;
For *Christmas comes again, &c.*

3

Christmas comes again!
Lo! the Infant in a manger laid.
Christmas comes again!
Ever-Blessed is the Mother-Maid.
Bright Angels with their harps are nigh,
And sing their Sovereign's lullaby;
For *Christmas comes again, &c.*

4

Christmas comes again!
Was there ever such a glorious morn?
Christmas comes again!
Tell to everybody "Christ is born!"
All round the world let echoes fly,
And never shall that chorus die:
For *Christmas comes again, &c.*

5

Christmas comes again!
Let the Tree with lighted tapers shine!
Christmas comes again!
All its pretty things are yours and mine!
Unload the gifts from every bough,
And give us all our presents *now!*
For *Christmas comes again, &c.*



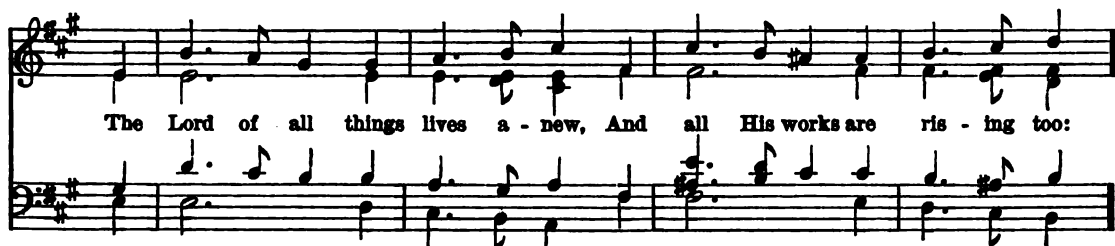
The world itself keeps Easter Day.

Carol 111.

(FOR EASTER).

John A. Preston.

Allegro vivo.



2

There stood three Maries by the tomb,
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly.
With loving, but with erring mind,
They come, the Prince of Life to find:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

3

But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the Living?"
"Go, tell them all, and make them blest;
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

4

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing;
The Lord is risen, as all things tell.
Good Christians, see ye rise as well!
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

Christ hath arisen.

Carol 112.

(FOR EASTER.)

Christ hath a - ris - en! Death is no more! Lo! the white rob - ed ones Sit by the door.

Dawn! gold-en morn - ing! Scat - ter the night! Haste, ye dis-ci - ples glad, First with the light.

Dawn! golden morning! Scatter the night! Haste, ye disciples glad, First with the light, First with the light.

2
Break forth in singing,
O world new-born!
Chant the great Eastertide,
Christ's holy morn.
Chant Him, young sunbeams,
Dancing in mirth!
Chant, all ye winds of God,
Coursing the earth!
Chant Him, etc.

3
Chant Him, ye laughing flowers,
Fresh from the sod:
Chant Him, wild leaping streams,
Praising your God!
Break from thy winter,
Sad heart, and sing!
Bud with thy blossoms fair;
Christ is thy spring.
Break from thy winter, etc.

4
Come where the Lord hath lain,
Past is the gloom;
See the full eye of day
Smile through the tomb.
Hark! angel voices
Fall from the skies:
Christ hath arisen!
Glad heart, arise!
Hark! angel voices, etc.

The Crown is on the Victor's Brow.

Carol 113.

(FOR EASTER.)

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.

The crown is on the Vic - tor's brow; Fin - ish'd is the bat - tle now;

Hence with sad - ness; Sing with glad - ness, Al - le - lu - ia!

2
p For after death that Him befell;
Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell:
cres. Heaven is ringing,
f Earth is singing, Alleluia!

4
f For He hath closed hell's yawning door,
Heaven is open evermore:
Hence with sadness,
Sing with gladness, Alleluia!

3
f On that third morning He arose,
Bright with triumph o'er His foes;
Sing we lauding,
And applauding, Alleluia!

5
mp Lord, by Thy wounds we call on Thee,
So from death to set us free,
cres. That our living
f Be thanksgiving! Alleluia!

A rhyme, a rhyme, for Easter time.

Carol 114.

(FOR EASTER.)

pres.

A rhyme, a rhyme, for Eas-ter time Comesing with mirth and glee; . . . Come youth and age, with
 sire and sage, And join in har - mo - ny! For Christ hath burst His pri - son gate, Whose
 bars be - fore Him fell, . . . A - loft He fares, and with Him bears The keys of Death and Hell!

2

No powers of night can keep His soul
 Its prison bournes within;
 Corruption foul can ne'er control
 His form unstained by sin.
 His three days o'er, He comes once more
 To tread the hallowed sod
 By Sion's gate, where hellish hate
 Had slain the Son of God.

3

And so, through Him who conquered Death,
 May we, too, upward press
 From death of sin sweet life to win
 Of truth and holiness!
 And, like the Saints returning home
 With Christ, we pray that we
 May to God's holy City come
 And true Mount Sion see!

The Lord is risen!

Carol 115.

(FOR EASTER.)

Edward Handley.

"The Lord is ris - en! ris - en, in - deed!" Your car - ols blithe - ly sing!
 To deck His church with gar - lands gay, The choi - cest flow -rets bring.

2

Come sing His praises loud and high,
 Ere yet appears the dawn—
 The birth-day of our Christian hope!
 The glorious Easter Morn.

3

For when the light of Easter dawned,
 Victorious in the strife,
 The Saviour burst the bands of death,
 And won our endless life.

4

He rose, and took the sting from death,
 Took from the grave its might;
 He led the way from earth to heaven,
 Through darkness into light.

5

"The Lord is risen." Let each voice
 Sing carols glad and gay,
 From morn till eve each heart repeat
 "The Lord is risen today!"

The morning purples all the sky.

Carol 116.

(FOR EASTER.)

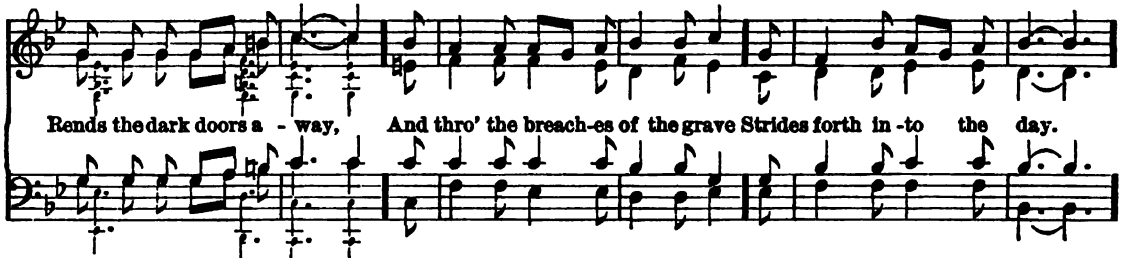
VERSE.



The morn-ing pur- ples all the sky, The air with prais - es rings; De - feat - ed hell stands



sul - len - ly, The world ex - ult - ing sings: While He, the King, all strong to save,



Rends the dark doors a - way, And thro' the breach-es of the grave Strides forth in - to the day.

CHORUS.



Glo-ry to God! our glad lips cry, All glo-ry be to God most High! Glo-ry to God! our



glad lips cry, All glo - ry be to God, to . . God most High! God most High!

2

Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
Fast fettered He has lain;
But He has mastered death, is risen,
And death wears now the chain.
The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All glory be to God most High!



A meteor bright its wondrous light.

Carol 117.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Edwin Lemare.

Andante grazioso. $\text{♩} = 72$.

f A me - teor bright its won - drous light O'er Beth - l'em's ci - ty shed, To

lead the way where Je - sus lay, Up - on His lone - ly bed. . . . No

rall. no - bles wait, no pomp or state Sur - rounds the Babe di - vine, But *a tempo.*

o'er His head bright cir - cles spread, In gold - en glo - ries shine.

2

The wise men came to bless His Name
And own the Saviour King,
And shepherd swains from far-off plains
Their hearts' glad incense bring.
So lowly born, He was the scorn
Of nations, kings, and priests;
No belfry chime that Christmas-time
Rang at their lordly feasts.

Parish Choir, No. 273-4.

3

But heavenly choirs attuned their lyres
To hail a Prince's birth,
And rapturous song from angel throng
Greeted the ear of earth.
The star is gone—the song flows on
To herald brighter days;
And truth's pure beams in glowing streams
Make clear life's darkened ways.

Over the plains.

Carol 118.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Frances R. Havergal.

VERSE 1. Repeating for 2nd half
Andante maestoso.

mp 1. { O'er the plains the dark-ness deep-ens, Shades of night, a - bove, be - low,
Faith and Hope, at-tent are watch-ing For the to - kens of the morn:—

mp

p All a - round a gloom - y si - lence Speak a world of sin and woe:—
Through the chill night air is glow - ing Love, be - liev - ing, yet for - lorn!

Allegro spiritoso. VERSES 2-6.

ff 2. Like a slum-b'r'er wak'd by sunlight, See the sleep-ing world a - r'ise' O the sud-den blaze of
glo - ry Burst - ing on the dark-ened eyes! Light of Light, the Fa-ther's Brightness, Son of

ff

Right-eous-ness, is nigh, And the shades of night for - e - ver Van - ish in His Light, and die.

3
Hark ! what music fills the Heavens,
Chanted by celestial choirs !
From the deep unseen resounding,
Echoing to seraphic lyres !
Rapt in solemn awe, adoring
Three in One and One in Three,—
All Creation wonders, listening
To the Angels' minstrelsy.

4
Hail ! ye mortals ! captive, blinded,
Straying, wandering, dying, dead,—
Yours are freedom, truth, and guidance,
God's own Light is on you shed !
Peace and Mercy, Life and Glory,
All are yours, in God who dwell ;—
God is Love ! He comes to give you
His own self, Emmanuel !

5
Hail ! immortal heirs of Glory !
Citizens of Heaven above !
God in Man is in yon manger,—
Cradled there, Eternal Love !
Babe of Bethlehem ! we know Thee,
Dying, Risen, Ascended Lord !
Mighty God ! Triumphant Victor !
By angelic Hosts adored !

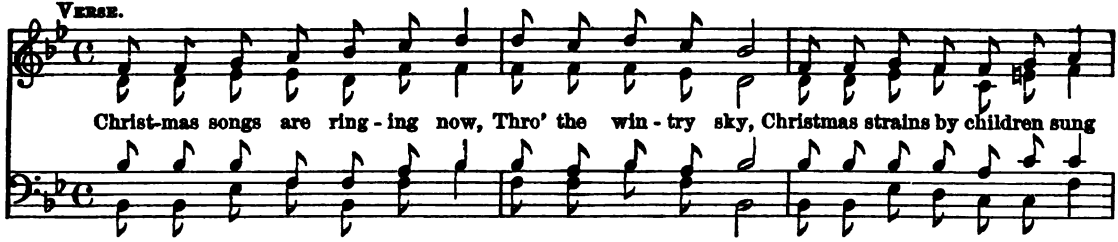
6
Glory to the Eternal Father !
To the Incarnate Son, we sing !
Glory to the Spirit dwelling
In the hearts where Christ is King—
Glory to Jehovah Jesus !
Glory to the Three in One !
Hallelujah ! God is Human,
Man Divine, in God's own Son !

Christmas songs are ringing now.

Carol 119.

Knapp.

VERSE.



Christ-mas songs are ring - ing now, Thro' the win - try sky, Christmas strains by children sung



Swell the song on high, For one is born, the Prince of Peace, Whose reign shall never, nev-er cease.

CHORUS.



Our hearts they are light, Our hopes they are bright, At Thy com-ing, O Prince of



Peace, And we of Thy fold, like chil - dren of old, Sing Ho - san - na, O Prince of



Peace, Sing Ho - san - na, sing Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na to the Prince of Peace.

2

Christmas joy is all around,
Soft'ning pain and loss,
Christmas peace is everywhere,
Blessing every cross;
They spring from Him the Prince of Peace,
Whose reign shall never, never cease.

CHORUS. bright,

Our hearts they are light, our hopes they are
At Thy coming, O Prince of Peace,
And we of Thy fold, like children of old,
Sing Hosanna, O Prince of Peace,
Sing Hosanna, sing Hosanna,
Hosanna to the Prince of Peace!

3

Christmas praise from children's lips,
God delights to hear,
Carols from our grateful hearts
Please His waiting ear;
Then hail Him, hail Him, Prince of Peace
Whose reign shall never, never cease.

CHORUS. bright,

Our hearts they are light, our hopes they are
At Thy coming, O Prince of Peace,
And we of Thy fold, like children of old,
Sing Hosanna, O Prince of Peace,
Sing Hosanna, sing Hosanna,
Hosanna to the Prince of Peace!

The Christmas bells are ringing.

Carol 120.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Flemish.
Arranged by H. S. Irons.

1. The Christ-mas bells are ring - ing Peals of joy and glad - ness; Their mer - ry chime At
No - ei - time Doth ban - ish sad - ness. . . The sim - ple and the gen - tie U -
nite, the strain to raise, Of hymn and joy-ous ca - rol, The new - born Christ to praise.

2
The bells they seem to utter,—
Ring away all malice,
And each base part
From every heart
In hut or palace!
And love ye all as brethren;
For Christ from Satan's thrall
Was born to-day to save you,
And breathe good-will to all!

3
The Christmas bells are ringing
Gaily in the steeple;—
For Christ's dear sake,
To prayer awake,
All Christian people!
And joyfully your offering
To God's fair Altar bring,
And there the Love Eternal
Of Christ your Saviour sing.

Gentle Saviour, day and night.

Carol 121.

(FOR EPIPHANY.)

French Flanders.
Harmonized by Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.

Allegretto.

1. Gen - tle Sa - viour, day and night, Ride three prin - ces great in might, O - ver mountain, o - ver plain,
Thee a - seek - ing, Thee a - seek - ing, O - ver mountain, o - ver plain, Thee a - seek - ing, gen - tle CHILD.

2
Gaspar, Melchior, Balthazar,
Those three princes from afar,
Gold and myrrh, and incense bear
For an offering, for an offering,
To the sweet and gentle CHILD.

3
Gentle Saviour in the cold,
In the dark with gifts of gold,
Those three princes at the door
Stand a-knocking, stand a-knocking,
Thee to worship, gentle CHILD.

4
Enter princes, from the night!
Here, within, is warmth and light,
Jesus smiles, His hands outspreads
For the offerings, for the offerings,
Praise to Him, the gentle CHILD.

5
Joseph, sweep the stable clean,
Strew the straw, though all is mean.
Here the Temple, here the Throne,
Here the Altar, here the Altar.
Of our King, this gentle CHILD.



Moonbeams are streaming.

Carol 122.

(FOR EASTER.)

With spirit.

p Moon - beams are stream - ing, When at dawn of Eas - ter Day, An - gel forms

gleam - ing To ho - ly wo - men say; *f* Christ is up ris - en

p From death's dark pri - son; *f* Come, view the ho - ly place where Je - sus lay!

2

p Magdalen weeping
Sees two angels of the sky
Watch softly keeping,
As Jesus draweth nigh.
mf Rise, Mary, speed thee!
Lone hearts now need thee;
Go, tell My brethren I ascend on high!

3

p To Peter walling
Who his Lord hath thrice denied,
Comes Love unfailing—
Comes Christ, the Crucified.
Dark scruples clearing
cr With accents cheering,
f All Peter's penitential tears He dried!

4

p Two sad ones walking,
Sorrowing for Christ's dear sake,
He joineth, talking,
And with them bread doth break.
cr Faith their sight aideth,
As His form fadeth:
f Burned not their hearts within them, while He spake?

Parish Choir, No. 277—4.

5

p Ten Saints despairing
Meet for mutual solace kind;
cr Comes Jesus, bearing
Fair hope and joy entwined.
p Sweet Peace bequeathing,
cr Then on them breathing,
f Preach ye, baptize ye all, absolve and bind!

6

mf Golden the glory
Of the Seraphs, as they sing
Redemption's story,
f The triumph of their King.
With joys abounding,
Bright notes resounding,
ff Hark, how the silver bells of heaven out ring!

7

f We, in glad chorus,
Sing to Him in blest accord,
Who would restore us
To life, and love's reward.
ff Bright songs upraise we;
Christ risen praise we;
Hymn we a grateful strain to Christ our Lord!

Carol 123.

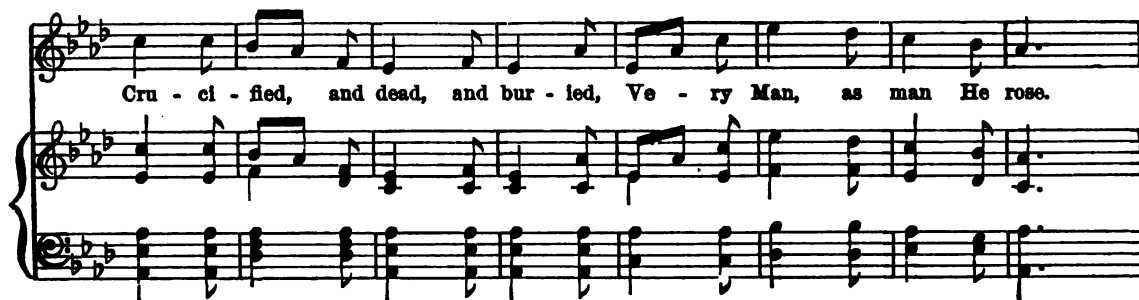
Christ is risen.

(FOR EASTER.)


L. E. M.



Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Con - quered death and all His foes!



Cru - ci - fied, and dead, and bur - ied, Ve - ry Man, as man He rose.



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! He for us the Cross en - dured.



And the bit - ter shame des - pis - ing, Life, im - mor - tal Life, se - cured.

2
Very God, He stooped to suffer
Keenest sorrows, sharpest pains:
Very man enthroned in glory
Now as King of kings He reigns.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Blessed they who follow on;
Who by rack, or sword, or prison,
Share the crown that He hath won.

3
Blessed they the Saints and Martyrs,
Foremost in the Church's van,
Virgin souls of maid and matron,
Babe, and youth, and hoary man.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Blessed all the faithful throng,
Strong in Him to fight and conquer,
Pressing still His way along.

4
Lift the Cross to-day in triumph,
Lift His wondrous symbol high;
Standard that hath led its legions,
On to holy victory!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Once of death and shame the sign,
Now of glory never equalled—
See the Cross of Jesus shine!

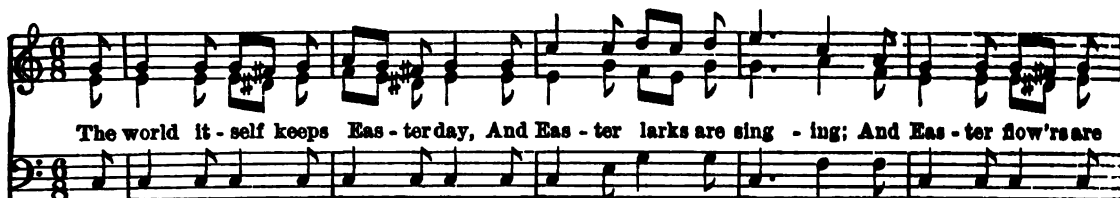
5
Backward, forward, o'er the ages,
How its rays unearthly stream!
From eternity its splendours
To eternity shall gleam!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lift the matchless symbol high,
With the Resurrection's glory,
Kindling earth, and sea, and sky!

The world itself keeps Easter-day.

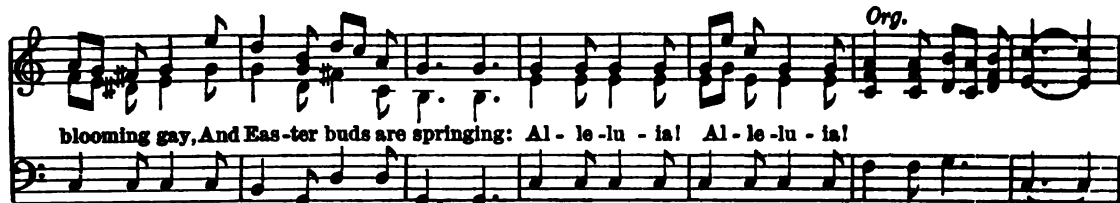
Carol 124.

(FOR EASTER.)

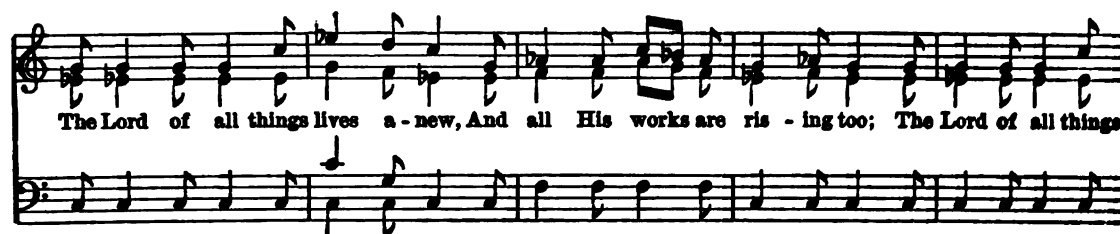
L. H. Redner.



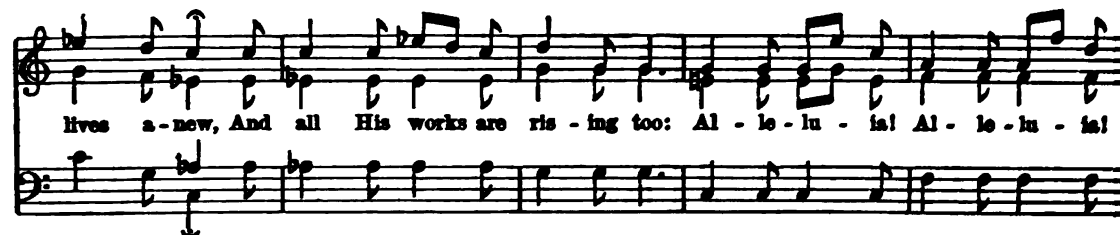
The world it - self keeps Eas - terday, And Eas - ter larks are sing - ing; And Eas - ter flow'rs are



blooming gay, And Eas - ter buds are springing: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



The Lord of all things lives a - new, And all His works are ris - ing too; The Lord of all things



lives a - new, And all His works are ris - ing too: Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord.

2

There stood three Maries by the tomb
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
With loving but with erring mind
They came the Prince of Life to find:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the Lord!

4

But one, and one alone, remained
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner Mary:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him who hung upon the tree:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the Lord!

8

But earlier still the angel sped
His news of comfort giving;
And "why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluia! Alleluia!
"Go tell them all and make them blest,
"Toll Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the Lord!

5

The Church is keeping Easter Day,
And Easter hymns are sounding,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
The holy Feast surrounding;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians, see ye rise as well:
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the Lord!

Christ is risen! Alleluia!

Carol 125.

(FOR EASTER.)

George C. Pearson.

CHORUS. *Maestoso.* (Repeat after each verse).



Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en our vic - to - rious head!




Sing His prais es: Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is ris - en from the dead.

DECANT. (or Semi-chorus of boys.)

Andantino.

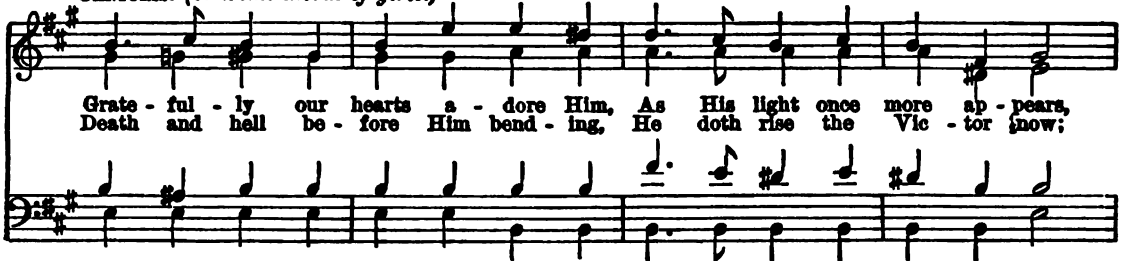


1. All the doubt - ing and de - jec - tion Of our trem - bling hearts have ceased,
2. Christ is ris - en! henceforth ne - ver Death or hell shall us en - thrall.



'Tis His day of re - sur - rec - tion, Let us rise and keep the feast.
For with Christ, in Him for e - ver, We have tri - umph'd o - ver all.

CANTORIS. (or Semi-chorus of girls.)



Grate - ful - ly our hearts a - dore Him, As His light once more ap - pears,
Death and hell be - fore Him bend - ing, He doth rise the Vic - tor now;



Bow - ing down in joy be - fore Him, Ris - ing up from grief and tears.
An - gels on His steps at - tend - ing, Glo - ry round His wound - ed brow.



Joyously, joyously, silvery clear.

Carol 126.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

A. C. White.

1. Joy - ous - ly, joy - ous - ly, sil - ver - y clear, Christ - mas bells fall on each

lis - t'ning ear, Gai - ly they e - cho o'er land and o'er sea, Mu - si - cal peals full of

mu - si - cal glee. E - choes of strains sung by An - gels on high,

E - choes re - e - choed be - yond the blue sky, E - choes of strains sung by

An - gels on high, E - choes re - e - choed be - yond the blue sky.

2

Hopefully, hopefully swells out the strain,
Telling of Christ's birth again and again,
Sweetly the harps tuned in Christ's home above
Take up the song and repeat it in love;
Echoes of strains sung by Angels on high,
Echoes re-echoed beyond the blue sky.

Parish Choir, No. 300—4.

3

Tenderly, tenderly die now the chimes,
Passing away as they passed in old times,
Hushed now the music while grateful hearts share
In offerings gladly of song and of prayer;
Silent the bells, but in heart and with voice,
We hail the Lord's birth and for it rejoice.

On the Birth-day of the Lord.

Carol 127.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

Allegretto.

1. On the Birth-day of the Lord An-gels joy in glad ac-cord, And they sing in sweetest tone, Glo-ry be to God a-lone, Glo-ry be to God a-lone. God is born of mai-den fair, Ma-ry doth the Sa-viour bear; Ma-ry e-ver pure, Ma-ry e-ver pure.

These good news an Angel told
To the shepherds by their fold,
Told them of the Saviour's Birth,
Told them of the joy for earth.
God is born, etc.

Born is now Emmanuel,
He, announced by Gabriel,
He, whom Prophets old attest,
Cometh from the Father's Breast.
God is born, etc.

Born to-day is Christ the Child,
Born of Mary undefiled,
Born the King and Lord we own;
Glory be to God alone.
God is born, etc.

Joyfully, joyfully angels are singing.

Carol 128.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

C. F. Roper.

1. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly angels are sing-ing, O'er Bethlehem's plains of light; Wonderful, won-der-ful
2. Peaceful-ly, peaceful-ly light is now beaming, Sages have come from a-far; Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
3. Wist-ful-ly, wist-ful-ly wise men are seeking' The Christ in the House of Bread; Tenderly, ten-der-ly
message now bringing To wel-come the Christmas night. Beth-le-hem's wonder-ful Star. Ma-ry is keep-ing Her watch o'er that low-ly Bed. "Glory to God in the high-est, all glo-ry!
Peace on the earth and good will; An-gels are tell-ing the mar-vel-lous story, Shepherds are list'-ning still.

Carol we high, carol we low.

Carol 129.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

A. Redhead.

With spirit.

Car - ol we high, car - ol we low, Sweet - ly car - ol we soft and slow;

Car - ol we loud with the an - gel throng, Car - ol we joy - ful - ly all night long.

²
Carol of fields, where in the night
Wakeful shepherds beheld a light;
Heard with amaze how in Bethlehem
Jesus, the Saviour, was born for them.

³
Carol how they joyfully ran,
There to behold their God made Man;
Leaving their flocks in the fields to be
Kept by the angels, right fearlessly.

⁴
Carol of how all on the hay
He whom the angels told of, lay;
Tenderly cherished by Mary's love,
Rev'rently worshipped by hosts above.

⁵
Carol we still — O it is sweet
Thus the Infant Divine to greet,
Know that He loves us, feel He is nigh,
Though He is God who reigneth on high.

⁶
Carol how He cometh again,
Seated on clouds, the Judge of men;
Then shall His children with great delight
Rise up to meet Him in glory bright.

Hark! sweet angel voices singing.

Carol 130.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

W. T. Belcher.

1. Hark! sweet an - gel voi - ces sing - ing, Her - ald in this hap - py morn;

These sweet strains o'er Bethle - hem ring - ing: Peace, good will, a Sa - viour's born.

²
Glory to the Lord most highest,
Peace on earth, good will to man,
Love that sin and death defiest,
Destined yet our earth to span.

³
Hearts rejoice with joy responding,
Yield to the inspiring strain,
Hearts with sin, grief, care, desponding,
Breathe new life, bright hopes proclaim.

⁴
Hearts rejoice, all terrors vanish,
When His love pervades the soul,
All your doubting anguish banish,
Let His life your life control.

⁵
Hark! sweet angel voices singing,
Swell their anthem, join their praise,
Heaven and earth this joy is ringing
God mankind to heaven will raise.

Child Jesus lay on Mary's knee.

Carol 131.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

Clarence M. Conant.

Solo. Andante.

1. Child Je - sus lay on Ma - ry's knee, And o - pen'd wide were His sad
 2. Child Je - su's eyes were clos'd in sleep, And as He slept His moth - er
 3. Child Je - sus woke from sleep a - gain, And His glad eyes were o - pen'd

eyes; Oh! sleep, my lit - tle King, said she, Oh! sleep, the stars are in the
 mild Did bend her head and watch - ing keep With tears a - bove the Heav'nly
 wide; Oh! Ma - ry's heart was joy - ous then, And all of Ma - ry's tears were

rit. *accel.*

skies. Then round a - bout that won - drous pair, An - gel - ic voi - ces fill'd the air.
 Child, And still a - round that won - drous pair, An - gel - ic voi - ces fill'd the air.
 dried, And still a - round that won - drous pair, An - gel - ic voi - ces fill'd the air.

Chorus. Allegro animato.

Sing we the sto - ry of the Sa - viour's birth, Peace and good will to all on earth,

1. Peace for the wea - ry and the worn, Since Christ is born.
 2. Par - don for sins re - pent - ant sigh, Since Christ shall die.
 3. New hope for life be - yond the skies, Since Christ shall rise.



Ring out the anthem, Jesus lives.

Carol 132.

(FOR EASTER.)

C. Fitzsimmons.

Lively.

1. Ring out the an - them, Je - sus lives, No more to shed His blood; His death to us sal -

CHORUS.

va - tion gives, And now He reigns with God. Then ring the church - bell, The

hap - py news tell The wide world a - broad.

INTERLUDE.

2
He lives to hear the children's prayer,
To wake the children's song;
He listens to its music there
Amid the heavenly throng.
Then ring the church-bell,
The happy news tell,
The glad sound prolong.

3
He lives to plead when children sin,
To wash away each stain,
Their souls from Satan's grasp to win,
Saved from eternal pain.
Then ring the church-bell,
The happy news tell,
While earth shall remain.

4
He lives to bless each little heart
Which rests on Jesu's love,
His grace and mercy to impart,
And every fear remove.
Then ring the church-bell,
The happy news tell
Till the Easter above.

5
Upon each little restless head
To lay His unseen hand,
And guide the wandering little feet
To Canaan's promised land.
Then ring the church-bell,
The happy news tell,
A heaven-bound band.

6
He now prepares the children's home,
Way up beyond the sky,
Where sin and sorrow never come,
And children never die.
Then ring the church-bell,
The happy news tell,
Let the echo reply.

7
Ring out the anthem, Jesus lives!
Repeat the joyful lays
Till every child on earth believes
And sings the Saviour's praise.
Then ring the church-bell,
The happy news tell
Throughout endless days.

Let the whole world chant and sing.

Carol 133.

(FOR EASTER.)

Henry Smart.

Spirited.

mf 1. Let the whole world chant and sing Eas-ter prais-es to our King; Al - le - lu -
mf 2. For our Lord for us has borne, All the bit-ter weight of scorn: Al - le - lu -
 3. On Him our transgress - ions fell; He for us went down to hell, Al - le - lu -

mf ia! Res-cued from the fe-ry riv-er, Let the blest ones sing for ev-er: Al - le - lu -
 ia! Death's sharp pains 'twas His to know; His to drink the cup of woe: Al - le - lu -
mf ia! He hath triumphed o'er the foe; He hath wrought sin's o-ver-throw: Al - le - lu -

mf ia! We, too, raise with hymn and song, Full-est prais-es loud and long: Al - le - lu - ia!
 ia! And from Hands, and Feet, and Side, Flow'd His life-blood's crimson tide; Al - le - lu - ia!
mf ia! So, once more that Eas-ter morn, He to high-er life was born, Al - le - lu - ia!

Put on thy beautiful robes.

Carol 134.

(FOR EASTER.)

Lively.

f 1. Put on thy beau-ti-ful robes, Bride of Christ, For the King shall embrace thee to - day; Break
f forth in - to sing - ing, the morning has dawn'd, And the sha-dows of night are a-way.

2 Shake off the dust from thy feet, Bride of Christ,
 For the Conqueror, girded with might,
 Has vanquished the foe, the dragon cast down,
 And the cohorts of hell put to flight.

3 Thou art the Bride of His love, His elect,
 Dry thy tears, for thy sorrows are past;
 Lone were the hours when thy Lord was away,
 But He comes with the morning at last.

4 The winds bear the noise of His chariot wheels,
 And the thunders of victory roar;
 Lift up thy beautiful gates, Bride of Christ,
 For the grave has dominion no more.

5 Once they arrayed Him with scorn: but see!
 His apparel is glorious now;
 In His hands are the keys of death and of hell,
 And the diadem gleams on His brow.

6 Hark! 'tis her voice; Alleluia — she sings —
 Alleluia, the captives are free;
 Unfolded the gates of Paradise stand,
 And unfolded for ever shall be.

7 Choir answers choir, where the song has no end,
 All the saints raise Hosannas on high;
 Deep calls to deep in the ocean of love,
 As the Bride lifts her jubilant cry.

Sing, O sing, ye children.

Carol 135.

(FOR EASTER.)

George C. Pearson.

CHORUS. *Joyfully.*

Sing, O sing ye chil-dren, Sing ye joy-ful - ly; Christ our Lord hath ris - en From death's captiv - i - ty.

Ris - en is our Sav-iour, Christ our Lord and King, Therefore sing ye prais-es, Joy-ful homage bring.

VERSE. *a little slower.*

1. Dark and sad the eve-ning, When His foes prevail'd, When our Mas-ter's Bo - dy To the cross was nailed,

E - vil foes had conquer'd, Ho-li-ness was slain: Sa - tan then vic - torious Ruled the earth a - gain.

Repeat Chorus.

2

Follow to the garden,
To the rocky tomb,
Where His friends had laid Him
In the deep'ning gloom;
Roman guards are stationed,
Fixed the Jewish seal,
Lest, by night, the faithful,
Should His Body steal.
Sing, O sing, etc.

3

Ever in the heavens
Reigneth Christ our King,
And, His might extolling,
We His praises sing;
Sing the wondrous glory
Of the joyful hour,
When the grave was conquered
By His mighty power!
Sing, O sing, etc.

The fields are white to harvest.

Carol 138.

(HARVEST.)

H. Fleetwood Sheppard.

The fields are white to har - vest, But where are the reap - ers, where?

dim.
Forth stepp'd the twelve A - pos - tles, O Christ! be - hold us here

They reap'd in sweat and sor - row, Dis - pers'd, but not for - lorn,

The full ears fell be - fore them Of bur - dened stand - ing corn.

2

To laborers fainting, bleeding,
To eyes that fill with tears,
Still on the blue horizon
A new white field appears.
"To where the angel faces
Look pleadingly to Rome,
And green ears daily ripen,
Go forth from friend and home."

3

"I go," says brave Augustine,
The gospel on his heart,
"In the great harvest labour,
With joy to take my part."
On white cliffs where the eagle
Of Cæsar once did perch,
Augustine plants Christ's standard,
And founds the Christian Church.

4

And through the sweep of ages
His followers are seen,
Now sowing, and now reaping,
Fields ripening and green.
The garners brim not over,
The labourers are few,
Though God still sends His sunshine,
And drops His quickening dew

5

O Master of the corn-fields,
Call as Thou didst of old!
Men's hearts will leap to labour,
And reap the growing gold.
And what for us Augustine
Did work, we will repay,
To other lands where whitens
God's harvest field to-day.

Make melody within your hearts.

Carol 189.

(HARVEST.)

Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.

f Make me - lo - dy with - in your hearts, re - joice ye, and be glad: Let

no de - jec - tion cloud the face no fu - ture thoughts be sad: and 'ca - - -

ca - rol
- - rol, O ye har - vest - ers, this mel - low Au - tumn time; To

ca - rol

God with praise in har - mo - ny let all your vol - ces chime.

2

mf The year upon the lap of earth casts flowers fresh and fair,
The year is crowned with treasures, and with blessings rich and rare:
About her ample brows a wreath most joyfully is worn
Of clustered vine, fruit-laden boughs, and stalks of bearded corn.

3

p To cheer us on our pilgrimage in sunshine or in shade,
Floats the murmur of sweet music from ev'ry branchy glade,
And the warbling of the wild birds, with bleatings of the fold,
Mingled softly with the lowing of cattle on the wold;

4

mp And the rustle of the leaflets on slender stem and spray,
As though for joy they clapp'd their palms throughout the livelong day,
And the merry rant of children that frolic on the lea,
Fill up the swelling chorus of universal glee.

Come forth, come forth, brave reapers!

Carol 140.
With spirit.

(HARVEST.)

G. B. Lissant.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of five systems of staves. The lyrics are written below the staves. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *ff* (fortissimo). The score ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Come forth, come forth, brave reap - ers! And bear your sheaves with you,
We come to thank the Mas - ter, The Mas - ter good and true:
We toil, and plant, we wa - ter, Our la - bours ne - ver cease, . .
But God a - lone is Mas - ter, Who giv - eth the in - crease.

p We sow in tears and labour,
cr We reap in joy and strength,
p We tread our pathway weeping,
cr Good seed we bear at length;
mf Our mouth is filled with laughter,
Our tongue is filled with mirth,
The Harvest is of Heaven,
The labour was of earth.

mf The Lord of Life saith to us,
"Come gather in your wheat!
But when you keep your Harvest
p One thing do not forget:
There comes another Harvest
For which no mortal delves,
There I am Harvest-Master,
The sheaves are you yourselves.—

My Angels are the Reapers,
Both night and day they care
To see the seed grow ripen
Within the bending ear:
At last through Heaven's bright portal
The Guardian Angels sweep,
And say 'The corn is ready,
Give, Lord, the word to reap.'"

mf And then the word is given,
"Go forth and reap the corn,
The fields so white to Harvest
Upon this Harvest morn:
Go forth, My Angel Reapers,
And in your bosoms bear
The sheaves to My full garner,
And store the Harvest there."

f O joy! O Life for ever!
O Life of days to come!
O Day which knows no ending!
O endless Harvest-Home!
A Harvest-Home whose pleasure
No blight, no storms alloy!
A blest Abode! A Feast of God!
A Paradise of joy!



Child Divine.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. F. Bridge. Mus. Doc.

Carol 141.

Smoothly, and not too fast.

1. List! a - far! what an - gel voi - ces Fall up - on the win - ter night! Earth a - mid the

sound re - joi - ces; Broods of E - vil speed their flight. List - for aye sweet words of glad - ness

Through the ge - ne - ra - tions roll, Calm - ing ev' - ry mourner's sadness: — "CHRIST is born - to

save thy soul." Child Di - vine — what Pow'rs are round Thee! Health to man Thy Presence brings:

Age by age have my - riads found Thee LORD of Lords and KING of . . . Kings.

2 Born to heal what sin hath broken —
 Born its captives to release —
 Born — by Prophet-lips forespoken —
 MIGHTY GOD and PRINCE of Peace;
 When the Passions rage in blindness,
 Thou their stormy waves canst still,
 Turning by Thy Spell of Kindness
 Hate and Malice to Good-will,
 Child Divine — whoe'er hath known Thee
 Hails the joy Thy Presence brings:
 Thine through life — in Death we own Thee
 LORD of Lords and KING of Kings.

3 Sing, ye hosts — triumphant thronging
 Round The LAMB enthroned in Light.
 Sing, O man — the hymn prolonging
 Through thy toils of hourly fight.
 Sing what Grace, what nameless Glory
 Stooped to rescue sons of Earth;
 Grateful spread the wondrous story, —
 Hail The Incarnate SAVIOUR's Birth.
 Child Divine, all hearts that know Thee
 Know the strength Thy Presence brings, —
 Know what debt of Love we owe Thee,
 LORD of Lords and KING of Kings.

See amid the winter snow.

Carol 142.

(CHRISTMAS.)

R. A. Smith.

Largo.

Larghetto.

Andante.

ff

Larghetto.

mf

mp

p

mf

mp

p

See a - mid the win - ter snow, Born for us on earth be - low, See the

ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Promis'd from e - ter - nal years. *f* Hail thou

ev - er blessed morn, *ff* Hail re - demp - tion's hap - py dawn, *ff*

Sing thro' all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

2

Lo, within a manger lies
He who built the earth and skies,
He who, throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the cherubim.—Hail, etc.

3

“Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day?
Wherefore have you left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?”—Hail, etc.

4

“As we watched at dead of night
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing, Peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's birth.”—Hail, etc.

5

Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was Thine,
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!—Hail, etc.

6

Teach, O teach us, holy Child,
By Thy face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.—Hail, etc.

7

Virgin Mother! Mary blest!
By the joys that fill Thy breast,
Pray for us, that we may prove
Worthy of our Saviour's love.—Hail, etc.

The first Christmas Night.

Carol 143.

W. H. Sangster. Mus. Doc.

Brightly. ♯: SOPRANOS ONLY.

I should like to have heard the An - gels sing, On that first great Christmas morn, To have

knelt and listened to mu-sic so sweet, O'er the Babe in Beth-le-hem born.

CHORUS.

But I may sing of that Babe to - day, Oh, so ten - der, so kind, so fair. . . And the

An-gels still glad - den our Christ-mas morn, And sing in our mid - - night air.

2

I should like to have watched the great stars shine,
As they did that Christmas night;
Till my heart was bright with a heavenly flame,
And my soul was bathed in light.

CHO. But the stars are there in heaven above,
And as sweetly still they shine;
And the lapse of years and the wear of time
Make no change in that heaven of mine.

3

I should like to have been a shepherd there,
To have watched my flock by night,
To have seen the wonderful glory shine,
Till the hills were paved with light.

CHO. But I need no Bethel hill to climb
Nor a shepherd my calling be,
For I'm but a sheep, and no shepherd I,
That Jesus must be to me.

4

I should like to have seen that manger crib,
To have knelt before that shrine,
To have laid my gift at those tender feet,
And have worshipped the Babe divine.

CHO. But I may worship that Babe to-day,
And as truly my Christmas see,
For His presence is now my Bethlehem,
And His love shall my carol be.

Hark! what heavenly sounds are floating.

Carol 144.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Henry T. Tiltman.

1. Hark! what heaven-ly sounds are float - ing Through the mid-night air; . . .
An - gel voi - ces sweet - ly sing - ing Songs so won-drous fair.

2
"Come and worship" seems the burthen
Of their festal lay,
"In the little city yonder,
Christ is born to-day."

4
Shouts of praise and songs celestial
Mount up to the skies,
Shadows of terrestrial darkness
From creation rise.

3
See around the lowly cradle
Wise men from afar
Bow in deepest adoration
To the Holy Star.

5
Lo! the long expected Jesus
Comes to set us free,
Lift your voices, swell the anthem
To the one in Three.

While in peaceful slumbers lying.

Carol 145.

(CHRISTMAS.)

H. T. Tiltman.

1. While in peace-ful slum-bers ly-ing, See Thy Mo-ther o'er Thee bend,
Deep-est awe and love un-dy-ing In her gen-tle fea-tures blend

2
Rest Thee, Holy Babe, reposing
On the blessed Virgin's knee,
Though without the night is closing,
There can be no night near Thee.

4
As a sacred circle forming,
Each with outspread silver wing,
In the dark and early morning,
Softly, reverently, they sing:—

3
For around Thy lowly manger
Glow a radiance all divine,
Angels guarding Thee from danger,
With increased brightness shine.

5
Hush'd our songs of exultation,
Hymns and praise alike must cease,
Lo, we watch in adoration,
Christ, our Messenger of Peace.

6
"There He lies so calmly sleeping,
And as yet untouched by care;
Rest Thee, Babe, our guard we're keeping,
We Thy parents' vigil share."



The Easter sunshine breaks again.

Carol 146.

(EASTER.)

Geo. E. Oliver.

Allegro pomposo.

♩ = 120.

rall.

1. The
2. Fair
3. So

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in G major, and the bass line provides harmonic support.

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Musical notation for the third system, continuing the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Musical notation for the fourth system, continuing the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Musical notation for the fifth system, continuing the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

He is risen.

(EASTER.)

Arranged by R. B. Arndell.

Carol 147.

FULL.
ff He is ris-en, He is ris-en, Tell it with a joy-ful voice, He has burst His three days' prison, Let the whole wide earth re-joice. He has burst His three days' prison, Let the whole wide earth re-joice, Death is con-quer'd, Man is free; Christ hath won the vic-to-ry.

FULL.
ff He has burst His three days' prison, Let the whole wide earth re-joice, Death is con-quer'd, Man is free; Christ hath won the vic-to-ry.

SOLO, TREBLE OR TENOR.
p He has burst His three days' prison, Let the whole wide earth re-joice, Death is con-quer'd, Man is free; Christ hath won the vic-to-ry.

FULL.
ff Death is con-quer'd, Man is free, Christ hath won the vic-to-ry.

The musical score is written for a four-part setting. It begins with a 'FULL' section for voices and piano, marked 'ff'. The lyrics are: 'He is ris-en, He is ris-en, Tell it with a joy-ful voice, He has burst His three days' prison, Let the whole wide earth re-joice. He has burst His three days' prison, Let the whole wide earth re-joice, Death is con-quer'd, Man is free; Christ hath won the vic-to-ry.' The score includes a 'SOLO, TREBLE OR TENOR' section marked 'p'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The score concludes with another 'FULL' section marked 'ff'.

Put on, put on your best array.

Carol 148.

Allegro moderato.

(EASTER.)

E. Greateres.

p Put on, put on your best ar-ray, your best ar-ray, your best ar-ray, Let us make glad

Allegro moderato. $\text{♩} = 112.$

p Put on, put on your best ar-ray,

Ho-li-day, glad Ho-li-day; Mer-ri-ly the Church bells ring, Cheer-i-ly the

An-gels sing, Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day! Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day, This Eas-ter Day.

2.
Sing, sing ye birds on ev'ry tree,
Carol, warblers, o'er the lea;
Gone are winter's gloomy days,
Banished by the Sun's bright rays;
Christ from death hath set us free!
This Easter Day.

3.
Spring, spring, ye flowers of richest dyes,
Lift to Heav'n your dewy eyes;
Spring has come from God on high,
We wake to life no more to die,
Christ the Risen bids us rise,
This Easter Day.

4.
Depart, depart, ye shades of night,
Before our Risen Sun's great Light;
Lift we up our chant of praise
Quickened by His orient rays,
All is glorious, all is bright
This Easter Day.

Hallelujah, raise the song.

Carol 149, *Briskly.*

(EASTER.)

J. Warren Andrews.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah, raise the song, "Jesus Christ is ris - en." Let the Church the note prolong, "Jesus Christ is ris - en!" Her lov - ing and tri - umph - ant Head, Cap - tiv - i - ty has cap - tive led, And

rit.

2 Hallelujah! let the cry
"Jesus Christ is risen,"
Wake each harp string of the sky,
"Jesus Christ is risen!"
The Sealed Stone is rolled away,
Death and the grave have lost their prey
For Jesus Christ is risen to-day.
Hallelujah!

Tempo.

ev - 'ry foe has van - quish - ed, Hal - le - lu - jah.

3 Hallelujah! dry the tear,
"Jesus Christ is risen,"
Sound o'er every silent bier,
"Jesus Christ is risen!"
Thrice blessed pledge, ye mourners keep,
Who for your lost and loved ones weep,
Because He lives, they only sleep. Hallelujah!

4 Hallelujah! let the sound,
"Jesus Christ is risen,"
Circulate the world around,
"Jesus Christ is risen!"
Soon may the world's great Easter be,
When, her now bondaged children free,
Exultant, Lord, shall reign with Thee. Hallelujah!

Carol 150.

Merrily the Easter bells.

Con spirito.

(EASTER.)

dim.

1. Mer - ri - ly the Eas - ter bells Ring from tow'r and stee - ple, Tell - ing of the deathless Love,
Liv - ing for His peo - ple. Al - le - lu - ia! notes of joy Won - drously are blend - ing

cres.

With the sad - ness yes - ter - eve... Of the Life so end - ing.

2 But the night has passed away,
Sweet the bells are ringing,
He our Joy this morn has come,
We too now are singing:-
Alleluia! Christ is risen,
So will we be rising,
He from death, and we from sin,
Loving life and prizing.

cres.

3 Up through all the heavenly spheres
Ring the old, old story,
As we sing the Easter joy
Of the Lord of Glory.
Alleluia! angels sing
Songs of joy with mortals-
Of the way of Life to-day
Christ unbarred the portals.

4 All our doubts and fears are gone,
Cheerily the pealing
Through the blinding mist of tears
Wakens joyous feeling.
Alleluia! ring again,
Christ has passed the river,
As He rose and lives would we
Rise and live for ever!



Joyful tidings of a Saviour.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 151.

Rev. S. M. Nourse.

Joy - ful ti - dings of a Sa - viour Came this day To the world, as in dark - ness and

sin it lay; An - gel voi - ces sang soft and clear Through the mid - night air. The bells send

forth their peace - ful strain, And tell that joy - ful news a - gain, Far o - ver the snow.

REFRAIN.
a tempo.

Sweetly sing, then, with the An - gels, Soft and clear; Let your voi - ces be borne on the chill night air;

Car - ol soft - ly, car - ol sweet - ly, Peace proclaim Through the birth of a Sa - viour in Beth - le - hem.

2 Holy tributes to the manger

Let us bring,

Let us welcome the Saviour, our Lord and King;

While the earth with pure snow is clad

Let pure hearts be glad.

And bells ring out their joyful peal,

And Angel voices gently steal

Far through the still night.

REF: —Sweetly sing, etc.

Parish Choir, No. 333—4.

3 Humbly sheltered in a stable

Jesus lay;

May He likewise be found in our hearts this day:

Holy Saviour, do Thou be near,

Bring Thou holy cheer;

And we will sing in glad accord

With joyful bells and Angels' word,

Both now and for aye.

REF: —Sweetly sing, etc.

Hark! the joyful Christmas greeting.

Carol 152.

F. T. Southwick.

IN UNISON.

Copyright.

Hark! the joy - - - ful Christmas greet - ing, Which the mer - - - ry Church-bells
ring. . . As they tell . . the won-d'rous sto - ry And pro - claim the Heav'nly
King. For in Da - vid's roy - al cit - y, Un - to us . . . a child is
born, . . And to us . . . a Son is giv - en, On this hap - py Christmas morn.

2
Trustfully the sages sought Him
When they saw the star arise,
Beaming brightly, beckoning onward,
Moving through the Eastern skies.
And above a lowly stable
Soon it rested, shining clear;
Entering, the wise men found Him
In a manger rough and drear.

3
Precious gifts of gold and spices
From the Orient they brought;
Low in adoration, bending
To the King whose throne they sought.
In no robe of royal purple
Was He clothed, as princes wear,
But in humblest garb, the Saviour
Came our earthly lot to share.

4
As the wise men brought their treasures,
Offering them on bended knee,
So may we our prayer and praises
Ever offer, Lord, to Thee.
Let us then, with glad Hosannas,
Sing His praise with sweet accord,
Who was born this day to save us:
JESUS, SAVIOUR, CHRIST, the LORD.

Through the midnight air.

(CHRISTMAS.)
Copyright.

F. W. Dawkins.

Carol 155.

Through the midnight air is ring-ing An-gel cho-rus o'er the earth, Ti-dings blest to mor-tals bring-ing

Of the Ho-ly Christ Child's birth; Glorious through the wide world rest-ing In the fold-ed

arms of peace, Goes the song, death's wave o'er-crest-ing, Song of tri-umph ne'er to cease.

2
Lol the star, the Christ revealing,
Bright above in Heaven doth shine,
Eastern princes, lowly kneeling,
Bow before the Babe Divine.
Israel's Sceptre is victorious,
Jesse's Rod as ensign stands,
Calling to a kingdom glorious,
People from far distant lands.

8
Swells the song, "A Son is given;
Unto us a child is born;"
Earth takes up the strain of heaven,
On the blessed Christmas morn.
Hail! All men lift up your voices,
Hail the new born King of kings;
And whilst earth in praise rejoices,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rings.

Christians, listen, while we sing.

(CHRISTMAS.)
slow. Copyright.

Carol 156.

Chris-tians, lis-ten, while we sing, (Dark be-fore the dawn-ing) Prais-es to our

Heav'n-ly King, On this Christ-mas morn-ing, On this Christ-mas morn-ing.

2
Shepherds came to Bethlehem,
(Dark, before the dawning)
As it was commanded them,
On this Christmas morning.

3
In a manger of the stall,
(Dark, before the dawning)
There they found the Lord of all
On this Christmas morning.

4
There they found the mother mild,
(Dark, before the dawning)
Gazing on her new-born Child,
On this Christmas morning.

5
Christian, art thou far from ill?
(Dark, before the dawning)
He will make thee happier still,
On this Christmas morning.

6
Is an hour of sorrow near?
(Dark, before the dawning)
He will wipe away the tear
On this Christmas morning.

7
Blessings rest on all within!
(Dark, before the dawning)
Newer life, and hopes begin
On this Christmas morning.

8
Praise we then our Saviour King,
(Dark, before the dawning)
As the angels once did sing
On this Christmas morning:—

9
"Glory be to God on high,"
(Dark, before the dawning)
"Peace on earth and Charity"
On this Christmas morning.



Let the song be begun.

(EASTER.)

Carol 157.

E. S. Medley.

f Let the song be be-gun, For the bat-tle is done, And the vic - - - t'ry won:

mf And the foe is scat-ter'd, And the pris-on shat-ter'd: Sing of joy, joy, joy, Sing of joy, . . joy;

a tempo. And to-day raise the lay, . . *ff* Gloria in ex-cel-sis, Gloria in ex-cel-sis, in ex-cel-sis.

2
p They that follow'd in pain
mf Shall now follow to reign,
f And the crown shall obtain;
p They were sore assaulted;
f They shall be exalted;
p Sing of rest, rest, rest,
pp Sing of rest, rest;
cr And again,
 Pour the strain,
ff Gloria in excelsis.

3
p For the foe nevermore
 Can approach to the shore
 When the conflict is o'er,
f There is joy supernal,
 There is life eternal;
p Sing of peace, peace, peace,
pp Sing of peace, peace;
cr Earth and skies
 Bid it rise,
ff Gloria in excelsis.

4
mf Then be brave, then be true,
 Ye despis'd and ye few,
 For the crown is for you;
f Christ that went before you,
 Spreads His buckler o'er you;
mf Sing of hope, hope, hope,
 Sing of hope, hope;
cr And to-day
 Raise the lay,
ff Gloria in excelsis.

Ring out, sweet Easter bells, ring out.

Carol 158.

(EASTER.)
Copyright, 1888.

James Blackie.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with the lyrics 'Ring out, sweet East - - er bells, ring out, The world to life is wak - ing, And'. The second system continues with 'heavenly hosts in tri - umph shout in joy of man par - tak - ing. For He who died our'. The third system includes 'souls to save, The Lord is ris - en from the grave. Al - le - lu - - - ia!'. The fourth system concludes with 'Al - le - lu - ia! Ring out, ring out, sweet East - er bells, ring out, ring out.' The piano part provides a harmonic accompaniment throughout.

2
Once more the sea its wave divides,
That we our Lord may follow,
Then o'er the foe in triumph rides,
The hosts of sin to swallow;
For, He, who saved us from our doom,
The Lord is risen from the tomb.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Ring out, ring out!
Sweet Easter Bells,
Ring out, ring out!

3
The Roman guard in vain shall keep
The dark and silent prison;
No more sad Magdalene shall weep,
For, Christ the Lord is risen!
The Saviour, Who for sinners bled,
The Lord is risen from the dead!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Ring out, ring out!
Sweet Easter Bells,
Ring out, ring out!

4
Then ring, sweet bells, the joy of earth,
In Easter hymns, to Heaven,
And tell the new immortal Birth,
Of man, by Christ forgiven;
For, our dear Lord is risen indeed!
And lives on high to intercede.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Ring out, ring out!
Sweet Easter Bells,
Ring out, ring out!

The Day of Resurrection.

Carol 159.

Rev. W. H. Vibbert. S.T.D.

Con spirito.

The Day of Re-sur-rec-tion! Earth, tell it out a-broad; The Pass-o-ver of glad-ness,
The Pass-o-ver of God. From death to life e-ter-nal, From this world to the
sky, . . . Our Christ hath brought us o-ver, With hymns of vic-to-ry.

2
Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail!" and hearing
May raise the victor-strain.

3
Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein,
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

Hark! bright Angels sweetly sing.

Carol 160.

(EASTER.)

mf Hark! bright An-gels sweet-ly sing In the glo-rious East-er sky, How from death the
mf Lord our King Rose henceforth no more to die, Rose henceforth no more to die.

2
Vainly soldiers tried to hold
Holy Jesus in the grave,
Sealed the stone, as they were told
At the entrance to the cave.

3
For on this day, Jesus said,
He would rise in triumph high;
Rise all glorious from the dead,
Clothed with light and majesty.

4
We must die as Jesus died,
But we hope with Him to rise,—
And in bodies glorified
Reign with Him beyond the skies.

5
Alleluia! evermore
Alleluia! Angels sing
Alleluia! we adore
Thee, O Christ, our God, and King!

Beyond the starry skies.

Carol 161.

(EASTER.)
(Copyright, 1888.)

F. O. Marvin.

Moderato.
mf

1. Be - yond the star - ry skies, Far as the eter - nal hills, There in the boundless
world of light Our great Re - deem - er dwells. A - round Him an - gels fair . . In
count - less ar - mies shine; And ev - er in ex - alt - ed lays—They of - fer songs di -
vine, And ev - er in ex - alt - ed lays They of - fer songs di - vine.

2

“Hail, Prince of life!” they cry,
“Whose unexampled love,
Moved Thee to quit these glorious realms
And royalties above.”
And when He stooped to earth,
And suffered rude disdain,
They cast their honors at His feet,
And waited in His train.

3

They saw Him on the cross,
While darkness veiled the skies,
And when He burst the gates of death,
They saw the conqueror rise.
They thronged His chariot wheels,
And bore Him to His throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung,—
“The glorious work is done.”



Away! with loyal hearts.

Carol 162.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. B. Gray.

Briskly.

A - way! with loy - al hearts and true, O'er hill and dale they press'd, . . . Full
four - score wea - ry miles to do The Cæ - sar's high be - hest; . . . And
Ma - ry sang "Mag - ni - fi - cat," Her own, her an - cient song, For well wist she that
God's de - cree Was bear - ing her a - long, . . . Was bear - ing her a - long.

2
Away through fields and meadows green,
O'er purple heather-bed,
By mountain pass, or deep ravine,
The faithful couple sped.
And soft and sweet, where'er they went,
To glad the weary way,
Sang Mary that "Magnificat,"
Her own, her ancient lay.

3
O'er head the storm-clouds often wept,
And tempests o'er them passed,
And cold around them often swept
The bleak December blast.
But still she sang "Magnificat"
Through weather foul or fair;
For all was rest within her breast,
'Twas always sunshine there.

4
And when the pilgrimage was o'er,
And of their royal kin,
Not one would open wide his door,
And bid them enter in;

Parish Choir, No. 422—4.

Still Mary sang "Magnificat"
With ever joyful tone;
"Whate'er befide, the Lord," she cried,
"Is mindful of His own."

5
Worn out at last, and ill bestead,
Right glad were they to find
Within a sorry cattle-shed
A shelter from the wind.
And Mary sang "Magnificat"
Right through that wondrous night,
And ere the birth of morn on earth
Was born the Light of Light.

6
Then let us all with one accord
Join Mary's song, and say,
"My soul doth magnify the Lord"
For ever and for aye.
Loud let us sing "Magnificat,"
That dear and ancient lay;
For God's own Son with us is one,
And He is born to-day.

All jubilant with psalm and hymn.

Carol 163.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. F. Bridge.

Allegro.

1. All ju - bl - ant with psalm and hymn A - round the Throne they stand, Heav'n's Che - ru - bim and
 2. And one his gold - en ci - thern took, And spread his ra - diant wings, And with such fie - ry
 3. Then backward sprung the gold - en doors, On that re - splen - dent morn, And Je - sus left Heaven's

dim. *cres.* *f*
 Se - ra - phim En - crown'd and harp in hand. Un - fold, un - fold, ye gates of gold, The
 rap - ture strook The wild and warb - ling strings, That all his won - d'ring breth - ren cried, "Our
 a - zure floors To be the vir - gin born: And while our lit - tle pla - net - star Thro'

p
 fight shall now be won! He who by Pro - phets spake of old Now sends His on - ly Son.
 he - rald thou shalt shine On this e - ter - nal Christ - mas - tide To lead our song di - vine."
 its blue e - ther rolls, Those An - gel - notes shall blend a - far With songs of ransom'd souls.

Smoothly, and not too fast.
 Glo - ry to God in the High - est be Now and for all e -
 Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God,

Smoothly, and not too fast.
f

they sang, And swell'd the strain a -
pp ter - ni - ty; Peace, peace on earth," peace on earth, the strain a -
 they sang, And swell'd the strain a -
pp

pp

ALL JUBILANT WITH PSALM AND HYMN.

④ **lovely Voices of the sky.**

Carol 164.

(EPIPHANY OR CHRISTMAS.)

Traditional.

2
O clear and shining Light, whose beams
A heavenly radiance shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the Shepherd's head,—
Be near through life, be near in death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, of gladness, and of faith,
O clear and shining Light!

3
O Star, which led'st to Him Whose Love
Brought down man's ransom free,
Thou still art midst the hosts above,
We still may gaze on thee!
In Heaven thy light doth never set,
Thy rays earth may not dim;
O send them faith to guide us yet,
Bright Star which led to Him!

Softly the night is sleeping.

Carol 165.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. M. Crament.

Andante cantabile.

1. Soft - ly the night is sleep - ing, On Beth - le - hem's peace - ful hill,
 2. Come with the glad - some shep - herds, Quick hast - 'ning from the fold,
 3. Weave ye the wreath un - fad - ing, The fir - tree and the pine,

1. Si - lent the shepherds watch - ing, The gen - tle flocks are still;
 2. Come with the wise men bring - ing, In - cense and myrrh and gold;
 3. Green from the snows of win - ter, To deck the ho - ly shrine;

1. But hark! the won - drous mu - sic Falls from the op - 'ning sky
 2. Come to Him poor and low - ly, A - round the cra - dle throng,
 3. Bring ye the hap - py chil - dren, For this is Christ - mas morn:

1. Val - ley and cliff re - e - cho, Glo - ry to God on high!
 2. Come with your hearts of sun - shine, And sing the an - gels' song.
 3. Je - sus the sin - less in - fant, Je - sus the Lord is born.

CHORUS after each verse.

Glo - ry to God it rings a - gain, Peace on earth, good

will to men, . . . good will, good will to men.



Come, ye, lift your joyous voices.

(EASTER.)

Carol 166.

Bowness Briggs.

Moderato.

1. Come, ye, lift your joy - ous voi - ces, Raise your Eas - ter an - them high, Now once more the

UNISON, ad lib.

Church re - joice - es— Triumphs in Christ's vic - to - ry. He is slain, the Vic - tim ho - ly,

HARMONY. *rall.*

He is ris - en, might - y Priest; So be - fore Him, bending low - ly, Let us keep His glorious Feast.

2 Christ is risen! Now no longer
Hades holds the Lord of life;
Death is strong, but Christ is stronger,
He hath conquer'd in the strife.
Once for us He crossed the river,
Now for aye He lives and reigns,
Of eternal life the giver
Sees the fruits of all His pains.

3 That new life within us springing
Die we daily unto sin;
Every idol boldly flinging
From the throne of Christ within.
Christ is risen! He in dying,
Rent apart the Temple veil;
By His rising proof supplying
That His power can never fail.

4 Though in Adam every mortal
Dies at the appointed hour,
Yet is Hades' gloomy portal
Conquered by the Saviour's power.
Glory, glory, never ceasing,
Unto Father, Spirit, Son!
Praise and blessing, still increasing,
To our God, the Three in One.

Let the merry Church bells ring.

EASTER.

Carol 167.

James Blackie.

mf *cres.*

1. Let the mer-ry Church bells ring, Hence with tears and sigh-ing, Frost and cold have fled from Spring,

mf *pp*

Life hath con-quer'd dy-ing. Flow'rs are smil-ing, fields are gay, Sun-ny is the weath-er,

CHORUS. ff

With our ris-ing Lord to-day, All things rise to-geth-er. Let the mer-ry Church bells ring,

ff

ring, ring, ring, ring, ring. Let the mer-ry Church bells ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring.

2 Let the birds sing out again
 From their leafy chapel,
 Praising Him, with whom in vain
 Satan sought to grapple;
 Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
 As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
 Is the strain they utter. *CHORUS.*

3 Let the past of grief be past;
 This our comfort giveth,
 He was slain on Friday last,
 But to-day He liveth;
 Mourning heart must needs be gav,
 Nor let sorrow vex it,
 Since the very grave can say,
Christus Resurrexit. *CHORUS.*

● joyous Easter morning.

Carol 169.

George Edgar Oliver.

Joyously.

1. O joy-ous East-er morn-ing, That saw the Lord a - rise! O bright and hap - py
morn - ing! The clouds have left the skies. The night of grief is end - ed, The
day has come a - gain, And Christ has won the victo - ry For all the sons of men.

2 O gladsome Easter morning!
Our hearts rejoice today,
The grave and death are conquered
He is of Life the Way.
The hosts of sin are vanquished
He is the Victor King!
Then let us all with gladness
Our thankful praises sing.

3 O blessed Easter morning!
What day so bright as this,
When, through His mighty triumph,
He won the courts of bliss!
The doors of Heaven are open,
The grave no more has dread;
For risen is our Saviour,
The first fruits of the dead.

Hallelujah! Song of triumph.

Carol 170.

(EASTER.)

Alla marcía.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Song of tri - umph, Tri - umph o - ver
death and hell; Hal - le - lu - jah! Song of tri - umph, Great - er far than words can tell.

2 Hallelujah! Song of triumph,
Christ, who came the lost to save,
Hallelujah! now hath risen,
Mighty Conqueror o'er the grave.

3 Hallelujah! Holy Angels
Came and rolled away the stone;
Hallelujah! now no longer
Death can claim Him for His own.

4 Hallelujah! Christ hath broken
Bars that none could break before;
Hallelujah! Death defeated,
Sinks to rise again no more.

5 Hallelujah! Song of triumph,
Loud through all Creation roars;
Hallelujah! men and angels
Sing the song of ransomed souls.



There dwelt in old Judea.

Carol 171.

(CHRISTMAS.)

& VOICE.

J. P. Harding.

1. There dwelt in old Ju - de - a, A mai - den fair to see, The
 2. And as the in - fant Je - sus, Lay on His low - ly bed, A
 3. The shep - herds bowed be - fore Him, While an - gels swift did fly, On
 4. For this was Prince Em - man - uel, Who laid a - side His crown, And

p *colla voce.*

moth - er mild and un - de - filed, Of a bless - ed babe was she.
 cir - cle bright of heav - en - ly light, Shone round a - bout His head.
 blest all to win our souls from sin, To fill the star - ry sky.
 all to win our souls from sin, Un - to the earth came down.

CHORUS. After each verse.

p Oh! No - ël sing No - ël And mer - ry be al - way, For Christ was born in the ear - ly morn,
p

SOLO.
Small notes for Organ.

FULL.

ff Christ was born in the ear - ly morn, All on a Christmas day, . . . All on a Christmas day.
ff

After each verse.

♯ Closing chord

* Upper notes only on Hautboy stop.

Ring on, ye joyous Christmas Bells.

Carol. 172.
Moderato.

Henry Wilson.

FULL CHORUS.

1. Ring on, ye joy-ous
2. Ring on, O mer-ry
3. Ring on, ye hap-py

Christmas-Bells! Ring on! ring on! What tale of love your mu-sic tells! Ring on! ring
Christmas-Bells! Ring on! ring on! What peace from out your clam-gor wells! Ring on! ring
Christmas-Bells! Ring on! ring on! With ho-ly joy the clam-or swells! Ring on! ring

SEMI-CHORUS. Smoothly.

on! "The Christ" is born For sin-ful men: 'Tis Christmas morn, Ring out a-gain! Ring out again! Ring
on! Peace comes to earth, "Good will to men": A price-less birth, Ring out a-gain! Ring out again! Ring
on! Oh, hap-py day, For wea-ry men: Oh, roy-al day, Ring out a-gain! Ring out again! Ring

FULL.

out a-gain! Ring out a-gain! Ring on, ye joy-ous Christmas-Bells! Ring
out a-gain! Ring out a-gain! Ring on, O mer-ry Christmas-Bells! Ring
out a-gain! Ring out a-gain! Ring on, ye hap-py Christmas-Bells! Ring

RING ON YE JOYOUS CHRISTMAS BELLS.

on! ring on! What tale of love your mu-sic tells! Ring on! Ring on!
on! ring on! What peace from out your clangor wells! Ring on! Ring on!
on! ring on! With ho-ly joy the clam-or swells! Ring on! Ring on!

ff *ff*

Last ending.
molto ritard.

4 Ring on, ye holy Christmas Bells!
Ring on! ring on!
O'er hill and dale, through wildest dells,
Ring on! ring on!
In triumph ring—
For holy men
All gladness bring,
Ring out again!

5 Ring on, ye gladsome Christmas-Bells!
Ring on! ring on!
'Tis "mercy mild" the sound foretells,
Ring on! ring on!

The "Prince of peace"
Now pleads for men;
He will not cease,
Ring out again!

6 Ring on, ye peaceful Christmas Bells!
Ring on! ring on!
Tell of the hope that in us dwells,
Ring on! ring on!
To JESUS now
All ranks of men
In worship bow,
Ring out again!

What do they say, these Bells to me?

Carol. 173.
Lively.

(CHRISTMAS.)

C. Simper.

1. What do they say, these bells to me, Ring-ing a-way so mer-ri-ly, Waft-ing their notes of
ho-ly glee?— Je-sus the Christ is born! What do they say, these bells to me,
Ring-ing a-way so mer-ri-ly, Waft-ing their notes of ho-ly glee?— Je-sus the Christ is born!

ff *fff*

Org. Ped.

2 Out in the fields the shepherds lay—
There shone around a glorious ray:
What did they hear the angels say?
Jesus the Christ is born!
Chorus—What do they say, etc.

3 Over the hills, across the sea,
Peace and good-will to men shall be;
Sound out the news, sing joyfully—
Jesus the Christ is born!
Chorus—What do they say, etc.

All my heart this night rejoices.

Carol 174.

(CHRISTMAS.)

cres. A. Esmond.

All my heart this night rejoice-es, As I hear, far and near, Sweetest angel voices; "Christ is born!" their
choirs are singing, Till the air ev-'rywhere, Now with joy is ring - - - ing. A - - - men.

2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
Of His birth, who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth;
Of His grace to our race
Here His Son He lendeth.

3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat—
Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come; from all that grieves you
You are freed; all you need
Here your Saviour gives you.

4 Come, then, let us hasten yonder:
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star, that from far
Bright with hope is burning. Amen.

The night in solemn stillness hung.

Carol 175.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. G. Smith.

Smoothly.

The night in sol-lemn still-ness hung O'er pastures fair and green, When from a-bove the an-gels' song
Fell thro' the still se - rene; It came, to those whose watchful care Kept their flocks in safe-ty there.
Re-
Rejoice, rejoice, For un - to you is peace restored, To-day is born a Saviour, who Is Christ the Lord.
joice, re - joice,

f 2 Great dread and wonder at the sound
Then filled each heaving breast,
And prone they lay upon the ground
By trembling fears possessed;
cres. While louder still the anthem rung
By angels' myriad voices sung.
Rejoice, etc.

mf 3 But lo! of joy and peace on earth
The angel voices spoke;
And of the Saviour's infant birth
The gladsome tidings broke;
And bade the shepherds bend their way,
To where the cradled infant lay.
Rejoice, etc.

mf 4 And still the accents sweet and fair
Came through the starry night,
p Then died away upon the air
With sounds of rich delight;
cres. And lo! a star serenely shone
mf To guide their wandering footsteps on.
Rejoice, etc.

*This chord for verses 2, 3 and 4.



Carol 176.

Sleeper awake.

(EASTER.)

J. Albert Jeffery.

rall. **SEMI-CHORUS. Con spirito.**

mf Tell the sto - ry of the Ris - en;

dim. *cres.* *f* Joy of sor - row; peace from pain; How the Mas - ter broke from pris - on, Nev - er - more to

mf

CHORUS. *ff*

die a - gain. Wak - ened is the Heav - en - ly Sleep - er: Earth casts out her might - y dead;

maestoso.

rall. Com - fort - ed each earth - ly weep - er, Lift - ed ev - 'ry mourn - er's head.

marcato.

2
Tell the story of the Living;
Life from death; from night, the day;
This, the manner of God's giving;
So He deals with men, alway.

CHORUS. Wakened is the Heavenly Sleeper, etc.

3
Tell the story of Passover;
Dry-shod through the deep, dark sea,
Christ, the Lord of all, and Lover,
Leads His hosts to victory.

CHORUS. Wakened is the Heavenly Sleeper, etc.

4
Tell the story of the Easter;
Raise your voices high and sing;
Weeper, sleeper, faster, feaster,
Sursum Corda, Christ is King.

CHORUS. Wakened is the Heavenly Sleeper, etc.

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Parish Choir, No. 506-4.

Rejoice! to-day earth tells abroad.

(EASTER.)

Carol 177.

Rather slow.

R. F. Smith.

f Re - joice! to - day earth tells a - broad, With ho - ly ve - ne - ra - tion,

The glad - some Pass - o - ver of God, The Feast of ex - ult - a - tion.

Brisk. Christ now from death to Life, . . . From bond-age to re - lease, To rest from wea-ry

strife, His own hath brought . . . in peace. . . *f* Re - joice, re - joice, re -

joice, re - joice, re - joice, Sing Al - le - lu - - - ia.

mf All hail! we know the Master's voice,
Those words of true endearing;
The Heavenly Bride must needs rejoice
In her dear King's appearing;
With hearts from evil free
We turn to Him, the Light,
Death's Conqueror we see,
And Life is in the sight!
f Rejoice, sing Alleluia!

** f* Let the round world be very glad
And all that is within it;
He who awhile dominion had
No more, thank God, may win it!
Heaven keeps the Royal Feast;
Hell, at the sight dismayed,
Grows faint before the Least,
Before the Faint, afraid!
f Rejoice, sing Alleluia!

** Sing thus:* etc.
"Let the round" etc.

Easter Bells.

Carol 178.

A. P. Howard.

1. Let the mer-ry church-bells ring; Hence with tears and sigh-ing: Frost and cold are fled from spring,
2. Let the birds sing out a - gain, From their leaf-y chap - el, Prais - ing Him with whom in vain,
3. Let the tho't of grief be past; This our com-fort giv - eth, He was slain on Fri-day last,

Love hath conquer'd dying. Flowers are smil - ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath -
Satan sought to grapple; Sounds of joy come fast and thick, As the breez - es flut -
But to-day He liv - eth; Mourn - ing heart must needs be gay, Nor let sor - row vex

er. With our ris - ing Lord to-day, All things rise to - geth - er.
ter, Res - sur - rez - it, non est hic, Is the strain they ut - ter.
it, Since the ve - ry grave can say Christ - us res - ur - rez - it.

Let the mer-ry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! Let the mer-ry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring!

Christ is risen! lift the song.

Carol 179.

Christ is ris - en! lift the song Of our East - er glad - ness; With the bright tri -
 umph - ant throng Cast a - way all sad - ness. Spring - tide flow - ers tell us how
 We must leave the sigh - ing, As we pass the sor - row now, Of our earth - ly dy - ing.

2 Lo, the Maries in the gloom
 Weeping, bowed with sorrow,
 Little dreaming at the Tomb
 What their joy to-morrow.
 Whom they sought the Lord they found
 Now no more in sadness;
 Where did woe and grief abound
 There He brought the gladness!

3 Lo, in all our sorrows here,
 Often deep repining,
 Through all doubt and darksome fear
 Easter Sun is shining;
 Wherefore now on things above
 Set we our affection,
 Know the power of Jesus' Love
 By His resurrection.

4 Gladsome birds, fresh breezes tell
 With the sunny weather
 That dear Creed we love so well
 "All things rise together."
 So the angels joyfully
 Taught the wondrous story,
 "Christ is risen! To Galilee,
 Go and preach His glory."

The crown is on the Victor's brow.

Carol 180. CHOIR. Melody in unison. (EASTER.)

J. T. Field.

Allegro. ♩ = 144. *Harmony.*
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia. . . The crown is on the Vic - tor's brow,
 Finished is the bat - tle now; . . Hence with sadness, Sing with gladness, Al - - - - le - lu - ia.

2 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 For after death that Him befell,
 Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell:
 Heaven is ringing, Earth is singing. Alleluia!
 3 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 On that third morning He arose,
 Bright with triumph o'er His foes;
 Sing we lauding, And applauding. Alleluia!

4 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 For He hath closed hell's yawning door,
 Heaven is open evermore:
 Hence with sadness, sing with gladness. Alleluia!
 5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Lord, by Thy wounds we call on Thee,
 So from death to set us free,
 That our living Be thanksgiving! Alleluia!



Angels we have heard.

Carol 181.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Old French Carol.

An-gels we have heard on high, Sweet-ly sing-ing o'er our plains, And the mountains in re- ply,

UNISON. *ad lib.*

E-cho-ing their joy - ous strains. Glo - - - - - ri - a

In ex - cel - sis De - - - o . . .

2
Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your rapturous strain prolong?
What the gladsome tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?
f Gloria in excelsis Deo.

3
Come to Bethlehem, and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come, adore on bended knee
Christ the Lord, the new-born King.
f Gloria in excelsis Deo.

4
See Him in a manger laid,
Whom the choirs of angels praise;
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
While our hearts in love we raise.
f Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Infant so gentle.

Carol 182.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Gascon Carol.

Very slow.

In-fant so gen - tle, so pure and so sweet, Love from Thy ti - ny eyes, sin - ners doth greet,

cres. *rall.*
Tend'rest words fail all Thy beau - ty to show: We must a - dore Thee, if Thee we would know.

Normandie Carol.

TREBLE SOLO.

The image shows a musical score for a song. The top staff is a Treble Solo in 8/8 time, marked *pp*. The lyrics are: "On night, peaceful and blest! For now Je-sus doth rest, Near His". The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in 8/8 time, also marked *pp* and *Slow.*. The piano part consists of a right hand with chords and a left hand with a simple bass line.

pp

Slow.

pp

On night, peaceful and blest! For now Je-sus doth rest, Near His

cres.

fond, watchful moth - er! Soft light o'er Him doth shine, Around, bright an - gels hov - er,

cres.

Musical score for "The Child" by J. S. Bach. The score is in G major and 3/4 time. It features a vocal line (Soprano) and a piano accompaniment (Piano). The lyrics are: "He is the Child Di-vine. O night, peace-ful and blest! For".

The score includes the following markings and dynamics:

- Chorus.** (Indicated above the vocal line)
- mf** (Mezzo-forte) for the vocal line.
- pp** (Pianissimo) for the vocal line.
- mf colla voce.** (Mezzo-forte, with voice) for the piano accompaniment.
- a tempo.** (Allegretto tempo) for the piano accompaniment.
- dim.** (Diminuendo) for the piano accompaniment.
- ppp** (Pianississimo) for the piano accompaniment.

now Je-sus doth rest, Near His fond, watch-ful moth-er; Soft light o'er Him doth

PARISH CHOIR, No. 542-A

O NIGHT, PEACEFUL AND BLEST.

shine, A-round, bright an-gels hov - er, He is the Child Di - vine.

dim.
mf
rall.
cres.
mf rall.
dim.

The Christmas stars are shining.

Carol 184.

F. W. Dawkins.

The Christ-mas stars are shin - ing, The winds are wall - ing low; And o'er the earth is

e - cho-ing The song of long a - go; ... From moun-tain o - ver val - ley, Is

heard the glo-rious cry, "O com - fort ye my peo - ple, The Prince of Peace draws nigh."

2
Sing of the Christ-Child's coming
In lowliest estate;
When long-time kings and prophets
With eager hearts did wait.
Where'er His footsteps linger
Shall blossom forth the rose;
And peace shall be abounding
Where'er His spirit goes.

3
O Babe in humble manger,
Amongst the poor of earth,
Kings brought myrrh, gold, frankincense,
To offer at Thy birth,
The host of heaven triumphant
A glorious strain did sing,
"Peace and good will for ever
Through Christ, the new-born King."

4
Awake, awake, O Zion,
And put on all thy strength;
Filled is the throne of David,
Thy King hath come at length.
His star hath shone in heaven,
And angels at His birth,
Have brought the fair evangel
"Peace and good will on earth."

Good news we bring and peace.

Carol 185. VERSE. *Smoothly.*

(CHRISTMAS.)

C. Stimper.

mf From realms of glo-ry far a-way Good news and peace we bear to-day; The Christ on earth is
mf come to stay; Good news we bring and peace. Good news, good news, Good
 Good news, good news,
 news we bring and peace: Good news, good news, Good news we bring and peace.

2 The shepherds rose with awe and fear,
 To know that Christ their Lord was near,
 When angels sang so sweet and clear;
 Good news we bring and peace.
Chorus.— Good news, etc.

3 In David's city now is born
 The Christ, to save a world forlorn;
 Come, seek Him out this happy morn:
 Good news we bring and peace.
Chorus.— Good news, etc.

4 A bruised reed He shall not break—
 He comes! He comes! just for your sake;
 Your hearts alone He seeks to take:
 Good news we bring and peace.
Chorus.— Good news, etc.

5 Men, listen to the words we sing;
 We are the heralds of our King;
 And through all time this song shall sing:
 Good news we bring and peace.
Chorus.— Good news, etc.

Ring out, sweet bells.

Carol 186. *Not too fast.*

(CHRISTMAS.)

W. J. Westbrook.

f 1. Ring out, sweet bells, your Christ-mas chime, Your chime of wel-come,
p 2. A babe, in rus-tic man-ger laid, And low-ly guise, our
f 3. Ring out, sweet bells, ring out, ring out, To ev-ry crea-ture
 clear and brave; This night there came with us to dwell Our Je-sus, came to dwell and
 Sa-viour came; "E-man-u-el" of pro-phets told, "The Ho-ly Babe of Beth-le-
 glad, for-lorn, The mes-sage of "Good-will to man," And "Peace on earth" with Je-sus
 save. ... Ring out, sweet bells, Ring out, sweet bells, Our Je-sus came to dwell and save.
 hem." ... Ring out, sweet bells, Ring out, sweet bells, "The Ho-ly Babe of Beth-le-hem."
 born. ... Ring out, sweet bells, Ring out, sweet bells, "Good-will" and "Peace" with Je-sus born.

PARISH CHOIR, No. 548-4.



Shades of silent night.

Carol 187.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Chas. H. Sunderland.

Andante.
mf

mp

Shades of si - lent night di - vid - ing,
Heav'n will a guard their flocks from dan - ger,
Not a lone do men un - learn - ed,

Bursts the glo - ry from a - bove.
Scat - ter'd o'er the moist green sward,
Bow the the Ho - ly Child be - fore,

ritardo.

a tempo.
mf

Down the stream of bright - ness glid - ing,
While the swains to Beth - lehem's man - ger,
Sa - ges who for truth long yearn - ed,

SHADES OF SILENT NIGHT.

Piu lento. *Piu mosso.*

Comes the mes sen ger of love. To the
 Heav'n's true greet Sun their at new born a Lord. Awe So and our

Piu lento. *Piu mosso. Gt. Sw.*

shep - herds low - ly, tell - ing Of the Christ Bless ex -
 love mat - er - nal a blend - ing Fill the the Bless ed -
 songs pro - claim a sto - ry Kings of old have

Piu lento.

pect - ed long, While the sud - den an - them
 Vir - gin's to heart; p While Tell with of rev - 'rent the gest - ure
 long'd know, Tell of Christ, the Prince of

swell - ing, f Fills the glow hum - ing heav'n with a song, part,
 bend - ing, p Kneel these ble night, - ble men high and - part, low,
 Glo - ry, f Born this night, for men high and - part, low,

Piu mosso.

Ped.

f Fills the glow hum - ing heav'n with a song. : : :
 p Kneel these ble night - ble men high and - part. : : :
 f Born this night for men high and - part. low. : : :

ritard.

The Christmas Bells.

Carol 188.

Chas. H. Sunderland.

Quickly.

Gt.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Christmas Bells'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Quickly.' and the instrument is 'Gt.' (Guitar). The first measure is marked 'Sw.' (Swell) and the second measure is marked 'f Gt.' (forte Guitar). The lyrics 'The Christmas' are written below the treble staff.

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics 'bells, The Christ-mas bells are ring-ing Peals of joy and glad-ness. Their mer-ry chime At bells, no-el time doth ban-ish sad-ness. The sim-ple and the gen-tle u-nite, the strain to' are written below the treble staff. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics 'no-el time doth ban-ish sad-ness. The sim-ple and the gen-tle u-nite, the strain to' are written below the treble staff. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation. The lyrics 'ORGAN. SOP. & ALTO. raise of hymn and joy-ous car-ol, The new-born Christ to praise, . . of' are written below the treble staff. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment.

The fifth system of musical notation. The lyrics 'hymn and joy-ous car-ol, the new-born Christ to praise. The Christ-mas The Christmas bells are bells, ring-ing, The new-born Christ to praise.' are written below the treble staff. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment.

The sixth system of musical notation. The lyrics 'ring-ing, The new-born Christ to praise. Dal Segno. Last time. FINE.' are written below the treble staff. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment.

2 The Christmas bells they seem
To ring away all malice,
And each base part
For every heart
In hut and palace!
And love ye all as brethren
For Christ from Satan's thrall
[: Was born to-day to save you
And breathe good-will to all. :]
The Christmas bells are ringing
The new-born Christ to praise.

3 The Christmas bells are ringing
Gaily in the steeple:-
For Christ's dear sake
To prayer awake
All Christian people!
And joyfully your offering
To God's fair altar bring;
[: And there the love eternal
Of Christ your Saviour, sing! :]
The Christmas bells are ringing
The new-born Christ to praise.

* Full chord left hand. Right for "Peal" imitation. Be sure "praise" is sustained throughout the measure.

The Christmas comes.

Carol 189.

Chas. H. Sunderland.

Quickly.

The Christmas comes let praise a-bound! Loud an-thems now be - gin! For
Him, whose Mother, Ma - ry found no wel-come at the inn. In Beth-le-hem "no room" not one save
in a cat-tle kahn, A man-ger for her first-born Son, the Prince of Peace, God-man! To
Him, our King, all prais-es bring, and give the Sa-viour room; He reigns to-day, To
chase a-way the world's dark guilt and gloom. *pp*

2 The "wise men" saw His star on high,
And blessed His lowly birth;
God's herald angels in the sky
Rejoiced with Holy mirth.
They charmed the fears of shepherds then
With notes of peace, "good-will,"
And now that Gospel song to men
Inspires their worship still;
O earth rejoice, with heart and voice
And give the Saviour room!
He lives to bless with righteousness
And make the world to bloom.

3 He lives and reigns our God and King
The "Lord of Glory" now,
While round His throne bright seraphs sing,
Adoring spirits bow;
And from His presence, on swift wing
The Christmas angels fly
To woo the world to Christ, and bring
Their heavenly melody.
Hark, hear them sing! "Receive your King.
And give your Saviour room!"
His light shall shine with ray divine
To banish woe and gloom.

4 From chapel, church, cathedral high,
From every holy place
Let anthems shake the vaulted sky
And songs of joy and grace!
Let saintly hands and hearts prepare
Their offerings rich, and free
And Christmas cheer be everywhere
With love and charity!
Let all be glad; let none be sad;
Oh, give the Saviour room!
With love's employ our hearts shall joy,
The desert place shall bloom.



Christ, we sing Thy saving Passion.

Carol 190.

Words by W. C. Dix.
In moderate time.

EASTER.

G. B. Lissant.

1. Christ, we sing Thy sav - ing Pas - sion, Thine a - ris - ing glo - ri - fy; Death for

ev - er to a - bo - lish Thou up - on the Cross didst die; Then from Ha - des Thou didst

has - ten, As a - lone om - ni - po - tent; Grant us peace in life, Re -

deem - er, Joy when earth - ly life is spent, Joy when earth - ly life is spent.

2
Sing we now Thy condescension,
Christ, with God the Father One;
We in lofty hymns will praise Thee,
Mary-Mother's Blessed Son.
Thou for us as Man didst suffer,
Willingly the Cross didst bear,
That Thy resurrection-glory
We, the sons of men, may share.

1 3
Coming as from bridal chamber
Robed with orient morning-light;
Brining to the world salvation,
Spoiling Hell of all her might;
Raising by Thy Resurrection
Man to dignity most high;
Christ, may we with pure thanksgiving
Thee for ever glorify.

'Twas on this Easter morning.

Carol 191.

George Edgar Oliver.

Spirited.

mf 'Twas on this Eas-ter morn-ing, The Blessed Saviour rose, O'er death tri-umphant came He, A

CHORUS. UNISON.

Conqueror o'er His foes. Ring out, ring out, sweet bells, Ring, sweet Eas-ter bells, Ring

out, ring out, sweet bells, Ring, sweet Eas-ter bells.

2
Let every heart be joyful
And every tongue proclaim
This Easter glad hosanna
"All hail to Jesus' Name."
CHORUS.

8
Let not a voice be silent
At such a festal time;
Yea, rather let us gladly
Ring out our merry chime.
CHORUS.

Every flower that blossoms.

Carol 192.

(EASTER.)

George Edgar Oliver.

Tenderly.

mp Ev-'ry flow'r that blos-soms fresh from mouldy earth, Sings of res-ur-rec-tion, Whispers of new birth;

mp Ev-'ry plant, that, dy-ing, seems to meet de-cay, On-ly waits with pa-tience for an Eas-ter day.

2
Seeds of promise scattered over all the land
Spring of life and beauty, guided by God's hand;
And our souls, more precious than all earth beside
Surely shall awaken at some Easter-tide.

8
Then let hearts and voices Easter carols sing—
Then let Alleluias through the glad earth ring:
For our Christ has risen, and beyond the grave,
Over death and sorrow He is strong to save.

Joy of joys! He lives, He lives.

Carol 193.

(EASTER.)

f Joy of joys! He lives, He lives, Je - sus, who sal - va - tion gives!

f Ris - ing in the ear - ly gloom, Lo! His glo - ry fills the tomb;

p All the earth - ly guards are fled, From the man - sion of the Dead;

p Lis - ten, for the An - gels say, See the place where Je - sus lay.

Org. Ped.

2

Enter, if ye seek for Him!
There the light shall not be dim;
At His head, and at His feet,
Mark the clothes and winding sheet,
All in sacred order seen,
In the grave where Christ has been;
So He left it, all was done,
Ere the rising of the sun.

3

Earth was trembling—Jesus rose,
Calmly passing through His foes;
Death hath no dominion now,
Captain of Salvation, Thou!
Jesus, Conqueror of the grave,
Jesus, Master, strong to save,
Teach our hearts the unearthly bliss
Of a purer world than this!

4

Bid the powers of darkness fly,
For the morn is drawing nigh;
Shew to us the shining way,
Us the children of the day;
Onward, onward, in the road
Radiant with the light of God,
God the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit ever One!

Days grow longer,

Carol 194.

(EASTER.)

G. W. Warren.

Moderato. (UNISON OR HARMONY.)

mf Days grow long - er, sun - beams strong - er, Eas - ter - tide makes all things new;

cres. moto. *rall.* *ff* Lent is ban - ish'd, sad - ness van - ish'd; Christ hath ris - en, rise we too!

a tempo. *mf* Christ - mas meet - ings, Twelfth night greet - ings, Whit - sun sports are glad and gay;

cres. *f* But the light - est, and the bright - est Of our feasts is Eas - ter Day.

ff Hal - le - lu - jah! Bless - ed Feast of Eas - ter Day.

2
Earthly story crowns with glory
Him who earthly foes o'ercame;
Victor's laurel ends the quarrel;
Honour dwells about His Name:
Vanquished legions, conquered regions
Kings deposed and princes bound;
Exaltation, acclamation,
Fill His ears and float around.

: Hallelujah! Blessed feast of Easter day! :

• Last time slowly, and with all power.

3
Then unending and transcending
Be the glory of the Son:
For transcendent and resplendent
Was the vict'ry He hath won.
Death hath yielded, life is shielded,
Satan bound, and Hell in chains:
Chased is terror, fled is error,
Grief is past, and joy remains.

• Hallelujah! Blessed feast of Easter Day! :



It came upon the midnight clear.

Carol 195.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. R. Higinbotham.

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still through the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furld,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heav'n - ly mu - sic floats, O'er all the wea - ry world;

Peace on the earth, good will to men, From Heav'n's all - gra - cious King, . .
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains, They bend on hov'ring wing, . .

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. .
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing. .

3

O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing.

• Small notes for organ only.

Parish Choir, No. 595—4.

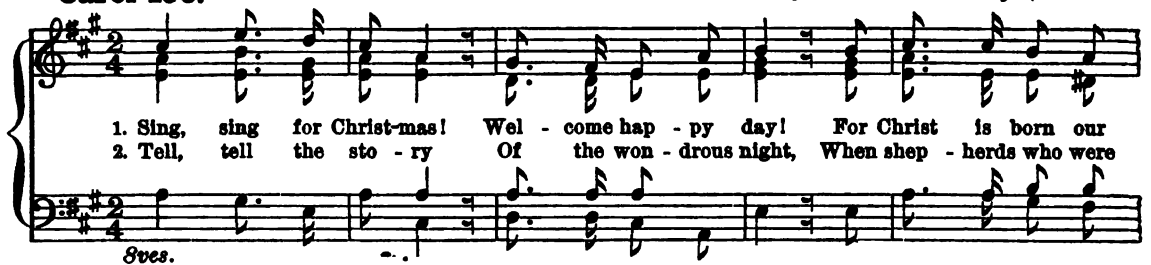
4

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own,
The Prince of Peace, their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Sing, sing for Christmas.

Carol 196.

Words by Rev. J. H. Egar, D.D.
Music by Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D.

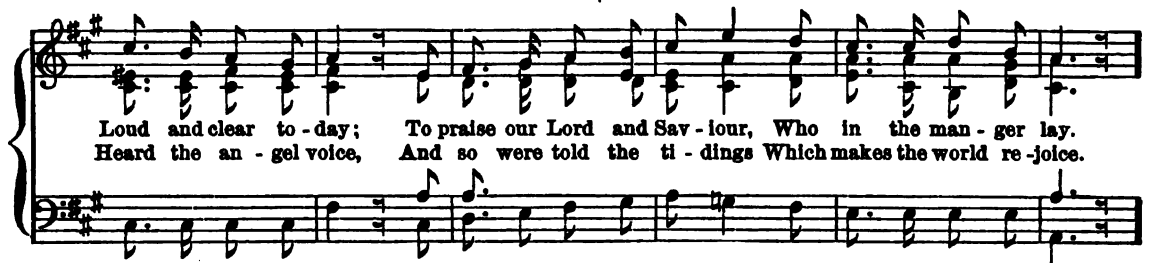


1. Sing, sing for Christ-mas! Wel - come hap - py day! For Christ is born our
2. Tell, tell the sto - ry Of the won - drous night, When shep - herds who were

Sves.



Sav - iour, To take our sins a - way. Sing, sing a joy - ful song,
watch - ing Their flocks till morn - ing light, Saw an - gel hosts from heav'n,



Loud and clear to - day; To praise our Lord and Sav - iour, Who in the man - ger lay.
Heard the an - gel voice, And so were told the ti - dings Which makes the world re-joice.

CHORUS.



Sing, sing for Christ - mas, Wel - come hap - py day! For



Christ is born our Sav - iour, To take our sins a - way.

3
Soft, softly shining,
Stars were in the sky,
And silver fell the moonlight
On hill and mountain high,
When suddenly the night
Outshone the bright mid-day,
With angel hosts who herald
The reign of peace for aye.
CHORUS. Sing, sing for Christmas, etc.

4
Hark, hear them singing,
Singing in the sky,
Be worship, honor, glory,
And praise to God on high!
Peace, peace, good will to men!
Born the Child from heaven!
The Christ, the Lord, the Saviour,
The Son to you is given!
CHORUS. Sing, sing for Christmas, etc.

5
Sing, sing for Christmas!
Echo, earth, the cry
Of worship, honor, glory,
And praise to God on high!
Sing, sing the joyful song,
Let it never cease,
Of glory in the highest,
On earth, good will and peace.
CHORUS. Sing, sing for Christmas, etc.

Ring the joyful Christmas bells.

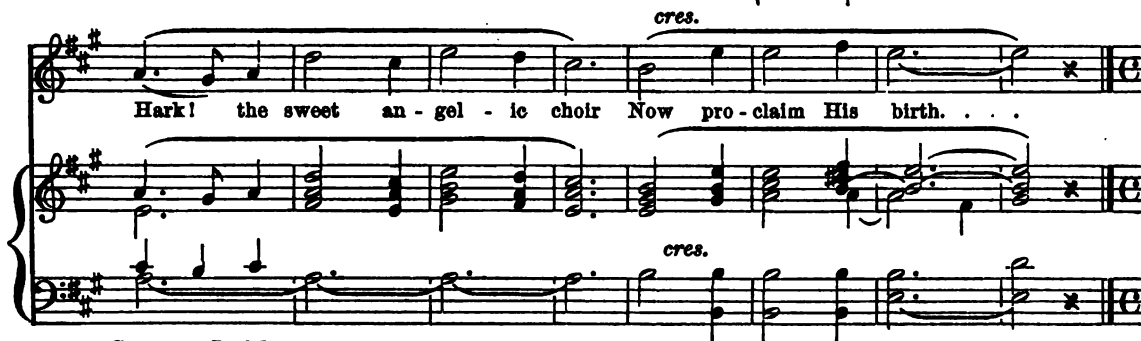
Carol 197.

Frank Peskett.

Moderato. SOPRANOS IN UNISON.



In a man-ger lies the Child, Lord of heav'n and earth, . . .



Hark! the sweet an-gel-le choir Now pro-claim His birth. . . .



Ring the joy-ful Christ-mas bells, And loud an-thems sing;



With the an-gels in the sky Wel-come Christ the King.

2

mf He from highest heaven above,
Hath come down below ;
p Peace on earth, goodwill to men,
cres. And God's love to show.
ff Ring the joyful, etc.

8

mf To the shepherds in the fields
Was His birth made known ;
And with wondering looks they kneel
cres. At the manger throne.
ff Ring the joyful, etc.

4

ff Let us then the angels join
In their Christmas strain ;
And with thankfulness and joy
Tell His love again.
ff Ring the joyful, etc.

Now join we all with holy mirth.

Carol 198.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. Stainer.

SYMPHONY. *Sw. reeds.* *Gt.* VOICES. *mf* Now

Ch. reeds. *Sw.* *cres.* *Gt.* *Ped.*

join we all with ho - ly mirth, To cel - e - brate our Sav - lour's birth, For He has come from

SYMPHONY. VOICES. *mf* The

heaven to earth, In hum - bleguise and low - ly; *p*

cres.

heav'n's the bright - est plan - et lent, That e'er had graced their fir - ma-ment, And *cres.*

Org. Ped.

kings from the far east were sent, To greet this babe so ho - - - ly. . .

2
And from each starry orb around,
Broke forth such strange, celestial sound,
Th'entranced shepherds on the ground
Stand spell-bound, inly dreaming.
If such divine, melodious hymn,
Of Cherubim and Seraphim,
These harmonies that round them swim,
Are real, or only seeming.

3
Fear not, O shepherds! nought but bliss
Can come of heavenly rout like this;
The angel's gracious message is
(Love with his accents blended)
"All glory be to God on high!
And peace on earth, for which a sigh
Hath long been raised, e'en now is nigh,
Immanuel hath descended."

4
"For unto you this Child is born,
His swaddling clothes hold not in scorn,
Nor Virgin Mother, so forlorn,
His nature He is velling;

The Wonderful—the Counsellor,
The mighty God Himself is there,
Has come your deepest woes to share—
A Saviour, all-availing!"

5
Then with the shepherds we will go—
Come, young and old, come, high and low,
We'll troop to Bethlehem and so
Low bending, each confessing,
We'll cast away our nature's sin,
Pardon and grace we've come to win.
We knock, O Jesus! take us in,
Into Thy fold we're pressing.

6
Thus in our ears, life's path along,
Shall linger still the angels' song,
Its theme of comfort, simple, strong,
Till heav'n's bright day is dawning;
Nor will we fall with honours meet,
With thankful hearts and carols sweet,
As each year runs its course, to greet
Thine advent, Christmas morning!



The bells are ringing joyfully.

Carol 199.
Joyfully.

(EASTER.)

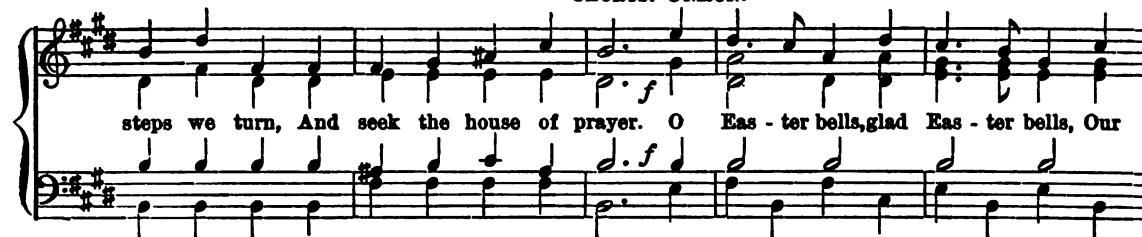
George Edgar Oliver.



VERSE, OR SEMI-CHORUS.



CHORUS. UNISON.



HARMONY.



2 The bells are ringing joyfully,
And, as we walk to-day,
Behold the loving Saviour comes,
To meet us on the way.
CHORUS.

3 The bells are ringing joyfully,
They ring from year to year,
But, as the Easter time comes round,
They seem to us most dear.
CHORUS.

4 The bells are ringing joyfully,
The earth is filled with flowers,
The risen Lord in mercy crowns
These sinful hearts of ours.
CHORUS.

Chime, chime, merrily chime.

(EASTER.)

Carol 200.

George Edgar Otter.

rit. Chime, chime, mer - ri - ly chime, *mf*

Hap - py bells of Eas - ter time; Chime, chime, mer - ri - ly chime; Sing the song of songs sub-lime;

Christ a - rose, a - rose to - day, Angels roll the stone a - way, From the hearts that we may see

dim. **CHORUS.** Christ a - rose tri - um - phant - ly. Hap - py bells of Eas - ter time, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,

rit. mer - ri - ly chime; Hap - py bells of Eas - ter time, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly chime.

2 Ring, ring, merrily ring,
Joyous bells the tidings bring;
Ring, ring, merrily ring,
Jesus Christ alone is King.
He arose, arose to-day,
Evermore the world to sway.
Join then all with joyful tongue
To resound his praise in song.—CHO.

3 Chime, chime, merrily chime,
Happy bells of Easter time;
Chime, chime, merrily chime,
Sing the song of songs sublime,
Christ arose, arose to-day,
And He points to us the way,
Tells us we may rise with Him
From earth's shadows dark and dim.—CHO.

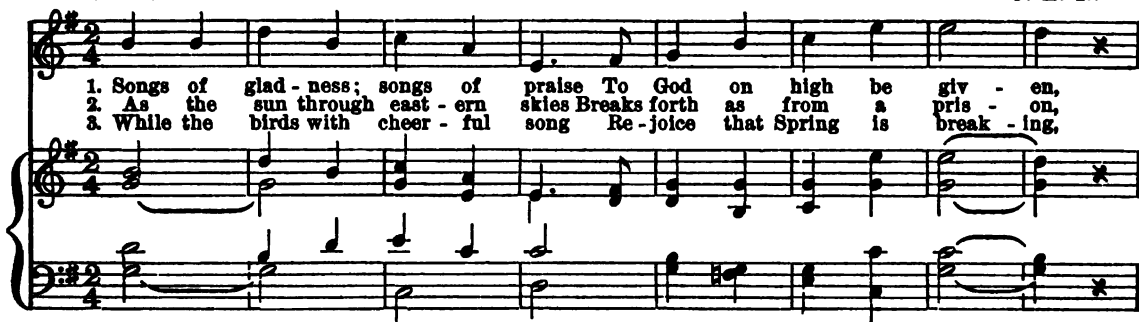
Songs of gladness.

(EASTER.)

Carol 201.


SOP. SOLO.

J. E. N.



1. Songs of glad - ness; songs of praise To God on high be giv - en,
 2. As the sun through east - ern skies Breaks forth as from a pris - on,
 3. While the birds with cheer - ful song Re - joice that Spring is break - ing,

DUET. SOP. AND ALTO.



Songs of tri - umph let us raise, For death's dark chains are riv - en.
 So our doubts, our dark - ness flies, For Christ our Lord is ris - en.
 Aft - er Win - ter, cold and long, Our earth to Life a - wak - ing.

CHORUS.



Night and gloom hung dark and drea - ry O'er the world that sol - emn night;
 An - gels bright with Heav'n - ly glo - ry Shin - ing through the nar - row room;
 Nev - er more with doubt and sad - ness, But with praise and sweet ac - cord,

Weep - ing friends with watch - ing wea - ry, Sought the tomb at morn - ing light,
 Stayed to tell the won - drous sto - ry "Seek Him not with - in the tomb."
 With deep joy and heart - felt glad - ness Let us seek our ris - en Lord.

Near the tomb where Christ hath been.

Carol 202.

(EASTER.)

M. S. Skeffington.



Near the tomb where Christ hath been, Weep - ing stands the Mag - da - lene;



With the two dis - ci - ples she Won - ders where her Lord can be:



Look - ing in, they see the bed Where the Lord hath laid His Head,



Where He slept so calm, so still, Un - der-neath His ho - ly will. A - MEN.

2

Stooping down they see no more
Than the clothes which wrapped Him o'er;
Clothes which wound His feet, His brow,
Death's white vestments, useless now;
Two depart: but love and faith
Stronger are than sight, than death:
At the tomb where Christ hath been,
Watching waits the Magdalene.

3

He was here; then she will wait,
Watching early, watching late;
Where her Jesus last was seen,
There will wait the Magdalene.
Looking in with streaming eyes,
Angels twain she there espies:
Angels there are sitting now,
Clothed in raiment white as snow.

4

Shines their glory through the shade,
Where His Body once was laid:
Hark, with glad accord they cry,
"Jesus lives, no more to die:
Thy dear Lord abides not here;
He is risen; do not fear;
Mary, wipe thy tears away,
See the place where Jesus lay."

5

Turning round she sees Him stand
In the garden close at hand:
"Mary!" 'tis His accent now:
"Master; it is Thou, 'tis Thou!"
Lord, devoutly at Thy feet,
We with her would thanks repeat:
Be Thou by Thy saints adored,
Risen Jesus, God and Lord.



Watching in the meadows.

Carol 203.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Myles B. Foster.
cres.

Andante Gracioso. 3/4

1. Watching in the meadows, O'er their flocks by night, Shepherds heard glad
2. Hark, that joy-ous mes-sage! Mourners cease to grieve! Join to hail with

tid-ings, Saw heav'n's wondrous light! Hal-le-lu-jahs heard they From the An-gels then—
glad-ness Bless-ed Christmas eve! Chil-dren, let those tid-ings Ring forth once a-gain:

"Peace on earth" their message, And "Good-will to men!" "Peace on earth" their message, And "Good-
"Glo-ry in the high-est, And "Good-will to men!" "Glo-ry in the high-est," And "Good-

will to men." "Peace on earth, . . . Peace on earth."
will to men."

dim. *p* *D.C. al* 3/4

mp *p*

Carol 204.

Maestoso.

Four sets of trebles.

Hark! I hear, sweet and clear.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Myles B. Foster.

pp Hark! I hear, sweet and clear, Voi-ces sing of Christ the King!

Maestoso.

f

Voice parts can be played, but only if necessary.

mf In the night still and bright, Hark! the word of praise is heard.

f *ff*

CAROL. Pastorale.

mf Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing Thro' the midnight, loud and clear; Hark! the happy voi - ces sing-ing

mf

cres. *sf* *dim.*

Once a - gain is Christ-mas near! Hap - py Christmas, Thou art ev - er wel - come here!

cres. *dim.* *p* **D.C.**

2
How the bitter winter weather
Beats without the window-pane!
Closer draw the chairs together,
Hand clasp hand in friendly strain:
Happy Christmas!
What care we for wind or rain?

3
Let us not forget in gladness
That the poor are at the gate:
Let us think how want and sadness
Often are their only fate:
Happy Christmas!
For the poor as for the great.

4
Welcome, dear old Christmas, welcome!
Well we've loved thee in the past—
And, when graver grown and older,
Still we'll love and hold thee fast:
Happy Christmas!
We will love thee to the last.

Carol 205.

Sleep, Holy Babe.

(CHRISTMAS.)

F. W. Partridge.

Not slow.

SOPRANO.

cres.

p Sleep! Ho-ly Babe! up-on Thy mo-ther's breast, *mf* Great Lord of earth, and

sea, and sky, *dim.* How sweet it is to see Thee lie *p* In such . . .

TENORS AND BASSES. (or CONTRALTO, if preferred, in mixed choir.)

. . . a place of rest. . . . *p* 2. Sleep! Ho-ly Babe! Thine Angels watch a-round,

Firmly.

cres.

mf All bend-ing low with fold-ed wings! Be-fore . . the In-car-nate

poco dim. King of kings, In rev-'rent awe . . . pro-found. . . .

SLEEP! HOLY BABE.

SOPRANOS. (OR SOPRANO SOLO.)

p *cres.* *mf* *dim.*

3. Sleep! Ho-ly Babe! while I with Ma-ry gaze In joy up-on . that Face a-while, Up-

pp *cres.*

p *pp*

on . . the lov - ing in - fant smile Which there . . Di-vine - ly plays. . . .

p

HARMONY.

pp *cres. e poco agitato.* *mf*

4. Sleep! Ho - ly Babe! ah! take Thy brief re-pose; Too quick-ly will Thy

pp *mf*

slum-bers break, Too quick-ly will Thy slum-bers break, And Thou to length - ened

a tempo. dim. *death a-lone shall close.* *pp rall.*

pains a - wake, That death a - lone . . shall close, death a - lone shall close.

pp

death a - lone shall close.



Bravely chime, ☉ Easter bells.

Carol 206.

Moderato con spirito.

Julia R. Higginbotham.

1. Brave - ly chime, O East - er bells; From their sleep let all a - wa - ken:

"Christ is ris - en," loud it swells; "Death is vanquished," "Earth is sha - ken!"

Brave - ly from your bel - fry ring, "Christ is ris - en," "Christ the King."

2

'T was but yester-eve He lay
In the garden, calmly sleeping;
'T was but at the break of day
Faithful Mary sought Him, weeping,
In the solemn garden ground,
Loving much, she sought and found.

3

Where the golden lily-heads
Heavy with the dews are bending,
Where the fragrant cedar spreads,
Who, along the path, is wending?
"Mary!" 't was the only word, —
Then she knew it was the Lord.

Parish Choir, No. 637—4.

4

Tell, O bells of Easter tide,
How, from winter's sleep awaking,
Earth hath laid her shroud aside:
Streams, their icy bonds are breaking,
Leaflets swell, and glad birds sing
Thankful hymns to Heaven's King.

5

Brightest buds and flowers to-day
Shew the world that Christ is risen,
And by symbols teach the way
That we too shall burst our prison.
Loudly then the tidings ring,
"Christ has conquered," "Christ is King."

SLEEP! HOLY BABE.

SOPRANOS. (OR SOPRANO SOLO.)

p *cres.* *mf* *dim.*

3. Sleep! Ho-ly Babe! while I with Ma-ry gaze In joy up-on . that Face a-while, Up-

pp *cres.*

p *pp*

on . . the lov - ing in - fant smile Which there . . Di-vine - ly plays. . . .

p

HARMONY.

pp *cres. e poco agitato.* *mf*

4. Sleep! Ho - ly Babe! ah! take Thy brief re - pose; Too quick - ly will Thy

pp *mf*

slum - bers break, Too quick - ly will Thy slum - bers break, And Thou to length - ened

a tempo. dim. *pp rall.*

death a - lone shall close.

pains a - wake, That death a - lone . . shall close, death a - lone shall close.

pp

death a - lone shall close.



Bravely chime, O Easter bells.

Carol 206.

Julia R. Higginbotham.

Moderato con spirito.

1. Brave - ly chime, O East - er bells; From their sleep let all a - wa - ken:

"Christ is ris - en," loud it swells; "Death is vanquished," "Earth is sha - ken!"

Brave - ly from your bel - fry ring, "Christ is ris - en," "Christ the King."

2

'T was but yester-eve He lay
In the garden, calmly sleeping;
'T was but at the break of day
Faithful Mary sought Him, weeping,
In the solemn garden ground,
Loving much, she sought and found.

3

Where the golden lily-heads
Heavy with the dews are bending,
Where the fragrant cedar spreads,
Who, along the path, is wending?
"Mary!" 't was the only word,—
Then she knew it was the Lord.

Parish Choir, No. 657—4.

4

Tell, O bells of Easter tide,
How, from winter's sleep awaking,
Earth hath laid her shroud aside:
Streams, their icy bonds are breaking,
Leaflets swell, and glad birds sing
Thankful hymns to Heaven's King.

5

Brightest buds and flowers to-day
Shew the world that Christ is risen,
And by symbols teach the way
That we too shall burst our prison.
Loudly then the tidings ring,
"Christ has conquered," "Christ is King."

Carol 207.

Let the song be begun.

(EASTER.)

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.

1. Let the song be be - gun, For the bat - tle is done, And the
vic - to - ry won; And the foe is scat - ter'd, And the
pri - son shat - ter'd; Sing of joy, sing of joy, And to - day raise the
lay:— Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis! Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis!

2

They that followed in pain
Shall now follow to reign,
And the crown shall obtain;
They were sore assaulted,
They shall be exalted.
Sing of rest, sing of rest,
And again pour the strain:
Gloria in excelsis! Gloria in excelsis!

3

For the foe nevermore
Can approach to the shore
Where the conflict is o'er,
There is joy supernal,
There is life eternal.
Sing of peace, sing of peace,
Earth and skies bid it rise
Gloria in excelsis! Gloria in excelsis!

Christ our God and Lord is risen.

Carol 208.

(EASTER.)

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.

1. Christ our God and Lord is ris - en From the seal'd and guard - ed pris - on;

Tell it out, ye Chris - tian peo - ple! Ring the chimes from tower and stee - ple:

Hark the Feast - er greets the Feast - er; Christmas shouts a - loud to East - er;— In ex - cel - sis

Glo - ri - a! In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a! In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a!

2

Jesus springs from death and scorning,
On this gladsome Easter morning.
Children, sing that glorious rising,
Earth and Heaven with joy surprising:
Echo back the angels' chanting,—
Let no voice to-day be wanting;—
In excelsis Gloria!

3

Risen is He with power to save us,
From the sins that still enslave us;
Risen in majesty to lead us,
To the home in heaven decreed us;
Fittest music for this Mirth-Day
Is the chant that hailed His Birth-Day
In excelsis Gloria!

4

Holy Christ, accept the praises,
Which each feeble voice upraises;
And when life shall here have ending,
May our souls to Thee ascending,
Join Thy saints,— like them forgiven,—
In that happiest song of heaven:—
In excelsis Gloria.

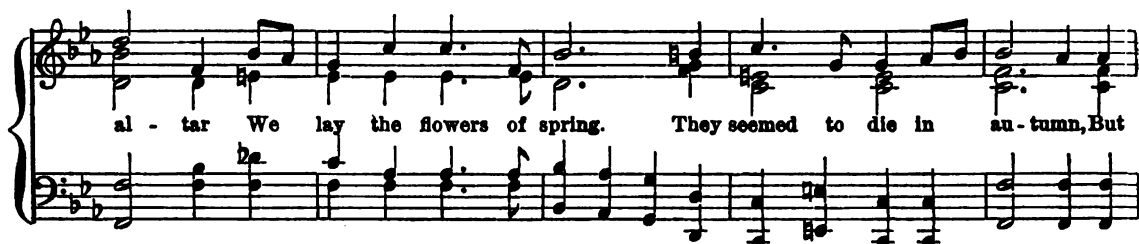
♫ Earth, on Easter morning.

Carol 209.

George Edgar Oliver.



1. O Earth, on Eas - ter morn - ing All ju - blant - ly sing, As on the dear Lord's



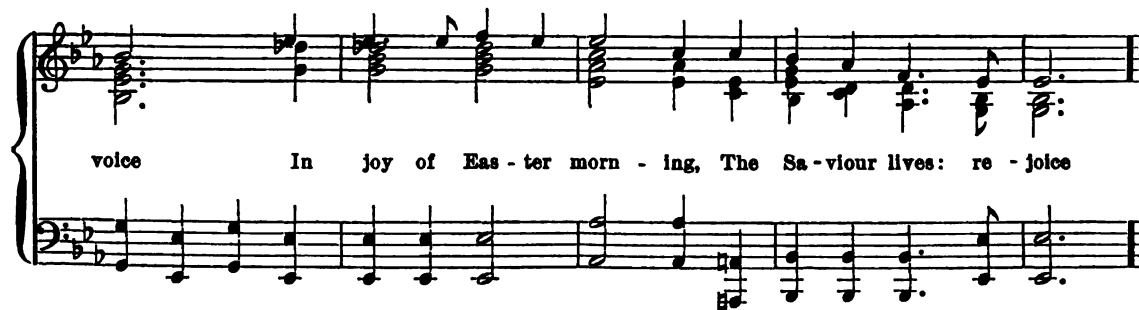
al - tar We lay the flowers of spring. They seemed to die in au - tumn, But



lo, to - day they bloom; So Christ who died has ris - en In



CHORUS.
beau - ty from the tomb. *ff* Lo, Christ the Lord is ris - en! O Earth, lift up thy



voice In joy of Eas - ter morn - ing, The Sa - viour lives: re - joice

2

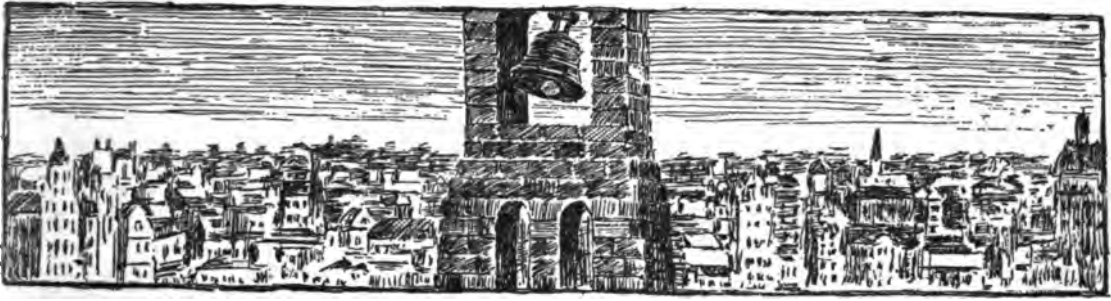
Behold, the grave is empty
In which the Saviour lay;
O'er sin and death triumphant
He lives in heav'n to-day;
And as our Saviour liveth,
We know that we shall live
And share with Him the glory
He promiseth to give.

CHORUS. Lo, Christ the Lord is risen, etc.

3

All hail, Thou risen Saviour!
By Thy deserted tomb
Faith stands and points us heav'nward
Above earth's grief and gloom.
There in the spring of heaven
The soul's white flower shall rise
From out earth's winter slumber
And bloom in Paradise.

CHORUS. Lo, Christ the Lord is risen, etc.



O'er the mountains.

Carol 210.

(CHRISTMAS.)

M. M. Simpson.

Swell-ing o'er the moun - tain sounds the Christmas bell, Steal-ing down the val - ley, its

joy - ful news to tell; Now hap - py fa - ces greet us, New joys come forth to meet us; Good

will, good and will and } peace to all, to all, this hap - py Christ - mas Day!

2

In their tents abiding, shepherds on the plain,
Heard the angel-voices sing out the glad refrain,
"To God on high be glory,
To men the joyful story,
Good will and peace to all, this happy Christmas Day!"

3

O'er the darkness rising shines the Royal Star,
Leading to its brightness the people from afar;
The kings of earth adore Him,
And nations bow before Him
Who brings good will and peace on happy Christmas Day!

4

Maidens, men, and children — sage and sinner too —
Pardon, peace, and gladness, the Saviour brings to you;
The angels' song repeating,
We send the joyous greeting,
Good will and peace to all, this happy Christmas Day!

Christians, carol sweetly.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 211.

W. Spinney.

Christians, ca - rol sweet - ly, Up to - day and sing! . . .

'Tis the hap - piest birth - day Of our Sa - viour King; Haste we then to

greet Him, Hum - bly fall - ing down, While our hands en - twine Him, Dear - est Babe, a crown.

2 Crowds of snow-white Angels
Throng the golden stair;
All things are delightful,
All things passing fair;
Bells, clear music making,
Peal the news to earth;
Chimes within make answer,
All is glee and mirth.

8 Michael, at the Manger,
Bows his royal face;
Gabriel, with lily,
Hides Transcendent Grace;
For, dear friends, the glory
Of that lowly bed
Overpowers the beauty
On Archangels shed.

4 Shall I tell of Joseph,
Who, with rapt surprise,
Sees the light from Godhead
Fill those infant eyes?
Shall I sing of Mary,
Who, upon her breast,
Cradles her Creator
Soothes Him to His rest?

5 Angels, Mary, Joseph,
Yes, I greet you all!
Falling down in worship
At the Manger-stall;
For you hail our Monarch,
Born a Child to-day —
So with you I worship,
And my homage pay.

Ring merrily.

Carol 212.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. W. Treadwell.

Ring mer - ri - ly! Ring mer - ri - ly! O hap - py Christ - mas bells; And let us hear a -

gain the tales Your mu - sic ev - er tells, . . Your mu - sic ev - er tells:— How

Chris - tian men in oth - er days Made feast with - in their halls, Hung mis - tie - toe and

hol - ly wreaths A - round their old oak walls; How rich and poor knelt side by side, At -

call of Christmas chimes; And how the bonds of Chris - tian love Bound up the "good old times."

rit. *Org.* *a tempo.* *Org.* *rit.*

2 Ring tenderly! Ring tenderly!
O holy Christmas bells:
For ever with your earthly peal
A heavenly chorus swells;
The angels, who were first to bring
The welcome news to men,
Still join with us to celebrate
The Saviour's birth again;
And some whom we have loved and lost
Sing carols with us now,
With all the old love in their hearts,
And new light on their brow.

3 Ring joyously! Ring joyously!
O blessed Christmas bells;
And show us of the future good
Your welcome chime foretells.
We know 't will be a mingled lot
Of pleasure, pain and strife;

That thorns will cluster round the flowers,
Along our path of life;
But ye shall sing to us of hope;
Of help, of love untold;
Reminding us of that bright star
That tips our clouds with gold.

4 Ring merrily! Ring merrily!
O dear old Christmas bells,
And bring all holy blessings down
From where all mercy dwells.
Ring out your gentle messages,
As ye have done of old,
To help the weary and the sad,
The weaklings of the fold;
And tell again the cheering tale
Of Him who bore our woe;
And gave His own heart's life and love,
For breaking hearts below.

Hark! the song of choirs angelic.

(CHRISTMAS.)

E. Lancaster.

Carol 213.

Hark! the song of choirs an - gel - ic, Ra - dant in their robes of white, Gent - ly
borne up - on the bree - zes Breaks the si - lence of the night. Wake, O
sleep - er! Wake right ear - ly! He - rald an - gels sing to
thee, Mu - sic swell - ing, Joy fore - tell - ing, 'T is thy Lord's Na - ti - vi -
ty. . . *mf* Symphony after last verse.

2 Filled with fear the wakeful shepherds
Listened to the angels' lay,
Reassured, they learn the message :
" Christ, your Lord, is born to-day !
Peace on earth, good-will to all men
Through eternal ages be."
Sighs and sadness
Turn to gladness
On the Lord's Nativity !

3 Lowly in a manger lying,
Heavenly light around Thee shed,
Object of our praise undying :
Holy Child in humble bed ;

May Thy birthday ever find us
Praising the Eternal Three,
Who, to save us,
Freely gave us
Life, with Thy Nativity.

4 Year by year, Thy Church unsleeping
Careful of Thy lambs below,
Still her faithful watch is keeping,
Till her cup of joy o'erflow ;
Praises will she ever mingle
With her glad festivity :
Carols singing,
Joybells ringing,
On her Lord's Nativity.



Let the merry church-bells ring.

Carol 214.

UNISON OR PARTS.

(EASTER.)

Geo. Wm. Warren.

Allegretto con Brio.

SOPRANO AND TENOR IN UNISON.

ff Let the mer - ry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! *mf* Let the mer - ry church-bells ring,
 Hence with tears and sigh - ing; Frost and cold have fled with spring, Life hath conquer'd dy - ing;
cres. Flow'rs are smil - ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the weath - er; With our ris - ing Lord to - day
mp tempo. All things rise to - geth - er. *ff* Let the mer - ry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! Let the mer - ry
 church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring.

Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring!
 Let the birds sing out again
 From their leafy chapel,
 Praising him with whom in vain
 Satan sought to grapple;
 Sounds of joy came fast and thick,
 As the breezes flutter:
Resurrexit, non est hic,
 Is the strain they utter.
 ¶: Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! :||
 Parish Choir, No. 708—4.

Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring!
 Let the past of grief be past;
 This our comfort giveth,
 He was slain on Friday last
 But to-day He liveth:
 Mourning hearts must needs be gay,
 Nor let sorrow vex it;
 Since the very grave can say,
Christus, resurrexit.
 ¶: Let the merry church-bells ring, ring, ring, ring! :||

Days grow longer.

(EASTER.)

Carol 215.
Allegretto.

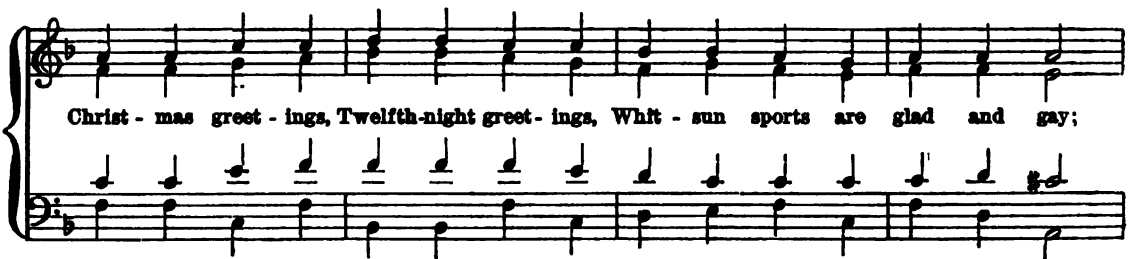
Ancient Melody.
Arr. by T. Helmore.



1. Days grow long - er, sun - beams strong - er, Eas - ter - tide makes all things new;



Lent is ban - ish'd, sad - ness van - ish'd; Christ hath ris - en, rise we too!



Christ - mas greet - ings, Twelfth-night greet - ings, Whit - sun sports are glad and gay;



But the light - est and the bright - est Of our feasts is Eas - ter day.



2. Earth - ly sto - ry crowns with glo - ry Him who earth - ly foes o'er - came:



Vic - tor's lan - rel ends the quar - rel, Hon - our dwells a - bout His Name.

DAYS GROW LONGER.



Van-quish'd le - gions, con - quer'd re - gions, Kings de - pos'd and prin - ces bound.



Ex - ul - ta - tion, ac - cla - ma - tion, Fill His ears and float a - round.



3. Then un - end - ing and tran - scend - ing Be the glo - ry of Thy Son:



For tran - scen - dent and re - splen - dent was the vic - t'ry He hath won:



Death hath yield - ed, life is shield - ed, Sa - tan bound, and Hell in chains:



Chas'd in ter - ror, fled in er - ror, Grief is past and joy re - mains.

The world itself keeps Easter Day.

(EASTER.)

Carol 216.

R. F. Smith.

The world it - self keeps Eas - ter Day, And Eas - ter larks are
sing - ing, And Eas - ter flowers are bloom - ing gay, And
Eas - ter buds are spring - ing. *ff* Al - le - lu - - - ia! Al - le -
lu - ia! The Lord of all things lives a - new, And
all His works are liv - ing too. Al - le - lu - - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

2
There stood three Maries by the tomb,
On Easter morning early—
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
With loving, but with erring, mind
They came the Prince of Life to find,
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3
But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "Why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the Living?"
Alleluia! Alleluia!
"Go tell them all, and make them blest,
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4
But one, and one alone, remained,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a higher joy she gained,
That sometime sinner, Mary.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the dear, dear form to see,
Of Him that hung upon the tree.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

5
The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flow'rs are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord of all things lives anew,
And all His works are living too.
Alleluia! Alleluia!



Joyful is the morn.

Carol 217.

(CHRISTMAS.)

E. Bunnett.

mf

1. Once a - gain the old - en sto - ry, It is sweet for all to sing,
2. Seat - ter'd o'er the dis - tant na - tions Ma - ny are we love, to - day,

mf

cres.

How, from realms of won - drous glo - ry, Came our Sa - viour, and our King! Ev - 'ry
Yet the shep - herds' rev - el - a - tions Rest with them so far a - way. One with

heart this morn re - joi - ces, Beat - ing with a Chris - tain throng; Countless thousands raise their
us to Je - sus cling - ing, They will thank - ful praise pro - long, Send their voi - ces up - ward

voi - ces, And re - peat the joy - ous song: } Bright and joy - ful is the morn, For to
ring - ing, As they join the glad - some song: }

rall.

us a child is born; From the high - est realm of heav'n Un - to us a Son is giv'n!"

Ring the Bells.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 218.

T. C. Dean.

Ring the bells, the Christ-mas bells; Chime out the won-drous sto-ry; First in song on

An - gel tongues It came from realms of glo - ry; Peace on earth, good will to men, An -

gel - lo voi - ces ring - ing—Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glo - rious message bring-ing.

Ring the mer-ry Christ-mas bells, Ring the mer-ry Christmas bells; Ring the mer-ry Christmas

Chime out the won - - - drous sto - - - - ry;
bells, Chime out the won drous sto ry;

Org.

dim.

RING THE BELLS.

Slower. *mf e cres.*

Glo - ry . . be to God on high, For ev - er - more be glo - ry.

2
Wise men hastened from the East
To bring their richest treasure—
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,
And jewels without measure.
Him they sought, although a King,
They found in birthplace lowly,
There within a manger lay
The babe so pure and holy.
Ring the merry Christmas bells, etc.

8
Earthly crowns were not for Him;
He came God's love revealing;
On the Cross He died for us,
His blood forgiveness sealing.
'T is the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day
Its grateful anthems raises.
Ring the merry Christmas bells, etc.

Carol 219.

Sing we merry Christmas.

C. T. Bowen.

Sing we mer - ry Christ - mas, Christ - mas blithe and free, Time of ho - ly

glad - ness, Mirth and min - strel - sy. Hark! the mer - ry Church - bells

Ring - ing joy - ous - ly; Hall - ing with sweet mu - sic Christ's na - tiv - i - ty.

2
Haste we to His temple,
Wreathe our garlands green;
Deck each arch and column,
Stall and altar-screen:
Gloria in excelsis
Hark, the angels sing!
Gloria in excelsis
To our Infant King.

8
Priest and choir and people,
Join in concert all;
Sing your loudest praises
At our festival.
Joy for us poor exiles,
On this happy morn;
JESUS CHRIST EMMANUEL
Of David's line was born.

Ring out the bells for Christmas.

Carol 220.

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges.

mf Ring out the bells for Christ-mas, The hap - py, hap - py day, In win - ter wild, the

mf Ho - ly Child With - in a cra - dle lay. O won - der - ful! the Sa - viour Is

In a man - ger lone; His pal - ace is a sta - ble, And Ma - ry's arm His throne.

CHORUS.

f Ring out the bells for Christ - mas, The hap - py, hap - py day, Ring

out the bells for Christ - mas, The hap - py, hap - py day.

mf On Bethlehem's quiet hillside,
In ages long gone by,
In angel notes the Glory floats,
cr Glory to God on high!
Yet wakes the sun as joyous
As when the Lord was born,
And still He comes to greet you
On every Christmas morn.

CHORUS. — Ring out the bells, etc.

p Where'er His sweet lambs gather
Within this gentle fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near
As in the days of old:
In each young heart you see Him,—
In every guileless face
You see the Holy Jesus,
Who grew in truth and grace.
CHORUS. — Ring out the bells, etc.

p In many a darksome cottage,
In many a crowded street,
In winter bleak, with shivering cheek,
The homeless child you meet;
Gaze on the pale wan features,
The feet with wandering sore,
You see the souls He loveth,
The Christ-Child at the door.

CHORUS. — Ring out the bells, etc.

f Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the new-born Sun;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on every one.
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor, His orphan call;
For He who chose the manger, —
cr He loveth one and all.
CHORUS. — Ring out the bells, etc.



Twine the Easter garland.

Carol 221.

Allegro.

TREBLES.

G. B. Lissant.

Twine the Eas - ter gar - land, Deck the grave with flowers, Je - sus Christ has con-quired

Death's en - thral - ling powers: Sa - tan, sin, and sor - row Are be - neath His feet:

CHORUS.
Christians, raise your voic - es, Sing His triumph sweet. Twine the Eas - ter gar - land,

Deck the grave with flowers, Je - sus Christ has con-quired Death's en - thral - ling powers.

f 2 Like a mighty victor
Rose the Lord that morn;
Brighter light and purer
On this earth was born:
Rays of hope and mercy
Round His form were shed,
Scattered doubt, and showered
Glory on the dead. CHORUS.

mf 8 We are brother pilgrims
Marching on to life,
Following our Leader,
Through the mortal strife:
p Grave and pain before us
Cannot quench our love:—
cr Christians, we can triumph,
Through the might above. CHORUS.

mf 4 Faith, a ray of glory,
Shows the empty tomb,
And the many mansions
Of the Saviour's home,
p Where the saints are resting
After death and grave:—
cr Christians, we can conquer,
Sing His power to save. CHORUS.

f 5 By the joyful tidings
Of this sacred Day,
We have got a Surety,
None can take away,
cr We will show it, living
Holy lives of love;
p We will prove it, dying
In the Hope above. CHORUS.

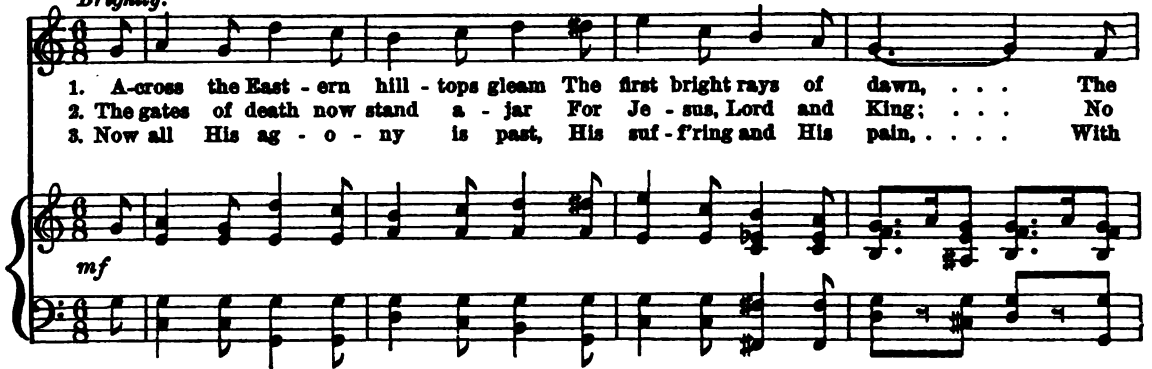
Across the Eastern hill-tops.

(EASTER.)

Carol 222.

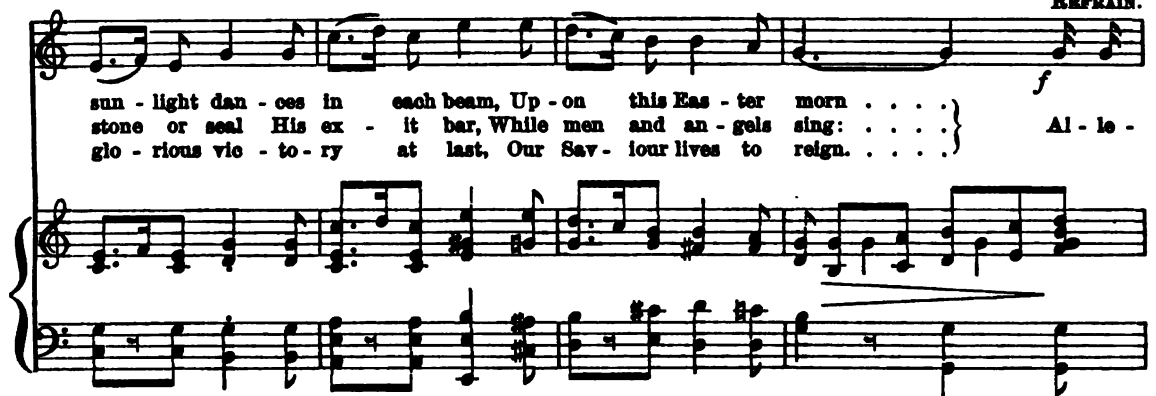
J. B. Fairbank.

Brightly.



1. A-cross the East - ern hill - tops gleam The first bright rays of dawn, . . . The
2. The gates of death now stand a - jar For Je - sus, Lord and King; . . . No
3. Now all His ag - o - ny is past, His suf - f'ring and His pain, . . . With

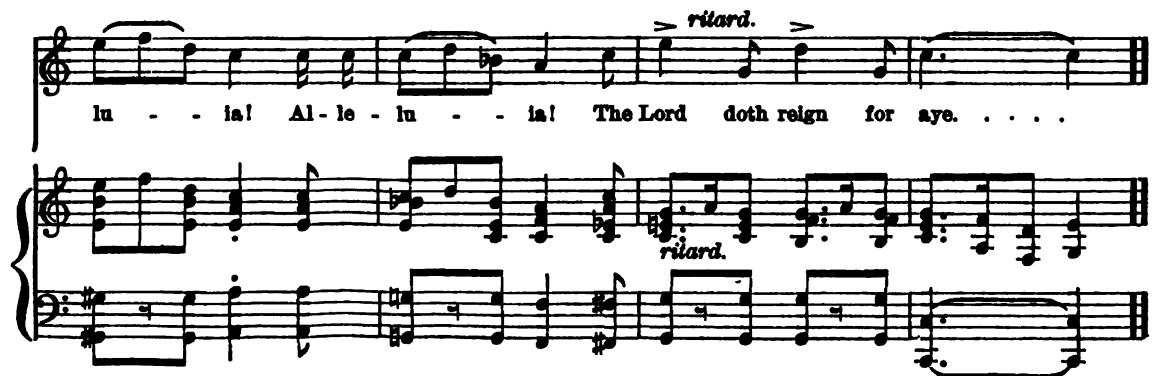
REFRAIN.



sun - light dan - ces in each beam, Up - on this Eas - ter morn . . . } Al - le -
stone or seal His ex - it bar, While men and an - gels sing: . . . }
glo - rious vic - to - ry at last, Our Sav - iour lives to reign. . . . }



lu - - ia! Al - le - lu - - ia! The Lord is ris'n to - day; . . . Al - le -



lu - - ia! Al - le - lu - - ia! The Lord doth reign for aye. . . .

From the *N. Y. Herald* by permission.

Christ is risen from the dead.

Carol 223.

(EASTER.)

A. N. H.

1. Christ is ris - en from the dead, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! All the suf - fer - ing He bore,
2. Christ is ris - en from the dead, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! He Who bore a life of pain,

All His pain and grief are o'er, Death can tri - umph now no more, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia.
That we all might with Him reign, From the tomb is ris'n a - gain, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia.

mf Christ is risen from the dead,
cr Sing we Alleluia!
mp He Who for His children died,
On the Cross was crucified,
cr On this day is glorified,
f Sing we Alleluia!

f Christ is risen from the dead,
Sing we Alleluia!
mf Grant to us, dear Lord, to be
Sharers of Thy Victory;
cr Then in Heaven we'll sing to Thee
ff Praise and Alleluia!

Hail, Easter bright, in glory dight!

Carol 224.

Melody of 16th cent.
Har. by C. Wood.

Hail, East - er bright, in glo - ry dight! The heav - ens laugh and sing; . .

Since Christ, our Light, up - rose by night, Let car - ols greet our King. . .

f Ye sons of men, in triumph high,
Exult with heart and voice:
Ye sons of God, make glad reply,
Let heaven and earth rejoice.

p His wounds, how fair to look upon!
He liveth, slain of yore:
Winter for Him is past and gone,
And tempests rage no more.

mf Our Paschal joy Christ Jesus is,
Delight of Angels' eye:
'T is He doth ope the gates of bliss,
And wash our guilt away.

mf The blood of Christ won pardon sure
For man from God above:
In His, our death wounds find a cure;
Thanks, Jesu, for Thy love.

The pearly gates aside are rolled.

Carol 225.

(ASCENSION.)

G. P. Grantham.

With spirit.

mf The pearl - y gates a - side are rolled, The doors wide o - pen stand, .

mf And heaven, with all its street of gold, Its bright an - gel - ic band, . .

mp Its che - rub and its se - raph choir, A - wait in blest ac - cord, .

cr With burn - ing love, and fond de - sire, The com - ing of their Lord. .

2

mf He on Mount Olivet below,
His well-beloved among,
A benison must first bestow
Upon the saintly throng.
p His hand is raised, the words are said
Of love, with pity blent,
pp While bowed in awe is every head,
And every knee is bent.

3

cr He comes! He comes! from earth He soars!
See how the living cloud
Of angel wings around Him flings
Bright rays, His form to shroud!
While steadfastly, with upturned eye,
The rapt Apostles gaze
p With Mary, at the deep-veiled sky,
In silent still amaze.

4

cr He comes! He comes! lift up your heads,
Ye gates, ye portals bright!
Your Prince returns! His path He treads
To meads of amber light.
f He is the King of Glory! Sing,
ff Ye Heavens, with loud acclaim;—
Your God, your everlasting King,
The Lord of Hosts His Name!



See, the morning fair and bright.

Carol 226.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Joyfully. TREBLE VOICES ONLY.

Arthur H. Brown.

mf See, the morn-ing fair and bright, Hail the Saviour come to save All mankind from endless night!

mp On this day Himself He gave; Left His Fa-ther's throne above, Crown'd with mercy, peace, and love.

CHORUS. *f* Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing; Make the heav'n-ly man-sions ring; All the hosts of

heav'n proclaim Christ is born, Christ is born, *ff* Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!

2

Shepherds watching for the morn,
Heard the heavenly angels sing
Tidings great,—“This day is born
Israel's long-expected King!
For a sign, the heavenly Babe
In a manger now is laid.”

CHORUS. Hark! the herald angels sing;
Make the heavenly mansions ring;
All the hosts of heaven proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Parish Choir, No. 785—4.

8

See the Eastern Sages led
By the Star which graced the morn,
To the place where oxen fed,
There the great I AM was born;
There they saw the Son of God,
Come to shed His precious blood.

CHORUS. Hark! the herald angels sing;
Make the heavenly mansions ring;
All the hosts of heaven proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

Christian people, come and sing.

Carol 227.

(CHRISTMAS.)

James C. Macy.

With animation.

1. Chris - tian peo - ple, come and sing, Hope and joy re - ceiv - ing! Tell of Him who is our King,
 2. Yes, come forth, and joy - ful be, Cares of life un - heed - ing; Faith and Love, with Char - i - ty,
 3. Chris - tian peo - ple, sing ye now, Ear - nest voi - ces rais - ing, Sing good-will to earth be - low,

rit. p a tempo. mf f

Still His words are liv - ing! Proud or humble, rich or poor, Christmas opens wide your door, From each heart its
 Be not deaf to pleading! May all err - ing hearts of men Turn to peace and love a - gain! Christmas doth not
 Which like heav'n is praising! Proud or humble, rich or poor, Christmas opens wide your door, From each heart its

Ring. . . bells! . . .

bles - ings pour, The joy of joys is giv - ing!
 come in vain, For Christ is ev - er lead - ing! O Christmas bells, Ring on!
 bles - ings pour, The joy of joys is giv - ing!
ring on.

Ring. . . bells! . . .

There were shepherds watching.

Carol 228.

(CHRISTMAS.)

A. A. Wad.

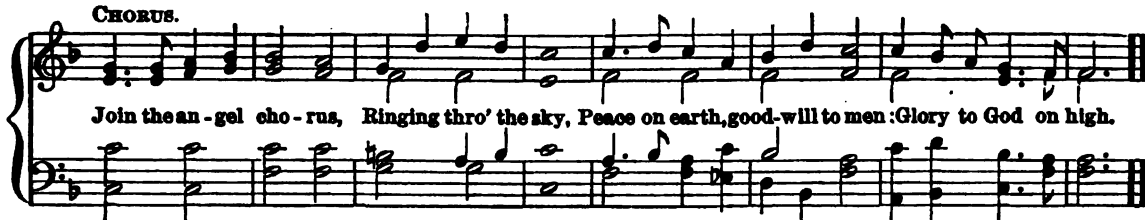
Allegretto. IN UNISON.

There were shepherds watching, In the fields their sheep, In si - lence of the mid - night, Watch and ward they keep;

Sud - den - ly a - round them Glowed a wondrous light, And a white - rob'd an - gel, Filled them with affright.

THERE WERE SHEPHERDS WATCHING.

CHORUS.



2
"In royal David's city,"
Said he, "is born a King.
To you the joyful tidings
From God above I bring."
Suddenly a mighty host
Of angels filled the sky,
Praising God and saying:
"Glory to God on high!"
CHORUS.—Join the angel chorus, etc.

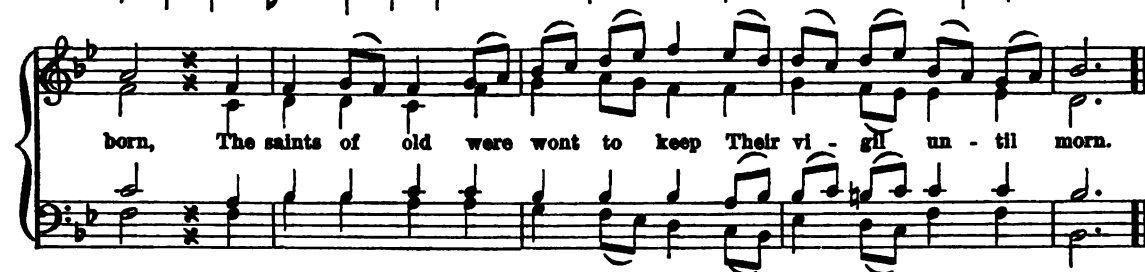
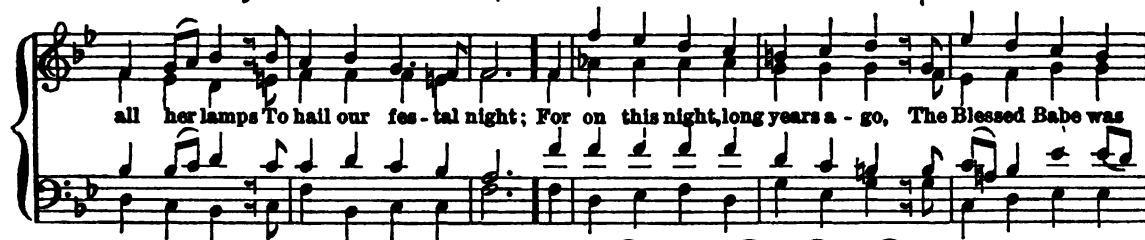
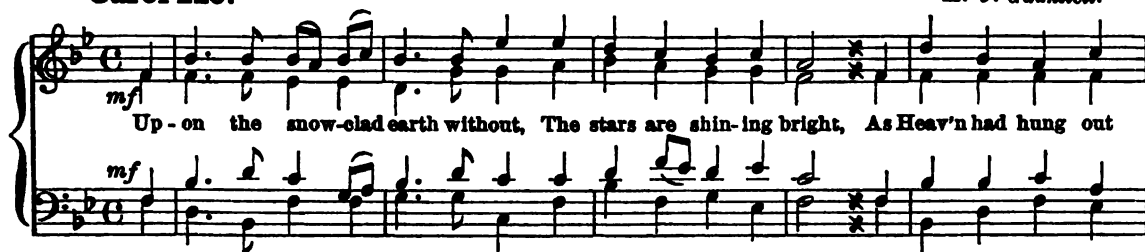
3
See the Wise Men coming
From their homes afar,
Guided by the beaming
Of a glorious star!
Now they bow before Him,
And their Saviour greet,
While they pour rich treasures
Humbly at His feet.
CHORUS.—Join the angel chorus, etc.

Upon the snow-clad earth without.

Carol 229.

(CHRISTMAS.)

H. J. Gauntlett.



2
mf 'T was in the days when far and wide
Men owned the Cæsar's sway,
That his decree went forth, that all
A certain tax should pay.
Then from their home in Nazareth's vale
Obedient to the same,
With Mary, his espoused wife,
The saintly Joseph came.

3
p A stable and a manger, where
The oxen lowed around,
Was all the shelter Bethlehem gave,
The welcome that they found!
mf Yet blessed among women was
That holy mother-maid,
dim Who on that night her First-born Son
There in the manger laid.

4
p In swaddling bands she wrapped Him
And smooth'd His couch of straw, round,
While unseen Angels watched beside,
In mute, adoring awe.
cr How softly did they fold their wings
Beneath that star-lit shed,
While eastern Sages from afar
f The new-born radiance led!

5
mf And thus it is, from age to age,
That as this night comes round,
So sweetly, underneath the moon,
The Christmas carols sound.
cr Because to us a CHILD is born,
Our BROTHER, and our KING,
f Angels in Heaven, and we on earth,
Our joyful anthems sing.

On Christmas night true Christians sing.

Carol 230.

Arthur H. Brown.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 72$.

Symphony. f

1. On Christ-mas night true
2. An-gels with joy sing
3. Let sin de-part, while

Chris-tians sing, To hear what news the an-gels bring; News of great joy, cause of great mirth, Good in the air, No mu-sic may with theirs com-pare: While pris-ners in their chains re-joice To we His grace And glo-ry see in Je-sus' face; For so shall we sure com-fort find When

tid-ings of the Sav-lour's birth, Good tid-ings of the Sav-lour's birth. hear the e-cho of that voice, To hear the e-cho of that voice. thus this day we bear in mind, When thus this day we bear in mind. *Sym. f*

The King of kings to us is given, The Lord of earth and King of heav'n; An- So now on earth can men be sad, When Je-sus comes to wish us glad; From And from [the dark-ness we have light, Which makes the an-gels sing this night: "Glo-

gels and men with joy may sing, To see and bless this new-born King, To see and bless this sin and hell to set us free, And buy for us our lib-er-ty, And buy for us our ry to God, His peace to men, Both now and ev-er-more." A-men, "Both now and ev-er-

new-born King. lib-er-ty more," A-men. *Sym. f*

Parish Choir, No. 735-4.



The Day of resurrection.

EASTER.

Carol 231.

George Edgar Oliver.

1. The Day of Res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad; . The

Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God. . . From

death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky, . . . Our

Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry. . . .

2

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3

Now let the heavens be joyful;
Let earth her song begin;
The round world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

● Lord of all, with us abide.

(EASTER.)

C. J. Wilson.

Carol 232.

Allegretto non molto.

SOLO.

1. O Lord of all, with us a-bide,
2. While He, the King, the migh-ty King,

Allegretto non molto.

mf

 f

mp

***f* CHORUS.**

SOLO.

***f* CHORUS.**

SOLO.

Al - le, al - le - lu - ia! In this our joy - ful Pas - ter - tide; Al - le, al - le - lu - ia! From
Al - le, al - le - lu - ia! De - spoil - ing death of all its sting, Al - le, al - le - lu - ia! And

ev - ry weap - on death can wield Thine own redeemed for ev - er shield. All praise be Thine, O
trampling down the power of night, Brings forth His ransomed saints to light. The pains of hell are

Musical notation for the chorus and solo of "The Day of Wrath." The notation is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It includes dynamic markings: *f* CHORUS, SOLO, and *f* CHORUS. The lyrics are written below the notes.

ris-en Lord, Al-le, al-le-lu-ia! From death to end-less life re-stored; Al-le, al-le-
 loosed at last; Al-le, al-le-lu-ia! The days of mourn-ing now are past; Al-le, al-le-

lu - ia! All praise to God the Fa - ther be, And Ho - ly Ghost E - ter - nal - ly.
lu - ia! An an - gel robed in light hath said, "The Lord is ris - en from the dead."

WE SING TO-DAY OUR EASTER HYMN.

mf CHORUS. *f* *rit.*

Hark! the an - gels prais - es sing To Je - sus, our tri-umphant King. A - MEN, A - MEN.

mf *f* *rit.* *D. C.* *mf* *f*

We sing to-day our Easter hymn.

Carol 233.

Maestoso.

W. D. Armstrong.

f *f*

We sing to - day our East - er hymn, Our glad Ho - san - nas

ring - ing, With Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim Our meed of prais - es

bring - ing, We will for - get the night of woe When Christ our Lord lay

slain, And on - ly chant the joy we know That He doth live a - gain.

2

He conquered all that did oppose,
With fiend and demon warring,
And bravely battled 'gainst our foes
With wounds His visage marring.
He met, at length, the last of all,
That dreaded foe called Death,
And on the Cross did seem to fall
Beneath his noxious breath.

3

But now, to-day we sing the song
Which tells His triumph o'er him,
Death could not hold "the Master" long
And so gave way before Him.
Then carol with a grateful heart
For all that Christ hath done,
His breaking Satan's fiercest dart,
For Life that He hath won.

In the star of morning.

(EASTER.)

Carol 234.

Rev. R. F. Smith.

Allegretto.

1. In the star of morn - ing Ris - ing in the sky, Bright and full of beau - ty,
Fair to mor - tal eye, From the womb of dark - ness, Called a - loft to shine,
rall. CHORUS.
Of the Re - sur - rec - tion See the Ho - ly Sign! All the works of Na - ture
cres. rall. dim. ppp
Still their powers em - ploy, Ev - er to pre - d - gure Earth's true Eas - ter joy, Our true Eas - ter joy!
cres. rall. dim. ppp

2
When the Spring-tide showers
Fall o'er hill and plain,
When the trees and flowers
Bloom on earth again;
Then the seed, long buried,
Hid from mortal view,
In the garb of beauty
Bursteth forth anew. CHO.

3
As the shades of twilight
Softly fade away,
And the world from slumber,
Hails another day,
In the soul awaking,
And from dreamland torn,
See the type foreshowing
Man's great Easter morn! CHO.

4
In the works of Nature
Wheresoever viewed,
In the cloud and sunshine,
Calm, and tempest rude:
In the earth about us,
In the circling air,
Types of Resurrection
Meet us everywhere. CHO.



There came three kings.

Carol 235.

(EPIPHANY OR CHRISTMAS.)

Charles Vincent.

1. There came three kings by God's own hand Led by a star from Morn-ing land, To

SOLO VOICE OR
SEMI-CHORUS.
Ho -

Christ - ward thro' Hie - ru - sa - lem, Un - to the crib at Beth - le - hem: God
san - - - - - na! Ho - san - - - - na . . . in the high - est!

bring us to you Babe al - so, Him for to wor-ship ev - - er - mo!

2

Within the star so great and sheen,
A golden-crownèd Babe is seen;
His sceptre is a crown of gold,
His face like sunshine to behold.
God, evermore to man below,
Light from yon blissful star bestow.

8

From eastern land, in haste the while,
They journey many a weary mile;
O'er hill and vale, through sleet and snow,
By frith and fen, on, on they go.
God, may the pathway never be
Too tough and hard that leads to Thee.

4

Though Herod welcome bade the kings,
Their hearts are full of other things,
Forth from the stately court in speed,
They to the lowly crib proceed.
God, nought till death, whate'er betide,
Us from the right road turn aside.

Parish Choir, No. 845-4.

5

Now when the kings came to the stall,
Before the Babe they straightway fall;
Each saintly pilgrim then presents
His gold, or myrrh, or frankincense.
God, take our gifts, at best but small,
Goods, body, soul, life, heart, and all.

6

By frankincense the three proclaim
That God Almighty is His Name;
Myrrh, to the Son of Man they bring,
And gold, in token of her King.
God, keep us steadfast in this creed,
From heresy and schism freed.

7

Our Lady fain the kings doth greet,
E'en bids them kiss her baby sweet;
Viaticum it was, in fay,
To cheer them on their homeward way.
God, grant, when death shall us depart,
This heav'nly bread may cheer our heart.

All this night bright angels sing.

Carol 236.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. T. Field.

Allegro.
mf $\text{♩} = 144.$
cres.
 All this night bright an - gels sing, Nev - er was such ca - rol - ling. Hark! a voice which
mf
 loud - ly cries, Mor - tals, mor - tals, wake and rise. Lo! to glad - ness Turns your sad - ness:
f
 From the earth is ris'n a Sun, Shines all night tho' day be done.
f

2
 Wake, O Earth! wake everything!
 Wake! and hear the joy I bring:
 Wake and joy! for all this night
 Heavens and every twinkling light,
 All amazing
 Still stand gazing;
 Angels, Powers, and all that be,
 Wake and joy this Sun to see.

8
 Hail, O Sun! O blessed Light!
 Sent into this world by night;
 Let Thy Rays and heavenly Powers
 Shine in these dark souls of ours.
 For most duly
 Thou art truly
 God and Man, we do confess:
 Hail! O Sun of Righteousness.

Carol, sweetly carol.

Carol 237.

(CHRISTMAS.)

W. Sharrot.

Moderato.
mf
 1. Ca - rol, sweetly ca - rol; Raise your voices high, On this happy morning, Morn of peace and joy.
 2. Ca - rol, sweetly ca - rol, How on Ju - dah's plain, Shepherds heard the sto - ry, Told in heav'nly strain:
mf
 Let your voices min - gle With the an - gels' song: Glo - ry in the high - est; Thus the strain prolong.
 Peace, good will from heav'n, On this happy morn; In a manger low - ly, Christ the Lord is born.
mf

SLEEP! HOLY BABE!

CHORUS.

Ca-rol, sweetly ca-rol, Sing the glad re-train.— Glo-ry in the highest; Peace, goodwill to men.

2
Carol, sweetly carol,
How with one accord
Wise men brought their offering
To their Infant Lord.
We would come before Thee
With our gifts to-day;
Rule and reign, Lord Jesus,
In our hearts always.
Cho. — Carol, sweetly carol, etc.

4
Carol, sweetly carol;
Let the earth resound
With the wondrous story
To remotest bound:
Then shall men adore Him,
Their thank-offerings bring,
Join the happy chorus
Which the angels sing.
Cho. — Carol, sweetly carol, etc.

Sleep, Holy Babe.

Carol 238.

Andante.

(CHRISTMAS.)

VOICES AND ORG.

J. T. Field.

♩ = 96.
Org. Sw. Voiz celeste. rall.

1. Sleep! Ho-ly Babe! Up-on Thy Mo-ther's
breast; Great Lord of earth, and sea, and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie In
such a place of rest. Sleep! Ho-ly Babe! . . Thine An-gels watch a-round? . All
bend-ing low with fold-ed wings, Be-fore th'Incar-nate King of Kings, In reverent awe pro-found.

cres. mf rall. e dim.

2
Sleep! Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving Infant smile
Which there divinely plays.
Sleep! Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake,
That death alone shall close.

Christians, carol sweetly.

Carol 239.

(CHRISTMAS.)

H. S. Irons.

mf Christians, car - ol sweet - ly, Up to-day and sing! 'Tis the happy birth-day Of our Ho - ly King:

mf Haste we then to greet Him, Humbly falling down, While our hands en - twine Him, Dearest Babe, a crown.

dim. *cres.*

2
Crowds of snow-white Angels
Through the golden stair;
All things are delightful,
All things passing fair:
Bells, clear music making,
Peal the news to earth;
Chimes within make answer,
All is glee and mirth.

3
Michael, at the manger,
Bows his royal face;
Gabriel, with illy,
Hides transcendent Grace:
For, dear friends, the Glory
Of that lowly bed
Overpowers the beauty
On Archangels shed.

4
Shall I tell of Joseph,
Who, with rapt surprise,
Sees the light from Godhead,
Fill those infant eyes?
Shall I sing of Mary,
Who, upon her breast,
Cradles her Creator,
Soothes Him to His rest?

5
Angels, Mary, Joseph,
Yea, I greet you all!
Falling down in worship
At the manger stall!
For you hail our Monarch,
Born a child to-day:
So, with you I worship,
And my homage pay.

Hark! the Christmas songs are singing.

Carol 240.

Rev. George J. Magill.

1. Hark! the Christmas songs are sing - ing, And the Christmas bells are ring - ing; Wild - ly their glad

mes - sage fly - ing, In ex - cel - sis glor - i - a, In ex - cel - sis glor - i - a.

2
Chiefest day in our possessing,
Crowned with Christmas love and blessing,
Shout ye nations, Christ confessing,
In excelsis gloria!

3
How the glorious news is flying!
Christ, to save a world from dying,
In a lowly manger lying:
In excelsis gloria!

4
"Peace on earth," the Angel chorus
Loudly sang while hovering o'er us,
This the message that they bore us,
In excelsis gloria!

5
Oh! the bells so madly pealing;
Tidings of great joy revealing;
Through our hearts their echoes stealing
In excelsis gloria!

6
Christ now reigns a King for ever!
Safe in Him—we'll falter never;
Sing His praise for aye and ever!
In excelsis gloria!



Carol 241.

Day of Wonder.

(EASTER.)

Geo. Edgar Oliver.

Moderato.

p 1. Day of won - der, day of glad - ness, Hail thy ev - er glo - rious light:

Gone is sor - row, gone is sad - ness, End - ed is the gloom - y night.

mf Lis - ten to the an - gels' sto - ry, Cast a - way all doubt and dread;

dim. *rit.* Give to God, the Fa - ther, glo - ry, "Christ is ris - en from the dead!"

2.
In the triumph of this hour,
Jubilant shall swell the song,
Unto Jesus honor, power,
Blessing, victory belong.
Scattered are the clouds of error,
Sin and hell are captive led,
E'en the grave is freed from terror,
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

3.
Every people, every nation
Soon shall hear the gladsome sound,
Joyous tidings of salvation
Borne to earth's remotest bound.
Then shall rise in tones excelling,
Praise for grace so freely shed,
And the Easter hymn be swelling,
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

4.
Victor now, to heaven ascended,
Seated on the Father's throne,
Christ, in Whom our nature blended,
Will His blessed children own.
If above, in glory meeting,
We the heavenly courts should tread,
Sweeter then will sound the greeting,
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

Little Christian children, say.

Carol 242.

CHOIR, verses 1, 3, and 6.
With expression.

(EASTER.)

C. Vincent.



1. Lit - tle Chris - tian chil - dren, say Why your hearts are light to - day;



Why with hymn and ca - rol sweet, You this hap - py Sun - day greet?

CHILDREN, verses 2, 4, 5, and 7.



2. Ve - ry ear - ly Christ a - rose, Might-y Vic - tor o'er His foes,



In the morn - ing's twi-light gloom, Lord of Life, He left the tomb.

* These chords may be played with the left hand, if the bass note can be sustained by the pedal.

3.
CHOIR. — Little Christian children, tell
How your King hath vanquished hell,
As you say, has risen again,
He Who in the grave has lain.

4.
CHILDREN. — Faithless watch the sentries kept,
Bitter tears the women wept,
Till they saw the Angel bright,
Clad in raiment fair and white.

5.
CHILDREN. — Hark! he speaks to calm their fear
"He is risen, He is not here,
Gone before to Galilee,
There your Master ye shall see."

6.
CHOIR. — Little Christian children, sing,
Praising loud your risen King;
We too share your joyful strain,
Christ our Passover is slain.

7.
ALL. — Glory, Jesu, be to Thee,
Thou Whose rising sets us free;
Death and Satan overthrown,
Thee, the King of kings, we own.

Carol 243.

Bright Easter Day.

A. H. Brown.

Brightly. $\text{♩} = 60.$



♩ QUARTET (OR SOLO.)



1. Bright Eas - ter Day! Dear Eas - ter Day! Day on which our Lord a - rose: Chase



all the clouds of doubt a - way, Christ has tri - umphed o'er our foes.

CHORUS. $\text{♩} = 60.$



Je - su Chris - te, Al - le - lu - ia! Je - su Chris - te, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



2.
Bright Easter Day! Dear Easter Day!
Day of days the very best:
Lift up thine eyes, poor soul, to-day,
Christ has conquered — thou shalt rest.
Jesu Christe, Alleluia!

3.
Bright Easter Day! Dear Easter Day!
Songs of joy to-day we raise,
Glad songs to cheer our onward way,
Songs of love, and songs of praise.
Jesu Christe, Alleluia!

4.
Bright Easter Day! Dear Easter Day!
Lord, Thy day of power, this:
We praise in song, in song we pray,
May our souls partake Thy bliss.
Jesu Christe, Alleluia!

H. G. Batterson.

Carol 244.

The world itself keeps Easter Day.

Unison or parts.
mf *Animato*.

G. W. Warren.



1. The world it - self keeps Eas - ter Day, And Eas - ter larks are sing - ing; And Eas - ter flow'rs are



bloom - ing gay, And Eas - ter buds are spring - ing: Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.



Organ. The Lord of all things lives a - new, And all His works are ris - ing too.



Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. *Organ.* A - - - MEN.

At the end of each verse. Sing this at the end of 5th verse only, while the Organ plays the previous chords.

2
There stood three Marys by the tomb,
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)
With loving, but with erring mind,
They came the Prince of Life to find:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)

3
But earlier still the Angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "Why," he said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the Living?"
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)
"Go, tell them all, and make them blest;
Tell Peter first, and then the rest:"
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)

4
But one, and one alone remained,
With love that could not vary,
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
The sometime sinner, Mary:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him that hung upon the tree:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)

5
The world itself keeps Easter Day,
And Easter larks are singing;
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
And Easter buds are springing:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! (*Organ.*)
* The Lord hath risen, as all things tell;
Good Christians, see ye rise as well:
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! AMEN.

* Sing these last two lines slower, with a pause at the end of each.



♩ Little Babe! in Bethl'hem born.

Carol 245.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Arthur F. Warner.

mf
1. O lit - tle Babe! in Bethl' - hem born, Thy low - ly birth we greet, With
mf
shep - herds poor and ma - gi wise We wor - ship at Thy feet. Though
man - ger bed, Where ox - en fed, Thy hum - ble cra - dle be, . . . *f* Em -
man - u - el! Em - man - u - el! *p* To Thee we bend the knee.

2.
O holy Babe! on Mary's knee,
How weak and poor art Thou!
Yet, mighty God, so rich in grace,
Adoringly we bow.
Though mother's hands
Wrap swaddling bands,
No royal robe we see.
Emmanuel!
Emmanuel!
To Thee we bend the knee.

3.
O helpless Babe! Thou knowest not
What gifts those wise men bring,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense
Presenting to their King.
What gift can we,
Redeemed by Thee,
In gratitude impart?
Emmanuel!
Emmanuel!
We yield Thee all our heart.

4.
O gentle Babe! Thou'rt human still,
Though seated on Thy throne;
All power to Thee is given for us
Whom Thou hast made Thine own.
A gift we pray,
This Christmas day!
O wash us from all sin!
Emmanuel!
Emmanuel!
Come, then, and dwell within!

A little Child is born to-night.

Carol 246.

(CHRISTMAS.)

A. H. Brown.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 66$.

VOICES IN UNISON.

mf A lit - tle Child is

cres. born to - night, And He shall lead His own, . . . To end - less day, to glo - ry bright, To

dim. lands of ev - er - last - ing light, And to our Fa - ther's throne. A lit - tle Child is

cres. born to - night, And in the star - ry sky, . . . To Him the An - gels car - ols bring: "Good

f will and peace to men," they sing, "Glo - ry to God on high, . . Glo - ry to God on high."

2.

A little Child is born to-night,
And Shepherds haste to see
Their God and King in infant form,
And worship with their true hearts warm,
The Christ on bended knee.
A little Child is born to-night,
And Wise Men from afar
Follow afresh that wondrous light,
That gloweth in the heavenly height,
The Saviour's morning star.

3.

A little Child is born to-night,
To hearts for long years lone,
To Anna, widow, Simeon, sage,
Their Star of childhood, joy of age,
For evermore their own.
A little Child is born to-night,
O come ye, one and all,
And hail in faith, and hope, and love,
The Child who left His throne above,
To lie in yonder stall.

This happy morn a King is born.

Carol 247.

(CHRISTMAS.)

T. H. Spinney.

Slowly.

SYMPH.

1. This hap - py morn a King is born, To be our heart's best treas - ure; When peace and grace our

CHORUS. *Slightly faster.*

lives em - brace, Whose love is past man's meas - ure. Joy! joy! His birth-day bright, Pours

thro' our lives its floods of light! Joy! joy! He giv - eth peace: O praise our blest Re - deem - er!

SYMPH.

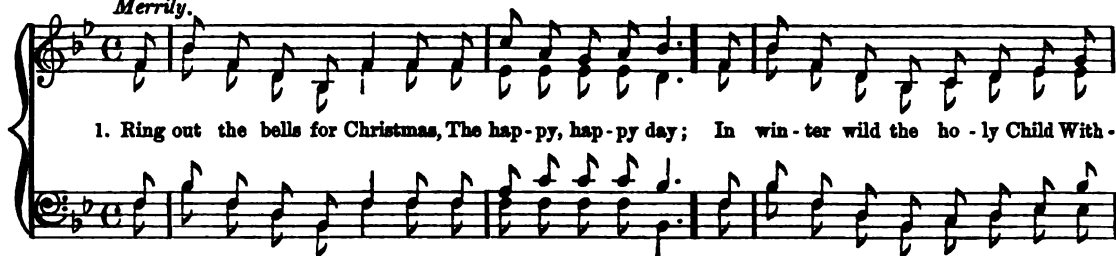
2.
Let all adore Him, yea, far more
Than any earthly being;
He standeth true all life-time through,
And loves with love all-seeing.
CHORUS.—Joy! joy! etc.

3.
O let us raise to Him our praise,
Whose love is never ending;
Who ne'er would lose, or e'er refuse,
A heart that grief is rending.
CHORUS.—Joy! joy! etc.

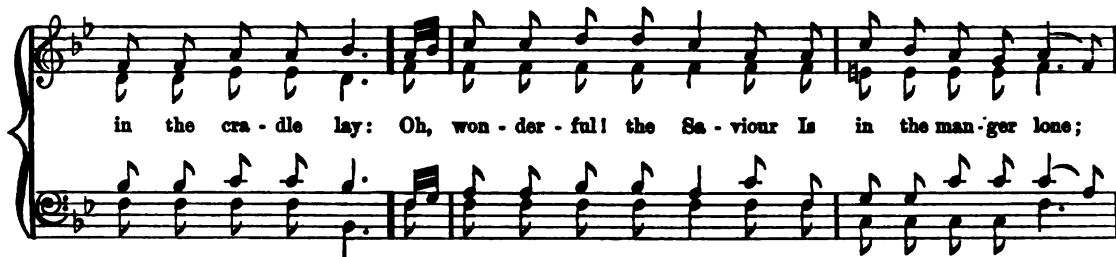
Ring out the bells for Christmas.

Carol 248.

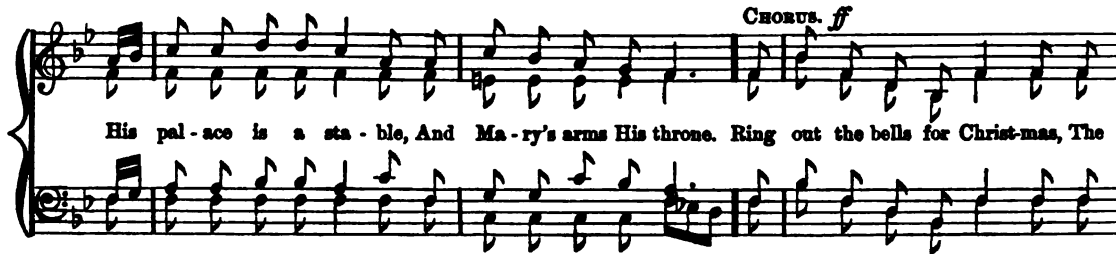
Merrily.



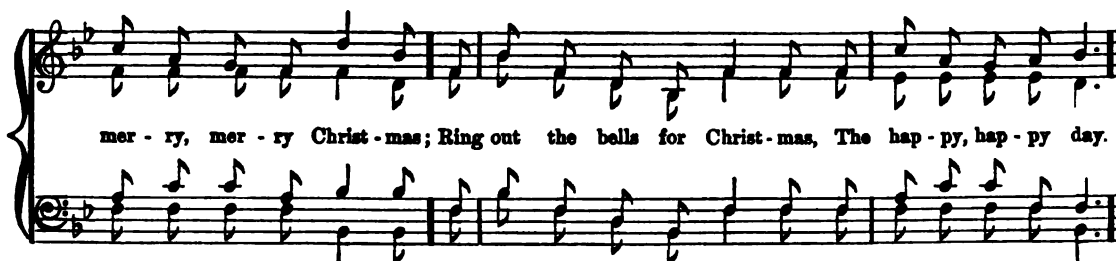
1. Ring out the bells for Christmas, The hap-py, hap-py day; In win-ter wild the ho-ly Child With-



in the cra-dle lay: Oh, won-der-ful! the Sa-viour Is in the man-ger lone;



His pal-ace is a sta-ble, And Ma-ry's arms His throne. Ring out the bells for Christ-mas, The



mer-ry, mer-ry Christ-mas; Ring out the bells for Christ-mas, The hap-py, hap-py day.

2.

On Bethlehem's quiet hill-side,
In ages long gone by,
In angel-notes the glory floats,
"Glory to God on high!"
Yet wakes the sun as joyous
As when the Lord was born,
And still He comes to greet us
On ev'ry Christmas morn.
CHORUS. — Ring out the bells, etc.

3.

Where'er His sweet lambs gather,
Within His holy fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near,
As in the days of old:
In each young heart we see Him;
In ev'ry guileless face,
We see the holy Jesus,
Who grew in truth and grace.
CHORUS. — Ring out the bells, etc.

4.

Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the new-born Son;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on ev'ry one:
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor the orphans call,
For He who chose the manger,
He loveth one and all.
CHORUS. — Ring out the bells, etc.



Faithful people, now rejoice.

(EASTER.)

Carol 249.

PROCESSIONAL.

G. B. Lissant.

1. Faith - ful peo - ple, now re - joice, Loud your praise re - sound - ing;

Come with thank - ful heart and voice, Fer - vent zeal a - bound - ing.

On - ward, on - ward to the goal, Je - sus goes be - fore us;

Org. Ped.

Come, O come! each ran - somed soul Sound on high the cho - rus.

2 We are soldiers of the Cross,
Ours the old, old story;
Counting all our gain as loss,
But the gain for glory.
In the path our fathers trod
With their faith unswerving;
Heroes of the Church of God—
So would we be serving.

3 Though around on every hand
Satan's hosts assail us,
We've a Captain in command
Who will never fail us;
Fierce may rage the battle strife,
Nothing shall alarm us;
Pressing to eternal life
Not a shaft shall harm us.

4 As we raise our martial song,
Courage ne'er abating,
Angel bands, a holy throng,
On our steps awaiting.
Soon the journey will be o'er,
Passed each dark affliction;
Let us think how Jesus bore
Scourge and crucifixion.

5 See the heavenly mansions bright
Faithful hope adorning;
Far behind us looms the night,
But before the morning.
Onward, onward to the goal,
Jesus goes before us;
Come, O come! each ransomed soul
Sound on high the chorus.

Lift up thy voice with singing.

Carol 250.

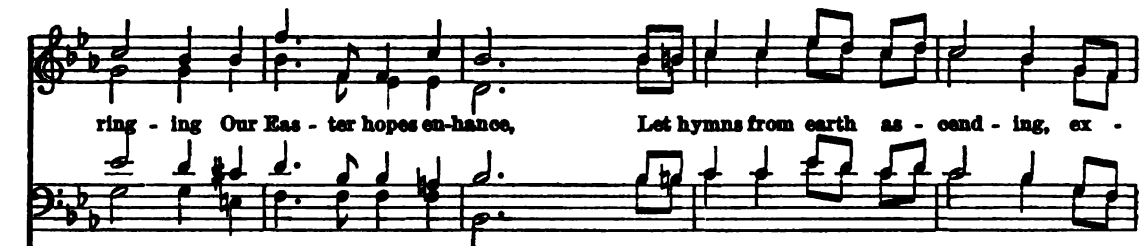
(EASTER.)

Marsiale e marcato.

Geo. Edgar Oliver.



Lift up thy voice with sing - ing, Fill heav-en's wide ex - panse, Let glad-some notes now



ring - ing Our Eas - ter hopes en-hance, Let hymns from earth as - cend - ing, ex -



alt and mag-ni - fy, The ris - en Lord trans-cend - ing All glo - ries of the



LIFT UP THY VOICE WITH SINGING.

sky, The ris - en Lord tran - scend - ing All glo - ries of the sky.

2
Lift up thy mind with daring
Above the gloom of night;
Thou art His glory sharing,
Who rules in realms of light.
Lift up thy heart with gladness,
For death no more shall reign;
A thought to conquer sadness,
And every human pain.

3
Lift up thy soul aspiring,
Seek Him who dwells on high,
Let faith give thy desiring
Rewards that cannot die.
For Christ in glory seated
Has vanquished sin and strife;
Thine every foe defeated,
Thou hast an endless life.
Edward G. Selden.

Let the song be begun.

Carol 251.

(EASTER.)

Allegro. (Unison or parts.)

Geo. William Warren.

1. Let the song be - gun, For the bat - tle is done, And the vic - to - ry won: And the foe is scat - tered,

rall. molto. *tempo.*
And the prison shatter'd: Sing of joy, joy, joy, And to-day Raise the lay, *Gloria in ex - cel - sis*, A - men.

2
They that follow'd in pain,
Shall now follow to reign,
And the crown shall obtain:
They were sore assaulted,
They shall be exalted,
Sing of rest, rest, rest;
And again,
Pour the strain,
Gloria in excelsis.—Amen!

3
For the foe never more
Can approach to the shore,
Where the conflict is o'er;
There is joy supernal;
There is life eternal;
Sing of peace, peace, peace;
Earth and skies
Bid it rise,
Gloria in excelsis.—Amen!

4
Then be brave, then be true,
Ye despised and ye few,
For the crown is for you;
Christ, that went before you,
Spreads His buckler o'er you;
Sing of hope, hope, hope;
And today
Raise the lay.
Gloria in excelsis.—Amen!

Awake, glad soul! awake, awake!

(EASTER.)

Carol 252.

W. A. Smith.

1. A - wake, glad soul! a - wake, a - wake! Thy Lord hath ris - en long; .

Go to His grave, and with thee take Both tune - ful heart and song. .

Where life is wak - ing all a - round, Where love's sweet voi - ces sing, .

The first bright blos - som may be found Of an e - ter - nal spring. .

2

The shade and gloom of life are fled
 This resurrection day;
 Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
 The grave hath no more prey.
 In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
 In Christ we wake and rise;
 And the sad tears death makes us weep,
 He wipes from all our eyes.

3

Then wake, glad heart! awake, awake!
 And seek thy risen Lord;
 Joy in His resurrection take
 And comfort in His word.
 And let thy life, through all its ways,
 One long thanksgiving be;
 Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
 "Christ died and rose for me."



Angels bright, their pinions folding.

Carol 253.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Andante. ♩. = 40.

F. Adam.

mp 1. An - gels bright, their pin - ions fold - ing, Guard the In - fant Sa - viour's rest;
mp

cres. God made man with joy be - hold - ing: Sleep, Re - deem - er blest, .. Sleep
cres. *dim.* *dim.* *p*

{ on, sleep on, sleep on sleep on, } Bright an - gels guard Thy rest; .. Sleep
pp

on, . . . sleep on, . . .

rall.

{ on, sleep on, sleep on, sleep on, } Bright An - gels guard Thy rest. . .
rall.

on, sleep on,

2
Slumber soft His eyelids closing,
See, upon His Mother's breast
Jesus, Lord of life, reposing:
Sleep, Redeemer blest,
Sleep on, sleep on,
Bright Angels guard Thy rest.

4
Saviour! Star, whose light all-glorious
Fills the earth from east to west,
Over sin and death victorious,
Sleep, Redeemer blest,
Sleep on, sleep on,
Bright Angels guard Thy rest.

8
High above a star is gleaming
Guiding mortals on their quest,
Through the night in splendour beaming:
Sleep, Redeemer blest,
Sleep on, sleep on,
Bright Angels guard Thy rest.

Ring the bells, the Christmas bells.

Carol 254.

With movement. $\text{♩} = 68$.

C. Erskine.

1. Ring the bells, the Christmas bells; Chime out the wondrous sto - ry; First in song on

An - gel tongues It came from realms of glo - ry; Peace on earth, good will to men, An -

gal - ic voi - ces ring - ing — Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glo - rious mes - sage bring - ing.

Ring the mer - ry Christ - mas bells; Chime out the won - drous sto - ry; ... Glo - ry be to

God on high, For ev - er - more be *rall.* glo - ry. *Org. a tempo.*

2

Wise men hastened from the East
To bring their richest treasure —
Gold, and myrrh, and frankincense,
And jewels without measure.
Him they sought, although a King,
They found in birthplace lowly,
There within a manger lay
The Babe so pure and holy.
Ring the merry Christmas bells, etc.

3

Earthly crowns were not for Him;
He came God's love revealing;
On the Cross He died for us,
His Blood forgiveness sealing.
'Tis the Saviour promised long,
Ring out your loudest praises;
Every heart this happy day
Its grateful anthem raises.
Ring the merry Christmas bells, etc.

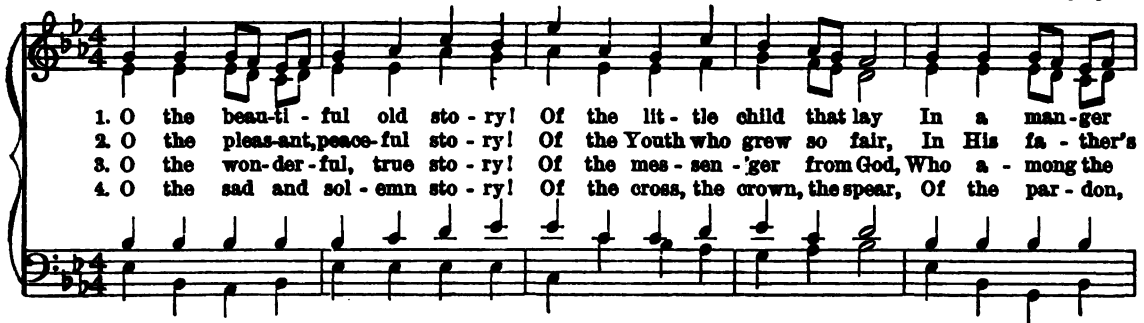
● the beautiful old story!

Carol 255.

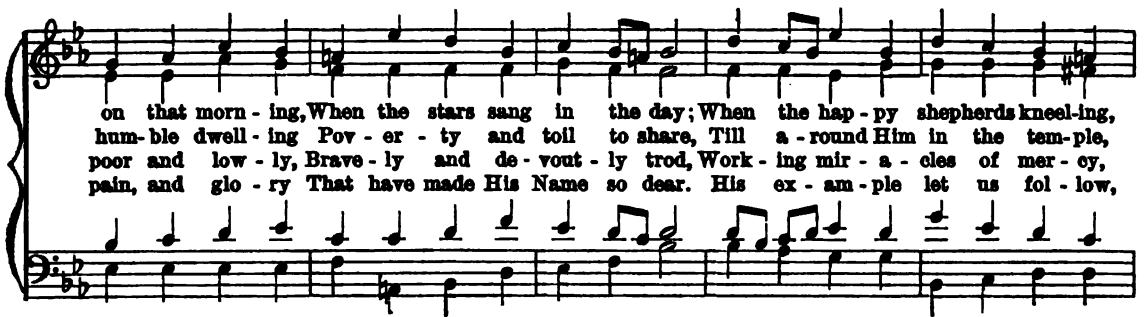
CHRISTMAS.

Words by Louise May Alcott.

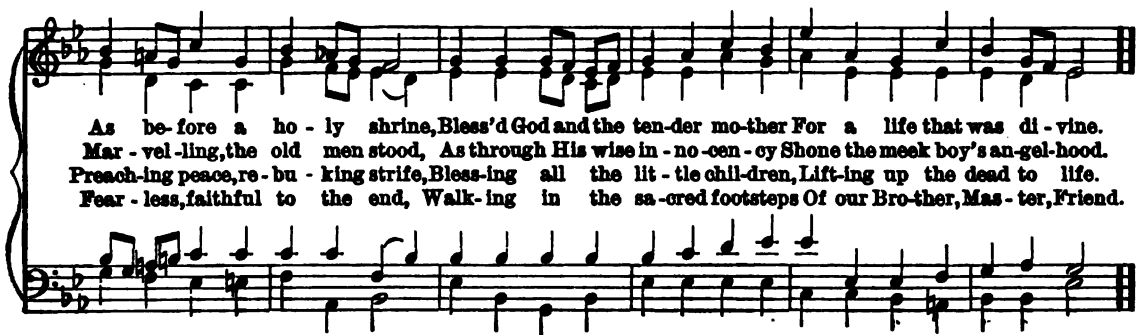
G. C. E. Byley.



1. O the beau-ti-ful old sto-ry! Of the lit-tle child that lay In a man-ger
 2. O the pleas-ant, peace-ful sto-ry! Of the Youth who grew so fair, In His fa-ther's
 3. O the won-der-ful, true sto-ry! Of the mes-sen-'ger from God, Who a-mong the
 4. O the sad and sol-emn sto-ry! Of the cross, the crown, the spear, Of the par-don,



on that morn-ing, When the stars sang in the day; When the hap-py shepherds kneel-ing,
 hum-ble dwell-ing Pov-er-ty and toil to share, Till a-round Him in the tem-ple,
 poor and low-ly, Brave-ly and de-vout-ly trod, Work-ing mir-a-cles of mer-cy,
 pain, and glo-ry That have made His Name so dear. His ex-am-ple let us fol-low,



As be-fore a ho-ly shrine, Bless'd God and the ten-der mo-ther For a life that was di-vine.
 Mar-vel-ling, the old men stood, As through His wise in-no-cen-cy Shone the meek boy's an-gel-hood.
 Preach-ing peace, re-bu-king strife, Bless-ing all the lit-tle chil-dren, Lift-ing up the dead to life.
 Fear-less, faith-ful to the end, Walk-ing in the sa-cred footsteps Of our Bro-ther, Mas-ter, Friend.

Sleep, my infant Saviour.

Carol 256.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Andante religioso.

H. de Koven Rider.



1. Sleep, my in-fant Sa-viour, on Thy lowly bed, . . . Mystic Star in splen-dour, shine above Thy head.

2 Sleep, while quiring angels, from the midnight sky,
 Come with choral greeting, chant Thy lullaby.

3 Sleep, while faithful wise men 'round Thy manger meet,
 Laying precious treasure at Thy kingly feet.

4 While Thy Maiden Mother, Rose and Lily, one,
 Bends in adoration, o'er Thy cradle-throne.

5 Slumber, Holy Child, while men and angels sing,
 Hail, Thou Son of Mary, Prophet, Priest and King.

George T. Rider.

All this night bright angels sing.

Carol 257.

(CHRISTMAS.)

F. Fruttchey.

f All this night bright an - gels sing, *ff* Nev - er was such car - ol - ling. Hark! a voice which
f loud - ly cries, Mor - tals, mor - tals, wake and rise. *ff* Lo! to glad - ness turns your sad - ness,
 From the earth is ris'n a Son, Shines all night tho' day be done, Shines all night tho' day . . be done.

2
 Wake, O earth, wake everything,
 Wake, and hear the joy I bring:
 Wake and joy; for all this night,
 Heaven and every twinkling light
 All amazing, still stand gazing;
 Angels, Powers, and all that be,
 | Wake and joy this Son to see. |

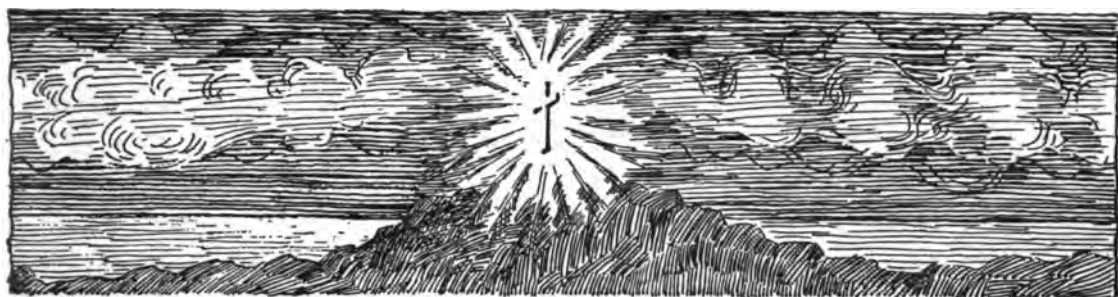
3
 Hail! O Son, O blessed light
 Sent into this world by night;
 Let Thy rays and heavenly powers
 Shine in these dark souls of ours;
 For most duly, Thou art truly
 God and man, we do confess;
 | Hail, O Son of Righteousness. |

Carol 258.

Hark! the merry Christmas bells.

M. A. Hofland.

1. Hark! the mer - ry Christ - mas bells, Thro' the glad air peal - ing! May they wa - ken
 2. Naught we have to of - fer Thee For Thy lov - ing fa - vour, But our weak and
 in our breast Ev - 'ry grate - ful feel - ing. Of the Sa - viour's won - drous love,
 worthless hearts, Take them, bles - sed Sa - viour. On this hap - py Christ - mas morn,
 Their sweet tones are tell - ing— Welcome, Lord, to our glad hearts, Make our homes Thy dwell - ing.
 Grant to us Thy bless - ing, Which will make us rich in - deed, Gift most worth pos - sess - ing.



As those who seek the break of Day.

Carol 259.

Brisk.

(EASTER.)

R. F. Smith.

mf

1. As those who seek the break of day Full ear - ly in the morn - ing,

The wo - men came where Je - sus lay, Who late had borne the scorn - ing.

p rall.

a tempo.

Sweet oint - ment in their hands they brought, And ere the sun had ris - en

The Sun of Right - eous - ness they sought Now set with - in Death's pri - son.

2

mf And thus they cried — The Body here
Let us give new anointing;
The quickening Flesh, the Body dear,
Which by Divine appointing
From this dark sepulchre shall rise
And Adam's race deliver,
or And lift the fallen to the skies
To reign in bliss for ever.

Parish Choir, No. 939 — 4.

3

mf And like the Magi hasten we
To Him with love adoring;
Sweet spices, too, our gifts shall be,
p And we must weep, imploring
or That He, in swaddling clothes no more,
But in fine linen lying,
mf Would grant the fallen, when life is o'er
The gift of life undying.

Ring out, ye joyous Easter bells.

Carol 260.

(Copyright, 1899, by G. L. EVERTON.)

George Edgar Oliver.

Moderato.



p *morendo.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, C5, and D5. The accompaniment in the left hand consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, C5, B4, A4, G4.

SOLO, OR QUARTET.



1. Ring out, ye joy - ous Eas - ter bells, Ring loud, ring long, ring loud, ring long, O

The vocal section features a melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "1. Ring out, ye joy - ous Eas - ter bells, Ring loud, ring long, ring loud, ring long, O". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, C5, B4, A4, G4.

CHORUS.



hap - py news thy ring - ing tells Of an - gels' song, of an - gels' song. Ring

The chorus section features a melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "hap - py news thy ring - ing tells Of an - gels' song, of an - gels' song. Ring". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, C5, B4, A4, G4.



out up - on the morn - ing air, "He is not here, He is not here," Ye

This section continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "out up - on the morn - ing air, 'He is not here, He is not here,' Ye". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: G4, A4, B4, C5, D5, C5, B4, A4, G4.

RING OUT, YE JOYOUS EASTER BELLS.

mer - ry bells that sound so fair, "He is not here, He is not here."

dim. *rit.*

2
O hear them pealing out this strain
"The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen!"
Was ever heard such glad refrain,
"The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen!"
O children, listen as they swell,
"Life evermore! life evermore!"
As to the world their news they tell,
"Life evermore! Life evermore!"

3
Sweet music to your ears they sing,
"O Love divine! O Love divine!"
They ne'er did dearer message bring,
"O Love divine! O Love divine!"
Ring on, then, joyous Easter bells,
Ring loud, ring long, ring loud, ring long;
O happy news thy ringing tells
Of angels' song, of angels' song.

Ella J. Selden.

Snowdrops, lift your timid heads.

Carol 261.

(EASTER.)

Copyright, 1899, by C. L. HUTCHINS.

G. E. Oliver.

Spiritoso.

1. Snow-drops, lift your tim - id heads, All the earth is wak - ing, Field and for - est, brown and dead,
In - to life are wak - ing; Snowdrops, rise and tell the sto - ry, How He rose, the Lord of glo - ry.

2
Lilies! lilies! Easter calls:
Rise to meet the dawning
Of the blessed light that falls
Thro' the Easter morning;
Ring your bells and tell the story;
How He rose, the Lord of glory.

3
Waken, sleeping butterflies,
Burst your narrow prison;
Spread your golden wings and rise,
For the Lord is risen;
Spread your wings and tell the story,
How He rose, the Lord of glory.

Mary A. Lathbury.

Carol 262.

Words of the 14th Cent.

Winter-tide hath past away.

EASTER.

From *Piae Cantiones*.
Har. by B. Luard Selby.

1. Win - ter - tide hath past a - way, Now Christ the

Lord is ris'n . to - day, All . . . Chris - ten - dom to cheer: .

See the meads with flow - - - 'rets sheen! Spring hath thaw - ed

rill and mere: Larks are sing - ing, Woods are green,

. Life with Christ doth re - - - ap - pear.

2

When the sheep in peril stood,
He came in search, that Shepherd Good,
Jesus, with faithful crook:
He full fain upon the Rood
Pangs of torture sore did brook,
Shedding forth His precious Blood,
Paid the things that ne'er He took.

Parish Choir, No. 939 - 4.

3

He hath burst the bonds of hell,
And slain and stript the dragon fell,
Soaring in triumph high:
Pharao, thou wicked king,
Captive see captivity
Led, by Jesus journeying
Up to realms above the sky.



Hail, sweet Babe, so pure and holy.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Copyright, 1900, by C. L. Hutchins.

Carol 263.

George Edgar Oliver.

1. Hail, sweet Babe, so pure and ho - ly! Hail, fair Son of Ma - ry blest!

Roy - al In - fant in a man - ger, Thou art gent - ly laid to rest.

Filled with awe and ten - der rap - ture, Tears of joy Thy moth - er weeps,

Through the night Thy fos - ter - fa - ther By Thee faith - ful vig - il keeps.

2

Peace on earth, good will from heaven
Reaching far as man is found;
Man redeemed and sin forgiven;
Hear the golden harps resound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed
Heaven and earth glad welcome sing,
Hail! Lord Christ, the God appointed,
As our Prophet, Priest and King.

Parish Choir, No. 986.

3

Let us sing the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
That the brightness of His glory
Spread and cover all the earth;
Born to reign, let all adore Him,
All creation praise its Lord,
May we ever sing before Him,
Glory be to God on high!

Christmas time has come again.

Carol 264.

Copyright, 1900, by G. L. HUTCHINS.

Joyfully.

George Edgar Oliver.



1. Christ-mas time has come a - gain, Time to us so dear;



It will bring to all the world Glad - ness and good cheer.

CHORUS.



Ring on, bells! Ring on, bells! Ring on, Christ-mas bells! . . .



ritard.
Joy and peace to all man - kind, Ring out, mer - ry bells!
ritard. *rit.*

2
Oh! the wondrous Christmas Tree
With its fruit so rare,
To each child a present gives
From its branches fair.
CHO. Ring on, bells, etc.

3
Wreaths of holly twined about,
With the berries bright,
All will have a charm for us
In the day's delight.
CHO. Ring on, bells, etc.

4
And, good children, joyously,
Each with heart so gay,
Try to make another life
Happy on this day.
CHO. Ring on, bells, etc.

Parish Choir, No. 265.

Happy bells are ringing.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 265.

Copyright, 1906, by C. L. HUTCHINS.

Joyfully.

George Edgar Oliver.

1. Hap - py, hap - py bells are ring - ing, Lis - ten to their joy - ous lay,

Hap - py, hap - py voi - ces sing - ing, Hap - py are the words they say, Ring

on, ring on, ye hap - py bells, Ring out the joy your sto - ry tells, Ring

on, ring on, ye hap - py bells, We love the lay your mus - ic tells.

2

Telling of a little stranger
Coming upon earth to dwell,
Cradled in a lowly manger;
We the story know so well.

CHO.—Ring on, ring on, etc.

Parish Choir, No. 988.

3

Telling of a star in heaven,
Leading wise men on the way,
Telling of a Saviour given;
We can all the story say.

CHO.—Ring on, ring on, etc.

The first Nowel.

Carol 266.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Traditional.

VERSE.

The first Now - el that the An - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor
 Shep - herds in fields as they lay, - In fields .. as they lay a - keep - ing their
 sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was freez - ing so deep. Now - el, Now -
 el, .. Now - el, Now - el, .. Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

2

mf They looked up above, to the East where a Star
cr That beyond them shone out in the Heavens from afar,
 And which to the earth did send down a great light,
 And so it continued by day and by night.
f Nowel, etc.

3

mf And then by the light of that bright guiding Star,
 There came three Wise Men from a country afar;
 To seek for a King, it was their intent,
 And to follow the Star wherever it went.
f Nowel, etc.

4

mf The Star went before them unto the North West,
 And seemed o'er the City of Bethlehem to rest,
 And there did remain by night and by day,
 Right over the place where JESUS CHRIST lay.
f Nowel, etc.

5

mf Then entered they all, and those Wise Men three
dim Most reverently worshipped with low bended knee;
 And offered to CHRIST in His Sacred Presence,
cr Gifts of Gold, and of Myrrh, and of sweet Frankincense.
f Nowel, etc.

6

f And now Christians all, with most gladsome accord,
cr Sing praises, sing praises to JESUS our LORD,
 That made both the Heaven, and the Earth out of nought,
 And with His Own Blood our Redemption hath wrought.
f Nowel, etc.



Rejoice! the Christ is risen.

Carol 267.

(EASTER.)

Pastorale. UNISON.

George Edgar Oliver.

1. Re - joice! the Christ is ris - en, Who died that we might live; . . . His

prom - is - es are faith - ful, The err - ing He'll for - give. . . . The

Eas - ter bells are ring - ing, To wel - come this bright day, . . . And

hap - py chil - dren sing - ing, Pour forth their glad - some lay. . . .

2

Rejoice! the Lord victorious
Has conquer'd death and hell,
And now He reigns most glorious,
Our God Immanuel.

CHORUS.

3

Rejoice! rejoice! for ever;
He doth our peace restore;
His blessings are unailing,
His love is evermore.

CHORUS.

On the eve before the Sabbath.

Carol 268.

(EASTER.)

Words by S. Childs Clarke.
Molto moderato. ♩ = 46.

Arthur H. Brown.

mf

Tranquillo. Treble voices only.

mf

1. On the eve be-fore the Sab-bath, Ere the set-ting of the sun,
2. Then, a-while they were re-pos-ing In the Sab-bath's sa-cred rest,

p

There were ho-ly wom-en sit-ting And be-hold-ing what was done.
Once a-gain, its du-ties end-ed, Theirs must be an ea-ger quest.

pp In that gar-den, where was ly-ing
mp For, ere yet the sun had gild-ed

mf

ONE Whose wants were aye their care; *cres.* In their hearts still love must lin-ger,
With his ear-ly ma-tin ray *mf* That new tomb in Jo-seph's gar-den,

Who nor toil nor cost did spare. *mf*
They had ta'en their anx-ious way.

Parish Choir, No. 1008 - 4.

ON THE EVE BEFORE THE SABBATH.

♩ FULL. Un poco più mosso. ♩. = 52.

f *mf* *p* *f* 3. What strange vi - sion there a - waits them!
4. Count - less souls, once more be - hold - ing

cres. Theirs what joy, and yet what awe! As the glist - 'ning an - gels sit - ting
With the eye of faith that scene, Now re - count the glo - rious vi - sion

In the emp - ty tomb - they saw. *mf*
By the ho - ly wom - en seen.

f O that won - drous sal - u - ta - tion, When the Heav'n - ly stran - ger said—
ff With great joy they hail the VIC - TOR O - ver death, and hell, and grave,

"Where - fore seek ye now the liv - ing In the con - fines of the dead?"
Who a - rose that Eas - ter morn - ing—LORD Al - might - y now to save.

f *ff* *rall.*

There stand three Maries by the tomb.

Carol 269.

(EASTER.)

J. B. Lillier.

Spirited.

1. There stood three Ma-ries by the tomb On Eas-ter morn-ing ear-ly;
When day had scarce-ly chased the gloom, And dew was white and pearl-y:
Al-le-lu - ia! Al-le-lu - ia! With lov-ing but with err-ing mind,
They came the Prince of Life to find, They came the Prince of
Life to find. Al-le-lu - ia! Al-le-lu - ia!

2

But earlier still the angel sped,
His news of comfort giving;
And "Why," He said, "among the dead
Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluia! Alleluia!
"Go, tell them all, and make them blest;
Tell Peter first, and then the rest."
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3

But one, and one alone, remained,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner, Mary;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the blessed Form to see
Of Him that hung upon the tree;
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4

The world itself keeps Easter Day,
The heaven above is beaming;
All in high festival array
The merry bells are gleaming.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell;
Good Christians, see ye rise as well!
Alleluia! Alleluia!



CHRISTMAS WAITS SINGING CAROLS.



The stars are shining bright and clear.

Carol 270.

(CHRISTMAS.)

E. Bunnett.

Cheerfully. *cres.*

The stars are shin - ing bright and clear, The hills are white with snow; Our Christmas eve has

cres. *f*

come a - gain, Our hearts with joy o'er - flow: The Christ-mas carols, sweet and glad, Are

sound-ing in the air, . . And Christmas wreaths in glist'ning show Make bright the house of prayer.

2 Not here across the snow was heard
The first sweet Christmas song;
But where the crimson lilies bloom,
Judea's hills among;
Those hills where David long before
His father's sheep had kept;
And where, o'er Rachel's lonely tomb,
The mourning Jacob wept.

3 And not by earthly choristers
Was that first carol sung;
Not through the temple's shining courts
Its faultless music rung;
No listening crowds had gathered there,
That wondrous chant to hear:
Save watchful shepherds on the hills,
No human soul was near.

4 'Twas sung by countless multitudes
Of Angels pure and bright,
And o'er the bare and silent hills
There shone a glorious light;
Such heavenly music ne'er was heard
Before by sons of men,
And never more shall song like that
Be heard on earth again.

5 We know the tidings which they brought
Of Christ our Saviour's birth,
Their song of "Glory be to God,
Good will and peace on earth;"
In crowded church and quiet homes
We chant that carol still;
'Tis heard from city streets and courts,
From vale and lonely hill.

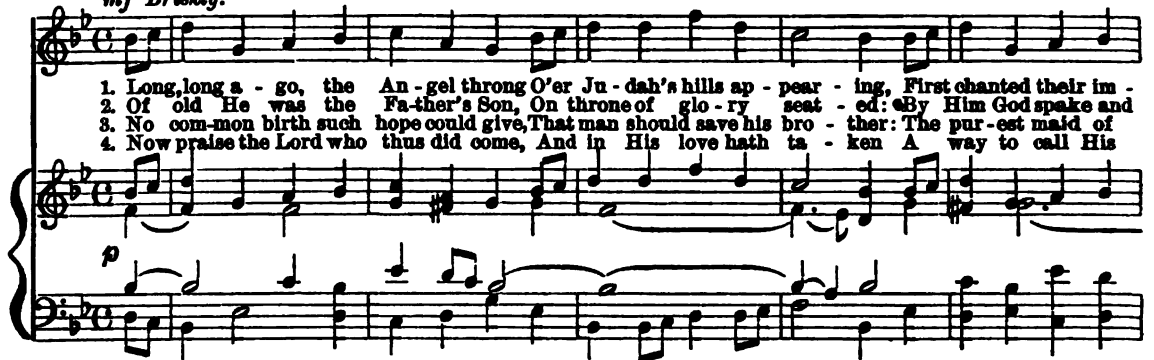
6 For us the gracious Saviour came,
For us He lived and died,
For us was born a little Babe,
For us was crucified:
And so the Christmas carol, sung
By angels long ago,
Is sweeter than all other songs
Which Christians sing below.

Carol 271.

The Christmas Story.

Words by the Rev. F. C. Fisher.
mf Briskly.

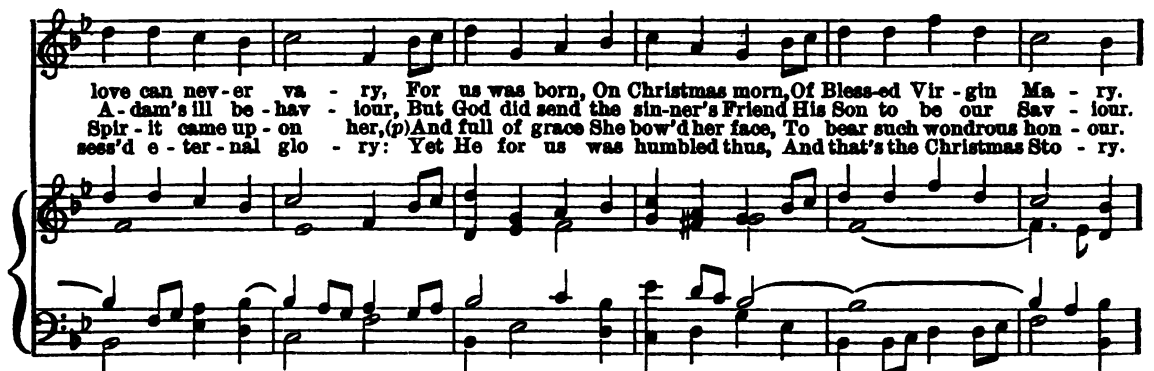
Frederick A. Keene.



1. Long, long a - go, the An - gel throng O'er Ju - dah's hills ap - pear - ing, First chanted their im -
2. Of old He was the Fa - ther's Son, On throne of glo - ry seat - ed: By Him God spake and
3. No com - mon birth such hope could give, That man should save his bro - ther: The pur - est maid of
4. Now praise the Lord who thus did come, And in His love hath ta - ken A way to call His



mor - tal song In ho - ly shepherd's hear - ing; And we must sing, For Christ our King, Whose
it was done, When earth was first cre - a - ted. That lov - ing toll The devil did spoil By
all that live God chose to be His mo - ther; For as she heard The an - gel's word, The
chil - dren home, That none might be for - sak - en; The Son of God In heav'n's a - bode, Pos -



love can nev - er va - ry, For us was born, On Christmas morn, Of Bless - ed Vir - gin Ma - ry.
A - dam's ill be - hav - our, But God did send the sin - ner's Friend toll His Son to be our Sav - our.
Spir - it came up - on her, (p) And full of grace She bow'd her face, To bear such wondrous hon - our.
sees'd e - ter - nal glo - ry: Yet He for us was humbled thus, And that's the Christmas Sto - ry.

CHORUS.



f Come, one and all, Hark to the call, Love makes for love's re - ply - ing, See

Last verse only, rall.

Org. sustain



where He lies Who left the skies To bring us life un - dy - ing.

Sweet Angels, ever bright and fair.

Carol 272.

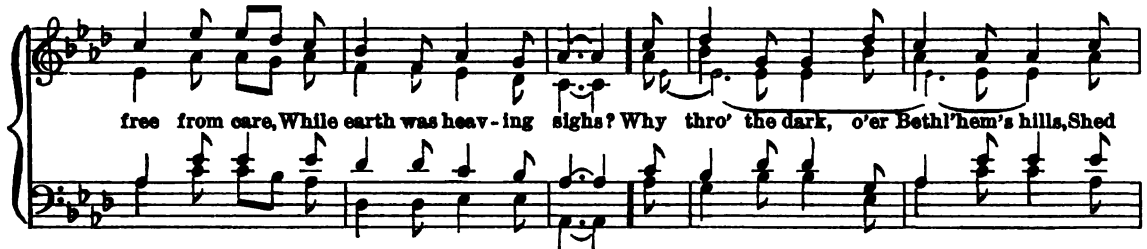
Words by T. D. Hyde.
Moderato.

(CHRISTMAS.)

C. Simper.



1. Sweet An - gels, ev - er bright and fair, Why in the mid - night skies Sang ye such strains all

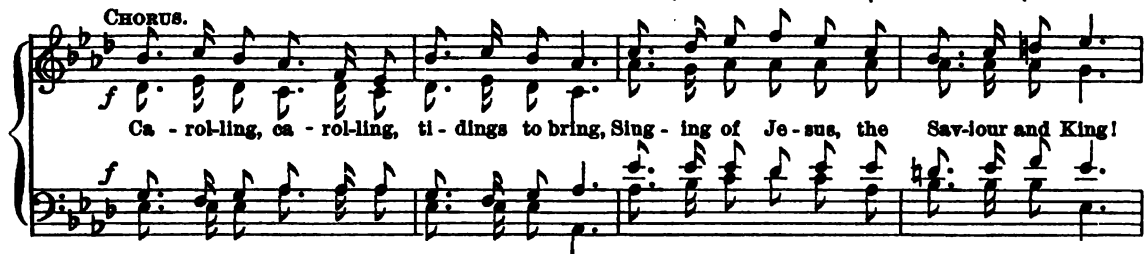


free from care, While earth was heav - ing sighs? Why thro' the dark, o'er Bethl'hem's hills, Shed

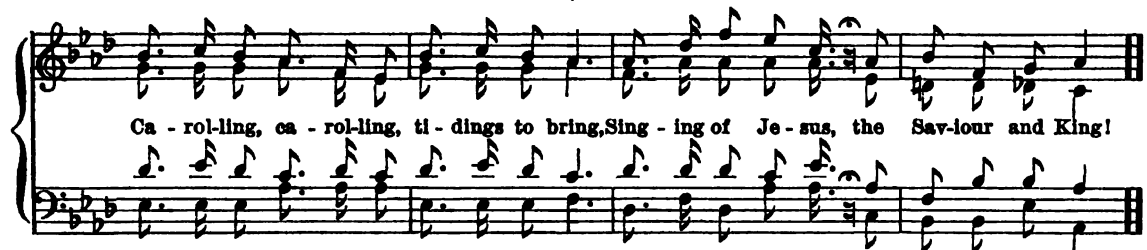


ye your ra - dant light, As glo - ry stream'd in heav'nly rills, While shepherds watched by night?

CHORUS.



Ca - rol - ling, ca - rol - ling, ti - dings to bring, Sing - ing of Je - sus, the Sav - lour and King!



Ca - rol - ling, ca - rol - ling, ti - dings to bring, Sing - ing of Je - sus, the Sav - lour and King!

2

O sons of men, from far away
Where heavenly anthems swell,
Where never fades the glorious day,
We came good news to tell!
On wings of love we sped to earth
To brighten sin's dark night,
To herald One whose wondrous birth
Should shed eternal light.
CHORUS. Carolling, etc.

3

O Angels bright, O Heavenly Choir,
Your gladsome news unfold;
On golden harps and sweet-strung lyre,
Sing glories yet untold!

Tell to each earth-worn weary heart
Where peace and truth are found,
That we may bear an angel's part
The throne of love around.
CHORUS. Carolling, etc.

4

O sons of men, this blessed morn
For you with joy is fraught,
For Jesus Christ to-day is born,
And hath salvation brought!
Lo! Eden's gates are open now,
And heaven stoops to kiss
All faithful sons who humbly bow
To Him who brings them bliss.
CHORUS. Carolling, etc.

Glad Angel Voices.

Carol 273.

(CHRISTMAS.)

F. R. Rickman.

Moderato. ♩ = 69.

mf

1. On dew - y plain where shep - herds were a - bid - ing Be - side their flocks, with
 2. In low - ly stall a new - born Babe was sleep - ing, While dumb, meek kine un -
 3. O star - light night, how sweet thy mu - sic ring - ing! How blest the truth, the

mf

p

ten - der, watch - ful eye, . . . A - woke the song, the still night air di -
 heed - ing stand a - round, . . . O moth - er's love her watch - ful vig - ils
 sto - ry of His birth! . . . an - gel thron' thro' heav - en's arch - es

cres.

vid - ing, The song of an - gels rang through the star - lit sky. . . .
 keep - ing, While thro' the night air glad an - gel voi - ces sound. . . .
 wing - ing, May the grand cho - rus re - ech - o round the earth. . . .

CHORUS.

Glad an - gel voi - ces from thy do - main, Strikethy full cho - rus, re - peat thy sweet re -

dim. *cres.*

frain; Fair spir - its, hov - er near each hap - py thron' This day . . as - sem - bled to

f *rit.*

thy Christmas song. . . .
 sing thy Christmas song, . . This day . . as - sem - bled to sing, to sing thy Christmas song.

Parish Choir, No. 1044-4.

thy Christmas song, as - sem - bled to sing thy Christmas song. . . .



Listen, & hear the angels singing.

(EASTER.)

Carol 274.

Geo. Edward Oliver.

Andante grazioso. ♩ = 72.

p

1. Listen, I hear the an - gels sing - ing, Yon - der round the star - ry throne, In the

mf

re - gions of im - mor - tals, Christ a - waits to claim His own. Christ is

CHORUS.

reign - ing, Christ is reign - ing, Hear the mu - sic round the throne; He is

dim. e rit.

com - ing, He is com - ing, He will come to claim His own.

dim. e rit.

2 Yonder in the choirs of heaven,
Glory, glory swells the strain,
Over death He is triumphant,
Christ the Lord is risen again.—CHO.

3 We shall see Him and be like Him,
O what rapture in the thought,
When we wear the crown of glory
We shall praise Him as we ought.—CHO.

4 He is risen, our Redeemer,
Mighty still His own to save,
He has given us the vict'ry,
Vict'ry even o'er the grave.—CHO.

The fishers sat within their boat.

Carol 275.

(EASTER.)

H. Elliot Button.

1. The fish-ers sat with - in their boat, The long and wea-ry night; And hoped and toiled and
 2. A form sub-lime stood on the shore, A - mid the melt-ing gloom; It was the form of
 3. And O what won-drous ti - dings then! That Je - sus, who was slain, Had burst the might-y

watched their nets, Till morn-ing's dawning light. And then up-on the si-lent air They heard that voice once
 Him they loved, All glorious from the tomb. And then up-on the si-lent air Rang out those tones once
 bars of death, And con-quer-ed life a - gain. And still up-on the si-lent air We hear that voice once

REFRAIN.
 more That woke such thrills of bliss and love in wea - ry hearts be-fore;
 more That woke such thrills of bliss and love in wea - ry hearts be-fore: "Come, chil-dren, toil no longer,
 more; It calls us with the same sweet words It called to them be-fore:"

Thro' night's long ling'-ring gloom; For morn-ing bright is dawn-ing O-ver the con-quer-ed tomb."

Lo, the winter is past.

Carol 276.

Moderato.

(EASTER.)

Words and Music by
 Arthur F. M. Custance.
 cres.

QUARTETT OR SEMI-CHORUS.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY G. L. HUTCHING.

Na-ture from her sleep is wak-ing, From her i - ey bond-age breaking, Ver-nal life and beau-ty
 cres.

CHORUS. QUARTETT OR SEMI-CHORUS.
 tak - ing, Lo, the win - ter is past. Birds their car-ols sweet are sing - ing,

Parish Choir, No. 1052-4.

LO, THE WINTER IS PAST.
CHORUS.

cres.
Trees and flow'rs their fragrances bring-ing, Lo, the win-ter is past, . . . Lo, the win-ter is past.
cres.

2
In our hearts new joy is dawning,
On this happy Easter morning,
Every life with hope adorning,
Lo! the winter is past!
Gone are Lenten gloom and sadness,
Bright our path with Easter gladness.
Lo! the winter is past!
Lo! the winter is past!

3
Christ with pow'rs of Death hath striven,
To the world new life hath given,
Op'ning wide the gates of Heaven,
Lo! the winter is past.
Sing we to our Lord most glorious,
Rising over Death victorious,
Lo! the winter is past!
Lo! the winter is past!

Sing with all the sons of glory.

(EASTER.)

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY G. L. HUTCHINS.

Carol 277.
Con spirito.

Arthur F. M. Custance.

Sing with all the sons of glo - ry, Sing the res - ur - rec - tion song; Death and sorrow, Earth's dark sto - ry,
To the "former days" be - long. Ev - en now the dawn is break - ing, Soon the night of time shall
And, in God's own like - ness wak - ing, Man shall know e - ter - nal peace.

2
O what glory, far exceeding
All that eye has yet perceived!
Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,
Never that full joy conceived.
God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it;
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3
"Life eternal!" Heaven rejoices;
Jesus lives Who once was dead;
Join, O man, the deathless voices;
Child of God, lift up thy head.
Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,
All await the glory given.

4
"Life eternal!" O what wonders
Crowd on faith—what joy unknown,
When, amidst earth's closing thunders
Saints shall stand before the throne!
O to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God Immortal,
"Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent!"

Awake! awake! glad voices make.

(EASTER.)

Carol 278.

G. O. Arnold.

Spirited.

f A - wake! a - wake! Glad voi - ces make, Sing praise to Christ the Lord! The liv - ing Word in

earth and heaven E - ter - nal - ly a - dored! For thank - ful songs from hearts and tongues To Christ our

cres.

cres.

mf King are given! From hearts of men set free a - gain And hap - py saints in heaven.

mf

2

'Tis Easter morn, new faith is born,
The day of days the best:
Sing praise to God!
Sing out abroad
With joy and hope possessed!
For now the Prince of Peace hath fought
And triumphed o'er the grave,
With holy arm,
And strong right hand,
Omnipotent to save.

3

No shadows now our spirits bow,
Our souls are raised on high,
The Son of Man,
In God's own plan
Has come to earth to die.
No doubts or fear could hold Him here,
Detained by mortal breath,
For now He lives
And freely gives
Redemption over death!



Eastern monarchs, Sages three.

(CHRISTMAS OR EPIPHANY.)

Carol 279.

Words from Latin text of the
15th Century.

Melody from the Andernach *Gesangbuch*, 1608.
Harmonized by G. R. Woodward.

Eastern monarchs, Sages three, Come with gifts in great plenty. Worship Christ on bended knee—*Cum Vir-gi-ne Ma-ri-a.*

- 2 Gold, in honour of the King,
Incense to the Priest they bring,
Myrrh, for time of burying—
Cum Virgine Maria.
- 3 On His might (it hath no end)
All created things depend,
To His will the world must bend—
Cum Virgine Maria.

- 4 His the praise and glory be,
Laud and honour, victorie,
Power supreme! and so sing we
Cum Virgine Maria.
- 5 On the feast-day of His birth,
Set on thrones above the earth,
Angels chant in holy mirth
Cum Virgine Maria.

- 6 Thus, to bless the One in Three,
Let this present company
Raise the voice of melody—
Cum Virgine Maria.

A day, a day of glory.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 280.

Words by J. M. Neale.

Old French Carol.
Har. by Charles Wood.

{ A day, a day of glo-ry! A day that ends our woe! } Yield, sum-mer's brightest
{ A day that tells of tri-umph A-gainst our van-quish'd foe! }

sun-rise, To this De-cem-ber morn: Lift up your gates, ye Prin-ces, And let the Child be born!

- 2 With *Gloria in excelsis*
Archangels tell their mirth:
With *Kyrie eléyson*
Men answer upon earth:
And angels swell the triumph,
And mortals raise the horn,
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.
- 3 He comes, His throne the manger;
He comes, His shrine the stall;
The ox and ass His courtiers,
Who made and governs all:

The "House of Bread" His birth-place,
The Prince of wine and corn:
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.

- 4 Then bar the gates, that henceforth
None thus may passage win,
Because the Prince of Israel
Alone hath entered in:
The earth, the sky, the ocean
His glorious way adorn:
Lift up your gates, ye Princes,
And let the Child be born.

Parish Choir, No. 1005—8.

With our songs we greet Thee.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 281.

Allegretto.

H. Ernest Nichol.

mf

1. With our songs we greet Thee, Ho - - ly Child; : With our prayers en-treat Thee,
 2. Low - ly we a-dore Thee, Ho - - ly Child; : God's own light is o'er Thee,
 3. May we ev - er love Thee, Ho - - ly Child; : Set - ting nought a - bove Thee,

p

Ho - ly Child; From Thy love - ly dwell - ing place, Bring us life, and truth, and grace,
 Ho - ly Child; Thou hast come our hearts to win, That Thy love may dwell within,
 Ho - ly Child; May the gifts we bring to Thee, More than gold and in - cense be -

Ho - ly, Ho - ly Child,

mf *rit.* *p* *pp*

Show to us the Father's face, Ho - - - ly Child, . . . Ho - - - ly Child, Ho - ly Child.
 Sav - ing us from all our sin, Ho - - - ly Child, . . . Ho - - - ly Child, Ho - ly Child.
 Hearts made pure and lives made free, Ho - - - ly Child, . . . Ho - - - ly Child, Ho - ly Child.

Child. . . .

Come, all friends, and keep the Feast.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 282.

H. Fleetwood Sheppard.

1. Come, all friends, and keep the Feast, From the high - est to the least; Young and old, and rich and poor,

A little slower.

O - pen stands the Church's door; One and all, with joy and mirth, Join to keep the Saviour's Birth.

A little slower.

Parish Choir, No. 1006—8.

COME, ALL FRIENDS, AND KEEP THE FEAST.

Tempo. *Repeat Chorus.*

No - el, No - el, good news we tell; Christ is born, No - el, No - el, No - el!

2 Hark! the merry Christmas chime
Welcomes in the blessed time;
And the organ's mighty strain
Rattles every window-pane,
While the roof and rafters ring
With the people's carolling.
Cho. — Noel, Noel, etc.

Christmas banners as they wave
Bear the chorus down the nave:
Cho. — Noel, Noel, etc.

3 On the holy altar's shrine
Christmas tapers gleam and shine;
High on arch and chancel screen
Hang the Christmas garlands green;

4 Earth may smile with sunshine bright,
Wintry snow lie cold and white;
Lowering clouds may pour their rain,
Bleak winds howl across the plain —
Cloud or sunshine, calm or storm,
Christmas joy all hearts must warm.
Cho. — Noel, Noel, etc.

Come, listen to my story.

Carol 283.

Words by G. R. Woodward.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Sixteenth Century Melody.

Har. by J. R. Luna.

1. Come, list-en to my sto - ry, Chris-tus na-tus ho-di-e: Born is the King of glo - ry,
Rex de Vir - gi - ne. . . No - well, No - well, good news I tell, God comes on earth a
stran - ger E - ya! Em-man - u - el Lies ora - dled in a man - ger.

2 Came angels down, a number,
On the midnight of His birth:
"Ye shepherds, wake from slumber:
Peace, good will on earth,
And bliss on high," the angels cry,
"To you is born and given,
Eya! of maid Marie,
Th' Almighty Lord of heaven."

They came from far, led by a star,
With beams that never vary:
Eya! full fain they are
To see the Babe of Mary.

3 Then rode three kings together,
Over desert, hill, and dale;
Nought caring for the weather,
Sleet, and snow, and hail.

4 Away then banish sorrow;
Nato Regi psallite:
Sith Christ is born this morrow;
Benedicite.
With Angels eke and shepherds meek,
And with yon Eastern Sages,
Eya! let us go seek
The new-born King of ages.

Parish Choir, No. 1085—8.

A Virgin did come.

Carol 284.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Words by S. C. Clarke.

G. H. Gregory.

♩ = 144

mp

1. A Vir-gin did come from low-li-est home, And shel-ter she fain in a man-ger would find;

mp

For full was the inn, and no room was with-in, Save where to the stalls the mute ox-en they bind.

REFRAIN.

mf

O how wondrous the love and the deep hu-mil-i-ty Of Him who was laid in the manger for me.

dim. pp

2 That Babe was a King, mystic gifts, lo, they bring,
Sure tokens they were of some great One to be;
To Bethlehem led, Eastern sages have sped
From afar "The Desire of all Nations" to see.
REF.—O how wondrous, etc.

3 Accomplished their hope, their treasures they ope—
Gold, frankincense, myrrh, to that Infant they brought,
Gifts costly and rare, full of meaning they were,
Though not yet unveiled were the great truths they taught.
REF.—O how wondrous, etc.

4 No tokens of state round that Royal Babe wait,
Seeming least, and yet greatest of monarchs was He;
But in reverence low, princely Magi did bow,
As though they divined all His true dignity.
REF.—O how wondrous, etc.

Children here on earth who dwell.

Carol 285.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Words by H. Knight.

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Henry Knight.

p

1. Chil-dren here on earth who dwell, Lis-ten to the sto-ry, How the Lord, who loves you well,
2. Shepherds o'er their flocks by night, Faith-ful watch were keep-ing, When from heav'n a wondrous light

p

cres.

Parish Choir, No. 1095—8.

CHILDREN HERE ON EARTH WHO DWELL.

dim. cres.

Left His throne of glo - ry, Com - ing down an In - fant poor, Souls to save for ev - er - more,
Shone while earth was sleep - ing; An - gels sang right glad - ly then, "Peace, good-will henceforth to men."

f dim. cres.

3 "Unto you is born this day,
Full of tender pity
Christ, your King, oh, haste away
Unto David's city:
There, within a lowly shed
Your dear Lord doth lay His head."

4 Those sweet songs the Angels sang,
Faith still hears them singing,
Once with joy heav'n's arches rang,
Now our bells are ringing:
Joyful tones shall pierce the sky,
Praising Him who dwells on high.

King, happy bells.

Carol 286.
Words by Colin Sterne.
Boldly. ♩ = 92.

(CHRISTMAS.)

H. Ernest Nichol.

Ring, hap - py bells of Christ - mas time, Ring out with

Ring, hap - py bells of Christ - mas time, Ring out with

Ring, hap - py bells of Christ - mas time, Ring out with

joy your mer - ry chime,

rall. Fine.

Ring out with joy your mer - ry chime, O hap - py Christ - mas bells!

Ring out with joy your mer - ry chime.

Sweetly. ♩ = 69.

1. Ring - ing the ti - dings of His birth, Ring - ing the joy - ful sto - ry,
2. Ring - ing of shep - herds in the night, Ring - ing of vol - ces blend - ing,
3. Ring - ing of light of guld - ing star, Ring - ing of low - ly man - ger,
4. Ring - ing of Je - sus born a - gain, Ring - ing a - way our sad - ness,
5. Ring - ing the king - dom of our Lord, Ring - ing of er - rors right - ed,

cres. dim. D.C.

Ring - ing of Him who came to earth To lead us home to glo - ry.
Ring - ing of prais - es in the height And peace on earth un - end - ing.
Ring - ing of wise men from a - far To greet the Ho - ly Stran - ger.
Ring - ing of hearts where He shall reign, And turn our grief to glad - ness.
Ring - ing of bro - ken spear and sword, And all the world u - ni - ted.

Christian children, wake and listen.

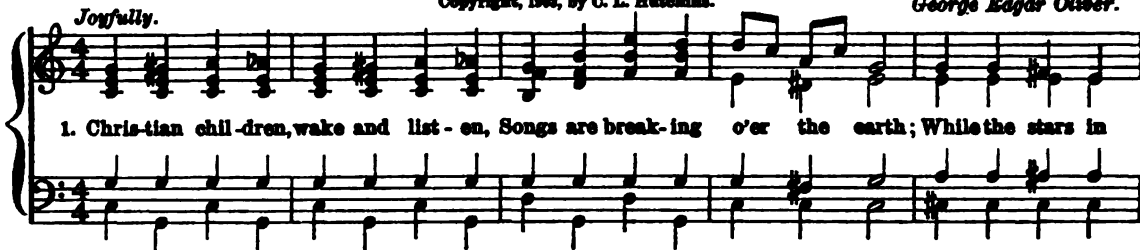
Carol 287.

(CHRISTMAS.)

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George Edgar Oliver.

Joyfully.



1. Chris-tian chil-dren, wake and list-en, Songs are break-ing o'er the earth; While the stars in



heav-en glis-ten, Hear the news of Je-sus' birth: Long a-go, to lone-ly meadows An-gels bro't the



mes-sage down: Still each year, thro' mid-night sha-dows, It is heard in ev-ry town.

2 What is this that they are telling,
Singing in the quiet street,
While their voices high are swelling,
What sweet words do they repeat?
Words to bring us greater gladness,
Though our hearts from cares are free,
Words to chase away our sadness,
Cheerless though our hearts may be.

3 Christ has left His throne of glory,
And a lowly cradle found:
Well might angels tell the story,
Well may we their words resound.
Christian children, wake and listen,
Songs are ringing through the earth,
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hail with joy your Saviour's birth!

The winds were wailing.

Carol 288.

Words by Baring-Gould.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Lenovo.



1. The winds were wail-ing o'er the wold, The frost-ed earth lay white, The stars were spark-ling



keen and cold All in the win-try night: When lo! the heav-ens blazed as gold, And

Parish Choir, No. 1008—8.

THE WINDS WERE WAILING.



2 The shepherds crouching o'er the fire
On pipes of straw did play;
When lo! broke forth the angel-choir,
And night was turned to day.
The heavens rejoice! Let earth admire
The tidings they did say.
Noel! Noel! the Babe is born
In Bethlehem to-day.

3 For unto us a Child is come,
A King of David's race,
With peace to every hearth and home,
And men in every place;

For Satan's cruel reign is done,
Begun the reign of Grace.
Noel! Noel! the Babe is born
In Bethlehem to-day.

4 Unite, ye Christian people all,
In hymns of holy mirth;
Bring voice of praise, and suppliant call,
Emmanuel on earth!
Behold the manger, prostrate fall,
And hail the heavenly Birth.
Noel! Noel! the Babe is born
In Bethlehem to-day.

Star of Bethlehem, sweetly shining.

Carol 289.

Words by A. S. Woods.
Dolce. ♩ = 52.

(CHRISTMAS.)

C. Stimper.



2 Saviour, earth is cold and dreary,
And the Angels' song
Finds no echo 'mid the tumult
Of her strife and wrong.
Hail, sweet Jesus! ever blest,
Born to give the weary rest.

3 In the arms of Mary, Mother,
Thou art lowly laid,
God Incarnate, by Thee only
Could man's debt be paid.
Hail, sweet Jesus! ever blest,
Cradled on Thy Mother's breast.

4 Grant, dear Lord, that by Thy meekness,
And humility,
We, despite our human weakness,
May grow like to Thee.
Hail, sweet Jesus! ever blest,
Dwell with us, an honoured Guest.

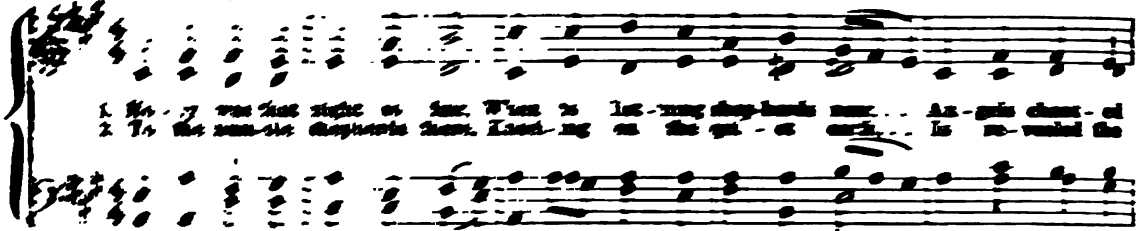
Heav'n was that night so fair.

Cæcilia 200.

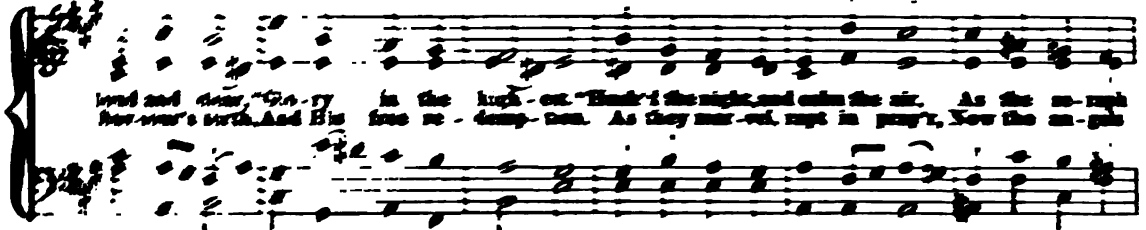
Written by A. Campbell.

CHRISTMAS.

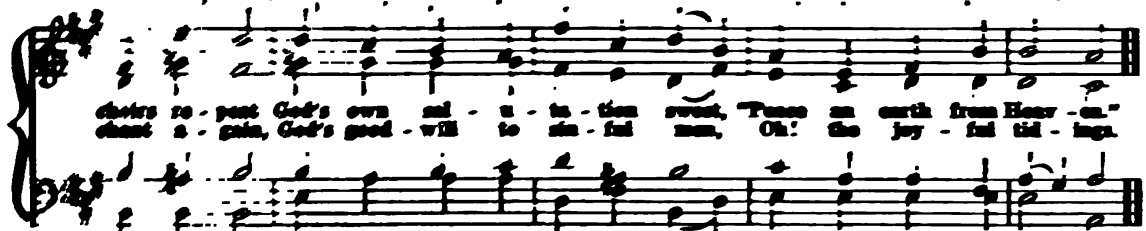
Original Melody.



1 Heav'n was that night so fair, When the lowing sheep-herds near... An angel came - of
2 To the wondering shepherds there, Kneeling on the ground - at once... In re-vealed the



loved and dear, "Glo-ry in the high-est, Hark! in the night, and calm the air. As the so-raph
Heav'n's birth, And His free re-demp-tion. As they mar-vel, rapt in pray'r, Now the an-gels



choirs re-peat God's own ad-u-la-tion sweet, "Praise an earth from Heav-en."
chant a-gain, God's good-will to sin-ful men, Oh! the joy-ful tid-ings.

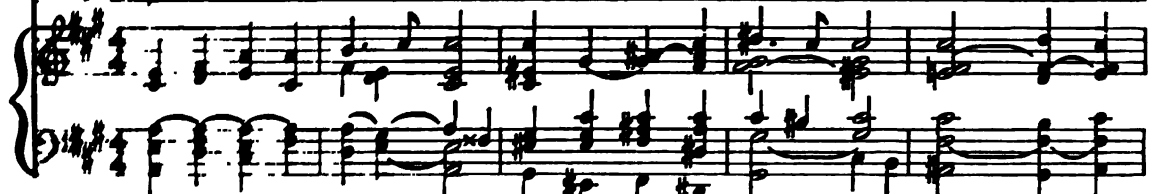
3 With what rapture, pure and rare,
On that first glad Christmas eve,
Did those simple men receive
Such good news from Heaven!
Lord, who by Thy sacred birth
Joy and peace to man didst bring,
Touch our hearts that we may sing
Praise to Thee unending.

4 Fill our souls with love divine,
May we all Thy children be;
Hear us as we sing to Thee,
"Glory in the highest."
And when life on earth is o'er,
Saviour, take us for Thine own;
May we sing before Thy throne,
Praise and high thanksgiving.

After the last verse if desired.



Glo-ry to the Fa-ther be, Glo-ry un-to Christ the Son, And the Spi-rit,




Three in One, A-men, Al-le-lu-in, A-men.





Hallelujah! raise the song.

(EASTER.)

Carol 291.

Arthur H. Brown.

With spirit.

f Hal - le - lu - jah!

ff raise the song, "Je - sus Christ is ris - en!" Let the Church the note pro-long, "Je - sus Christ is

f ris - en." Her liv - ing and tri - um - phant Head, Cap - tiv - i - ty has cap - tive led, And

ff ev - 'ry foe has van - quish - ed. Hal - le - lu - - - jah! ... *Dal*

2 Hallelujah! let the cry,
 "Jesus Christ is risen!"
 Wake each harp-string of the sky,
 "Jesus Christ is risen!"
 The sealed stone is rolled away.
 Death and the grave have lost their prey,
 For Jesus Christ is risen to-day.
 Hallelujah!

3 Hallelujah! dry the tear,
 "Jesus Christ is risen!"
 Sound o'er every silent bier,
 "Jesus Christ is risen!"
 Thrice blessed pledge, ye mourners keep,
 Who for your loved and lost ones weep—
Because He lives, they only sleep.
 Hallelujah!

4 Hallelujah! let the sound,
 "Jesus Christ is risen!"
 Circulate the world around,
 "Jesus Christ is risen!"
 Soon may the Earth's great Easter be,
 When her now bonded children free,
 Exultant, Lord, shall reign with Thee.
 Hallelujah!

The world itself keeps Easter Day.

(EASTER.)

From "Piae Cantiones"
Har. by G. E. Woodward.

Carol 292.

1. The world it-self keeps Easter Day, And Easter larks are sing-ing; And
Eas-ter flow'rs are blooming gay, And Eas-ter buds are spring-ing. Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia. The
Lord of all things lives a-new, And all His works are ris-ing too, In no-va ju-ven-tu-te.

2 There stood three Maries by the tomb,
On Easter morning early,
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,
And dew was white and pearly;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
With loving but with erring mind
They came the Prince of Life to find,
Cum pia servitute.

3 But earlier still the Angel sped
His news of comfort giving;
And "why," he said, "among the dead
"Thus seek ye for the living?"
Alleluia! Alleluia!
"Go tell them all and make them blest,
"Tell Peter first, and then the rest,"
Mandatum hoc secute.

4 But one, and one alone remained,
With love that could not vary;
And thus a joy past joy she gained,
That sometime sinner, Mary:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The first the dear, dear form to see
Of Him who hung upon the tree
Pro hominum salute.

5 The Church is keeping Easter Day,
And Easter hymns are sounding,
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,
The holy Font surrounding;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
The Lord hath risen, as all things tell,
Good Christians, see ye rise as well.
Divina de virtute.

Bird and blossom.

Carol 293.

(EASTER.)

A. A. Wad.

1. Bird and blos-som, leaf and tree, Chime and choir, in glad-some key, E-cho near and far a-way,
2. Born a babe, on Calv'ry slain, Ended now the sad re-frain; Henceforth sing the car-ol gay,
3. Ris'n from death to life a-bove, Rise, then, we to lives of love; Lives me-lo-dious that shall say,
4. Helping hand and lov-ing heart, Smil-ing face with gen-tle art, Hymning one tri-umph-ant lay,

Parish Choir, No. 1308 - 4.

BIRD AND BLOSSOM.

rit.

"Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!" E - cho near and far a - way, "Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!"
 "Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!" Henceforth rings the car - ol gay, "Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!"
 "Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!" Lives me - lo - dious that shall say, "Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!"
 "Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!" Hymning our tri-umph - ant lay, "Je - sus Christ is risen to-day!"

rit.

Easter flowers are blooming bright.

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Carol 294.

Arthur F. M. Custance.
cres.

SOLO. Moderato.

mf

1. Eas - ter flowers are bloom - ing bright, Eas - ter skies pour ra - diant light, Christ our Lord is

cres.

UNISON CHORUS.

CHORUS. HARMONY.

f *mf* *cres.*

ris'n in might, Glo - ry in the high - est. Glo - ry in the high - est, Glo - ry in the

f *mf* *cres.*

f *ff*

high - est; Je - sus Christ is ris'n a - gain, Glo - ry in the high - est.

f *ff*

2

Angels carolled this sweet lay,
 When in manger rude He lay;
 Now once more cast grief away:
 Glory in the highest.

3

He, then born to grief and pain,
 Now to glory born again,
 Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
 Glory in the highest.

4

As He riseth, rise we too,
 Tune we heart and voice anew,
 Offer homage glad and true,
 Glory in the highest.

By the thorny way of sorrow.

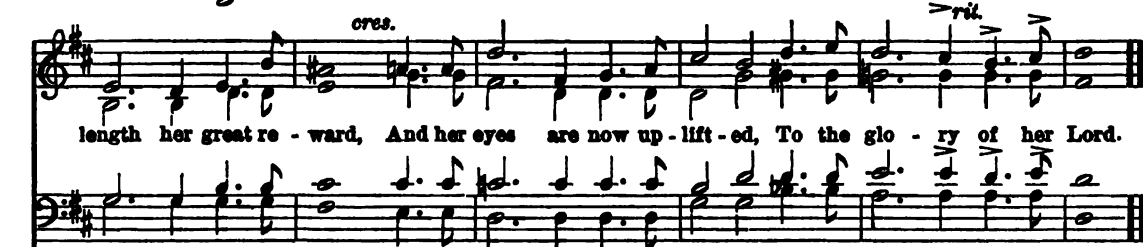
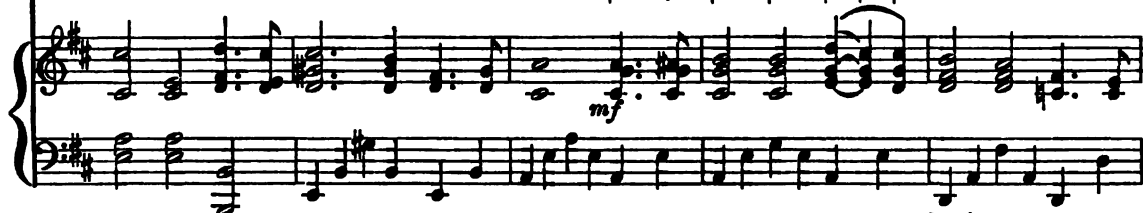
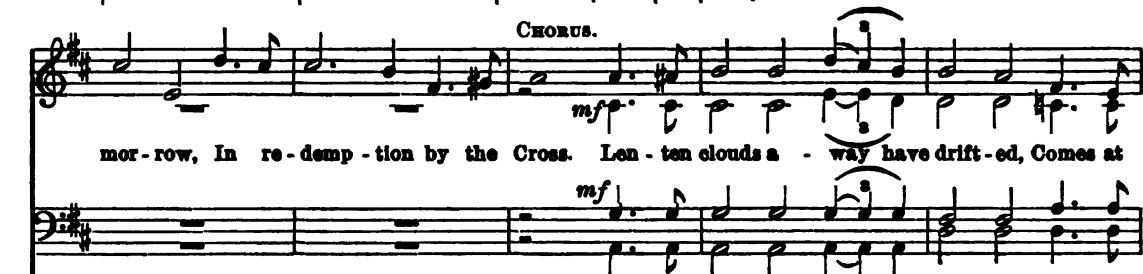
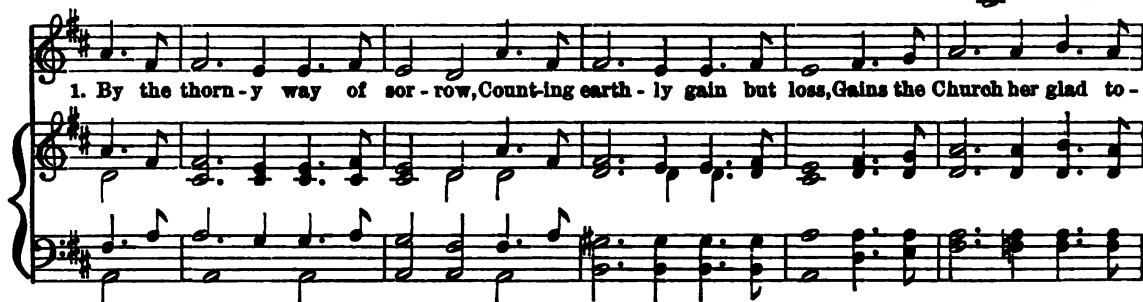
Carol 295.

(EASTER.)

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Geo. Edgar Oliver.

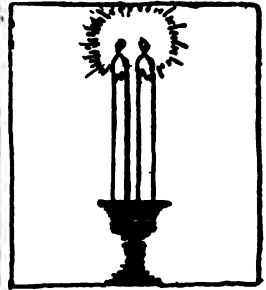
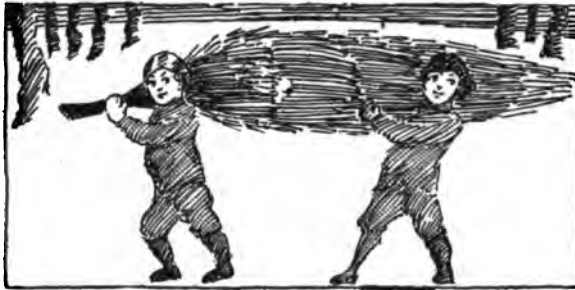
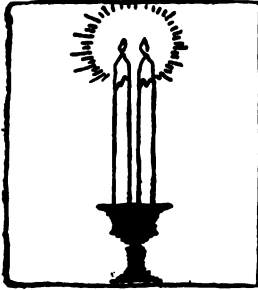
Andante tranquillo.



Alleluia! King Eternal!
Lord of life! the strife is o'er;
Thou hast quelled the powers infernal;
Throwing wide the heaven's door;
Alleluia! He has risen!
And His own, in Him shall rise;
Broken are the bars of prison;
Won the rest of Paradise.

Parish Choir, No. 1106—4.

In His manhood, Christ victorious
Won for man o'er death the strife;
And His Godhead ever glorious
Grants the gift of endless life;
Hail! all hail! the King immortal!
Who shall with His Church abide
Till we pass through death's dark portal
To the eternal Eastertide.



O'er hill and dell the Christmas bell.

Carol 296.

Con spirito.

Henry Knight.

mf 1. O'er hill and dell The Christ-mas bell Is ring-ing far and wide; Let
mf all re-joice, With cheer-ful voice, And peace on earth a-bide. . . For
cres. Christ is born This hap-py morn, Hark! Hark! the An-gels sing; . . Good-
cres. will and love, From Heav'n a-bove, To all man-kind they bring. .

2.

With holy mirth,
To greet His birth,
Draw nigh that Infant's bed;
Be not afraid,
For He is laid
Within a lowly shed.
There bend the knee,
For this is He,
Of David's royal line,
Who reigns alone -
From manger-throne,
In Majesty Divine.

3.

Nowel! Nowel!
Our song shall tell
To people yet unborn,
How Christ the King
Did gladness bring
Upon this happy morn.
The gloom departs
From faithful hearts,
For lo! the Lord is here.
Come one and all,
Before Him fall,
That Blessed Babe revere.

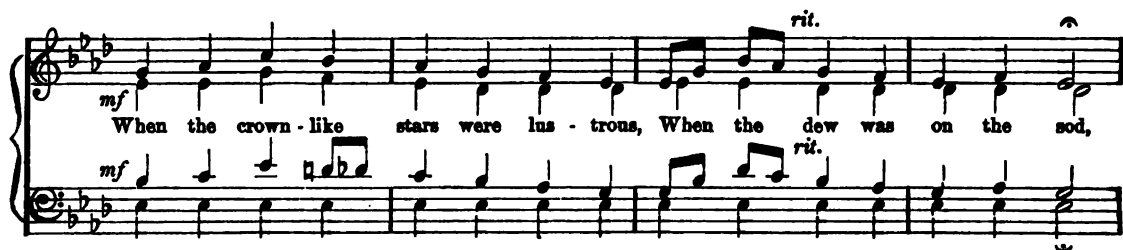
Christmas morning.

Carol 297.

Copyright, 1904, by C. L. HUTTONS.

Allegro con brio.

George Edgar Oliver.



2.

To the humble Bethlehem shepherds,
On the first glad Christmas morn,
Sang the choir of God angelic,
"Christ, the Son of God, is born."
When the dew was white and pearly,
Flashed a light across the sky,
In the early morning, early,
"Glory be to God on high."

3.

Glory in the heavens eternal,
Upon earth be glory, too,
For the day of grace hath broken,
And a King is born to you.
In the early morning, early,
"Glory be to God on high"
Rang the sound of angels harping
Through the stillly list'ning sky.

● little town of Bethlehem.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 298.

Copyright, 1904, by C. L. HUTCHINS.

A. F. M. Cushman.

Molto legato.

mf 1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie; . . .

mf

p A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by; . . .

p

cres. Yet in thy dark streets shi - neth The ev - er - last - ing Light; . .

cres.

ritard.

dim. The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. .

dim.

2.

mf For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
f O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3.

mp How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4.

mf O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
f We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Parish Choir, No. 1142 — 6.

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1890.

Wise men from Egypt's ancient land.

Carol 299.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Words by May P. Hoyt.

Copyright, 1904, by C. L. HUTCHINS.

George Edgar Oliver.

Marziale.

1. Wise men from E-gypt's
2. Hark to the mes-sage
3. Kneel to the Child on

an-cient land, Why come ye from a-far? Why bear ye gold and frank-in-cense? Why
sweet and clear, Sent down to earth from heaven, "This day is born in Both-le-hem, The
Ma-ry's knee, The Lord come down from heaven, Lay down your hearts, your
lives, your all, As

fol-low ye that Star? Shep-herds who watch your flocks by night Un-der the star-lit
Christ to mor-tals given." Ye peo-ple all, both great and small, Come, join the wise men's
off-rings free-ly given. Then ris-ing sing, with that bright host, "Glo-ry to God most

shies, ... List to the mus-is sound-ing far, Hear an-gel voi-ces rise,
train, ... List with the shep-herds to the notes Of that an-gel in strain.
High, ... Peace on the earth, good-will to men," All now through Him brought nigh.

Morning is breaking.

Carol 300.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Copyright, 1904, by C. L. HUTCHINS.

George Edgar Oliver.

1. Morn-ing is break-ing O'er moun-tain and plain, The earth is a-wak-ing From slum-ber a-gain.
2. Lift-ing our voi-ces In wor-ship and praise, To Christour Re-deem-er An an-them we raise.
3. Vis-ions of glo-ry No more on our sight Will burst on the dark-ness With hea-ven-ly light.

Wel-come, sweet wel-come, We give to the day, With hol-ly and i-vy, And lau-rel and bay.
An-gels no long-er Ap-pear up-on earth, To tell the glad tid-ings Of joy at His birth.
Wel-come the morn-ing Whose beams round us shine; Our Sun is the Sav-iour, The light is Di-vine.

Parish Choir, No. 1142 — 6.

Carol! carol joyfully!

Carol 301.

Words by Amy S. Woods.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Moderato ♩ = 54.

C. Simper.

1. Car - ol, car - ol joy - ful - ly! Christ the Lord is born! With your sweet - est min - strel - sy,

Greet His Birth - day morn. Roy - al In - fant fair and sweet, Ti - ny hands and dim - pled feet:

rall. *Chorus. after each verse.*
'Tis the King of pow'r con - fest, Lies on maid - en mo - ther's breast. Car - ol! Car - ol,

Car - ol! Car - ol joy - ful - ly! . . . Sweet - est songs of An - gel throngs, Sweet - est praise our

rall. e dim.
voi - ces raise, In - fant Lord, to Thee! In - fant Lord, . . . to Thee.

2.

Carol! carol joyfully!
Herald-angels sing,
Through the starry midnight sky,
Of the new-born King.
Patient oxen round Him stand,
While the kings from Eastern land
Bring their off'rings manifold,—
Myrrh and frankincense and gold.
Chorus. — Carol! Carol! etc.

3.

Carol! carol joyfully!
Winter's gloom is past,
Now our Sun right royally
Sheds His rays at last;
Shines with holy peace and love,
Shines with light from heav'n above,
Bringing from the Father's Throne
Power to claim and keep His own.
Chorus. — Carol! Carol! etc.

Carol 302.

ring ye bells.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Marched.

Charles Darnon.

mf O ring, ye bells, sweet

Christ-mas bells, Ring out this hap-py morn! While far and wide your mu-sic tells, "To us a Child is

born." To us a Child is born to-day, To us a Son is given, We chant the ho-ly

CHORUS, after each verse.
UNISON.

Christ-mas lay, And join the hosts of heaven. All glo-ry be to God on high! And

peace to men on earth; *ff* We join the cho-rus of the sky To hail the Sav-iour's birth.

2.

O ring, ye bells! for He has come
To give the nations peace,
To bring His wand'ring children home,
The prisoners to release.
He comes to give the weary rest,
To bind the broken heart,
To soothe upon His gentle breast,
And heal the mourner's smart.
CHORUS:— All glory, etc.

Parish Choir, No. 1142—6.

3.

Then ring, ye bells, sweet Christmas bells,
Ring out this happy morn!
While far and wide your music tells
The Saviour-King is born.
And He shall reign from shore to shore,
To earth's remotest bound;
All nations shall His Name adore,
And His high praises sound.
CHORUS:— All glory, etc.



Carol 303.

All hail the gladsome Easter morn.

Con spirito.

Henry Edward Earle.

cres.

All hail the glad - some Eas - ter morn, For which the spring-tide's flow'rs were born; Earth

cres.

wears her gay - est robes to - day, And casts her Len - ten garb a - way. Ring

cres - cen - do.

Ring

out, ring clear, . . . Ring far, ring near, Oh,

out, ring out, ring clear, ring out, Ring far, ring out, ring near, ring out,

bells in stee - ples high, . Ring in the dawn of Eas - ter morn, Be - neath the Spring - tide

cres. rit. a tempo.

sky, . . Ring in the dawn of Eas - ter morn, Be - neath the Spring - tide sky. . .

2 Bloom, lilies, on your slender stems,
To crown the day like diadems,
And lifting up your petals white,
Make Easter altars glad and bright;
While ring so clear,

From far and near,
The bells in steeples high,
And glad hearts raise
Their song of praise
Beneath the spring-time's sky.

Welcome, happy morning.

(EASTER.)

Carol 304.

Rev. C. O. Arnold.

Lively.

f "Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing!" age to age shall say; Hell to-day is van-quished,

mp Heav'n is won to-day! *mp* Lo! the dead is liv-ing, God for ev-er-more!

mp *accel.* Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore! **CHORUS.** *f* "Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing!"

age to age shall say; Hell to-day is van-quished, Heav'n is won to-day!

2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King!
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

4 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

5 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

Alleluia! sing the triumph.

(EASTER.)

Carol 305.

Words by Mabel Dawson.

Arthur H. Brown.

With spirit.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. Each system has a piano part on the left and a vocal part on the right. The piano part is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The vocal part is in the same key and time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *cres.* (crescendo), and *ff* (fortissimo). The lyrics are: "Al - le - lu - ia! sing the tri - umph Of the Vic - tor in the strife, Who, thro' Death, Him - self hath brought us To the Res - ur - rec - tion Life. Lo! the bars of Death are riv - en, Now for ev - er o - pen stand: Nev - er more shall close the por - tals Of the Res - ur - rec - tion Land, Nev - er more shall close the por - tals Of the Res - ur - rec - tion Land!"

2 Alleluia! lo, the darkness
Breaks in everlasting dawn,
Fled for ever in the radiance
Of the Resurrection Morn.
Now is past the night of weeping,
With the morning cometh joy;
By His glorious Resurrection
Death's fell power did Christ destroy.

3 Lo! the keys of Death are holden
By the Victor glorified;
Christ the Gates of Heaven hath opened
Unto all believers wide.
Day and night the great procession
Of the ransomed enters in;
Jesus lives! because He liveth,
Life eternal man may win.

4 Alleluia! Christ is risen!
He hath triumphed gloriously:
Now, through Christ may man triumphant,
Joyful gain the victory.
Alleluia! Saviour, keep us
By Thy heavenly grace, we pray,
That we keep with Thee in Heaven
Everlasting Easter Day.

5 Alleluia! Lord, we hail Thee,
Join the chorus of the skies,
And with Angels and Archangels
Bid the Hymn of Praise arise.
Alleluia! praise and glory,
Laud, thanksgiving, honour, might,
Worship, blessing, adoration,
To the Victor Infinite.

Chime out, ye bells of beauty.

Carol 306.

UNISON. *Allegretto.*

(EASTER.)

Geo. Edgar Oliver.

1. Chime out, ye bells of beau - ty, And e - cho far and wide, The bless - ed joy - ful

CHORUS.
tid - ings, 'Tis mer - ry Eas - ter - tide. . . Ring, ring your sweet - est mu - sic, With

mer - ry mu - sic ring, . . . Till ev - 'ry chime pro - claim it, The Lord, the ris - en King.

2 Chime out, ye bells of glory,
With love in ev'ry tone,
And let your joyful pealing
Ascend to yonder throne. CHO.

3 Chime out ye bells of mercy,
Christ lives, the Crucified,
He lives our dear Redeemer,
Proclaim it far and wide. CHO.

4 Chime out, ye bells of beauty,
And ring with pow'r to-day,
The tidings of salvation,
Till all the call obey. CHO.

Once again with joyful voices.

Carol 307.

(EASTER.)

Geo. Edgar Oliver.

1. Once a - gain with joy - ful voi - ces, Gath - er we to praise and pray; Once a - gain each heart re - joic - es,

On this hap - py Eas - ter Day. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing a - loud a joy - ous lay.

2 Once again in adoration,
Bow we low before the Throne;
Praise the God of our salvation,
Once declared "the great unknown."
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
He is God, and God alone.

3 Once again with exultation,
Praise the Holy Spirit too,
Who, in doubt and hesitation,
Points us to the right and true.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Everlasting praise is due.

4 Hallelujah to the Father,
Hallelujah to the Son,
Hallelujah to the Spirit,
Hallelujah, Three in One.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Christ is risen, and Heaven is won.



Upon the snow-clad earth.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 308.

Arthur Sullivan

1. Up - on the snow - clad earth with-out The stars are shin - ing bright, As
2. 'Twas in the days when far and wide Men own'd the Cæ - sar's sway, That

Heav'n had hung out all her lamps To hail our fes - tal night; For on this night, long years a - go, The
his de - cree went forth, that all A cer - tain tax should pay. Then from their home in Naz'reth's vale, O -

Bless - ed Babe was born, The saints of old were wont to keep Their vi - gils un - til morn.
be - dient to the same, With Ma - ry, his es - pous - ed wife, The saint - ly Jo - seph came.

3

A stable and a manger, where
The oxen lowed around,
Was all the shelter Bethlehem gave,
The welcome that they found!
Yet blessed among women was
That holy mother-maid,
Who on that night her First-born Son
There in the manger laid.

4

The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
E'en from His very Birth,
Had not a place to lay His Head,
An outcast on the earth:
And yet we know that little Babe
Was tender to the touch,
And weak as other infants are;
He felt the cold as much.

5

In swaddling bands she wrapped Him round,
And smoothed His couch of straw,
While unseen Angels watched beside,
In mute, adoring awe.
How softly did they fold their wings
Beneath that star-lit shed,
While Eastern Sages from afar
The new-born radiance led!

6

And thus it is, from age to age,
That as this night comes 'round,
So sweetly, underneath the moon,
The Christmas carols sound.
Because to us a Child is born
Our Brother, and our King,
Angels in Heaven, and we on earth,
Our joyful anthems sing.

Ye bells of Christmas time.

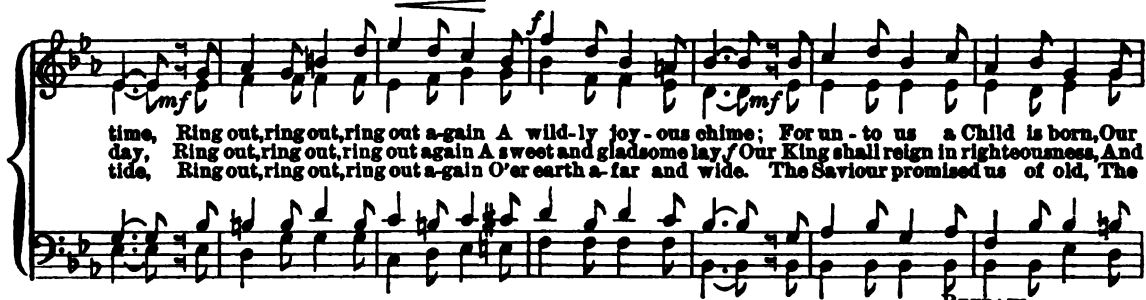
Carol 309.

Andante.

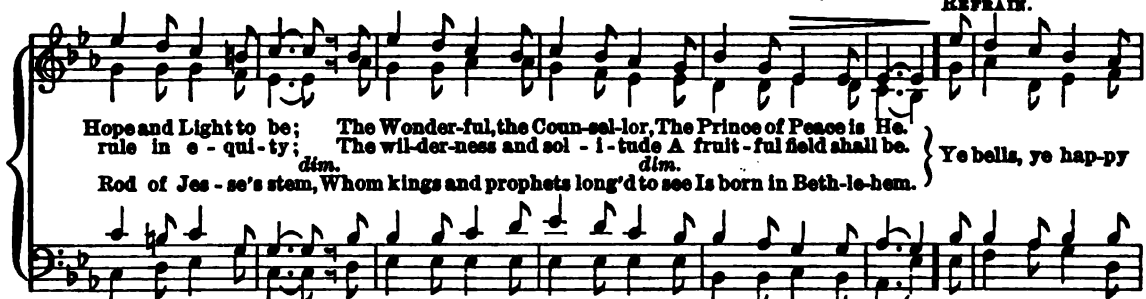
Arthur Berridge.



1. Ye bells, ye bells, ye hap-py bells, Ye bells of Christmas
2. Ye bells, ye bells, ye hap-py bells, Ye bells of Christmas
3. Ye bells, ye bells, ye hap-py bells, Ye bells of Christmas



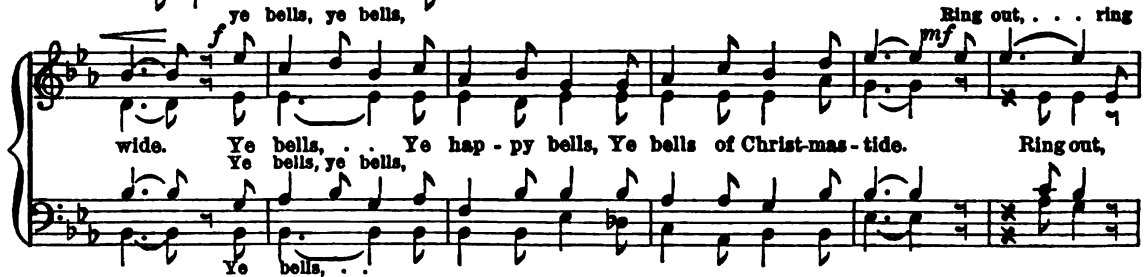
mf time, Ring out, ring out, ring out a-gain A wild-ly joy-ous chime; For un-to us a Child is born, Our day, Ring out, ring out, ring out again A sweet and glad-some lay, Our King shall reign in righteousness, And tide, Ring out, ring out, ring out a-gain O'er earth a-far and wide. The Saviour promised us of old, The



dim. Hope and Light to be; The Wonder-ful, the Coun-sel-lor, The Prince of Peace is He. } Ye bells, ye hap-py
rule in e-qui-ty; The wil-der-ness and sol-i-tude A fruit-ful field shall be. }
dim. Rod of Jes-se's stem, Whom kings and prophets long'd to see Is born in Beth-le-hem.



Refrain.
tide, . . Ring out, ring out, ring out a-gain,
Christmas bells, Ye bells of Christmas-tide, . . Ring, ring, ring a-gain O'er earth a-far and ring out,



ye bells, ye bells, Ring out, . . . ring
wide. Ye bells, . . Ye hap-py bells, Ye bells of Christ-mas-tide. Ring out,
Ye bells, ye bells,
Ye bells, . .



out, . . . ring out, ye hap-py Christmas bells. *mf* *D.S.*

Bethlehem land.

Carol 310.

Words by Rev. C. W. Stubbs.
Dolce e tranquillo. ♩ = 60.

CHRISTMAS.

T. Tertius Noble.

mf

1. Fair the night in Beth-le-hem land, Sweet the songs of an - gel band. Fall snow so light - ly!

mf

Organ Ped. senza Ped. *cres.* *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

Je - su, born of Ma - ry maid, In an ox - en stall was laid, O star, shine bright - ly.

Ped.

2 Rustic shepherds in a row
Knelt beside the cradle low.
Fall, snow, so lightly!
Told of all the magic song
They had heard their sheep among,
O star, shine brightly!

3 Three men rode from out the wild,
Came to greet the Christmas child.
Fall, snow, so lightly!
Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar,
Magian pilgrims from afar.
O star, shine brightly!

4 Spice and myrrh and gold of kings,
Offerings rare of far-brought things.
Fall, snow, so lightly!
Gold for joy and myrrh for pain,
Frankincense for altar's fane.
O star, shine brightly!

5 Nowell, Nowell, sing we then,
Jesu saves the souls of men.
Fall, snow, so lightly!
So joy comes from God above
To all those who Christmas love.
O star, shine brightly!

Once in Bethlehem of Judah.

Carol 311.

Cecil F. Alexander, alt.

CHRISTMAS.

C. E. Kettle.

1. Once in Beth - le - hem of Ju - dah, Far a - way a - cross the sea, There was laid a
2. It was not a state - ly pal - ace Where that lit - tle Ba - by lay, With His ser - vants

REFRAIN.

lit - tle Ba - by On a Vir - gin Moth - er's knee. } O Sav - iour, gen - tle Sav - iour,
to at - tend Him, And with guards to keep the way.

cres. *mf*

Hear Thy lov - ing chil - dren sing, The God of our sal - va - tion, The Child that is our King.

3 But the oxen stood around Him,
In a stable low and dim;
In the world He had created
There was not a room for Him.— REF.

4 For He left His Father's glory,
And the golden halls above,
And He took our human nature,
In the greatness of His love.— REF.

5 Of His infinite compassion
He can feel our want and woe;
For He suffered, He was tempted,
When He lived our life below.— REF.

6 Still He stands and pleads in heaven,
For us weak and sin-defiled;
God, who is a man for ever,
Jesus, who was once a child.— REF.

Parish Choir, No. 1193—4.

Sweetly sang the Angels.

Carol 312.

CHRISTMAS.

T. F. Dunhill.

UNISON.

1. Sweet-ly sang the An - gels in the clear calm night, On their white wings rest - ing

in the heav'n-ly light; Sent by God the Fa - ther, who our love has sought,

REFRAIN.
Un - to men and chil dren tid - ings glad they brought. Chil - dren, blend your voi - ces,

in sweet con - cord sing, Hail the Lord's An - oint - ed, Christ, the children's King.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 To the gentle shepherds it was first revealed,
Watching 'mid the darkness in the open field,
That in David's city, on that holy morn,
In a lowly stable, Christ, our King, was born.
Children, blend your voices, etc.</p> <p>3 Gladdened by the tidings, hastily they sped
To the crowded city and the manger-bed;
There they found the Saviour, with His mother
mild;
Him they loved and worshipped though a
lowly child.
Children, bend your voices, etc.</p> | <p>4 In His simple childhood, and His sacred youth,
All His ways were holy, all His words were
truth;
For our sins He suffered, and through grief
All His lambs He purchased for His sacred
Children, blend your voices, etc.</p> <p>5 Jesu, meek and gentle, make us like to Thee;
Loving, true, and tender, Thou wouldst have
us be.
Blessings rich and holy, at this Christmas
Pour Thou out upon us, Saviour, King, and
Children, blend your voices, etc. [Guide.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Parish Choir, No. 1193 — 4.



Sing for joy.

EASTER.

Carol 313.

E. H. Ruel.

Maestoso.

1. Sing for joy! Sing for
2. Round the world let it
3. Let the moun - tains re -

Trumpets.

joy! For the morn - ing has come, Far a - way flee the hosts of the night; He has
ring From the East to the West, Let the na - tions the glad - some song swell; And the
joice, Let the sea lift its voice, From the North to the South let it ring That the

con - quered the grave, He the migh - ty to save, Lift your heads, all ye gates, to the
shout shall re - sound That our Lead - er is crowned And has con - quer'd the dark - ness of the
bat - tle is done, And the vic - to - ry won, Shout for joy, all ye sons of the

Harmony.

con forsa.

rall.

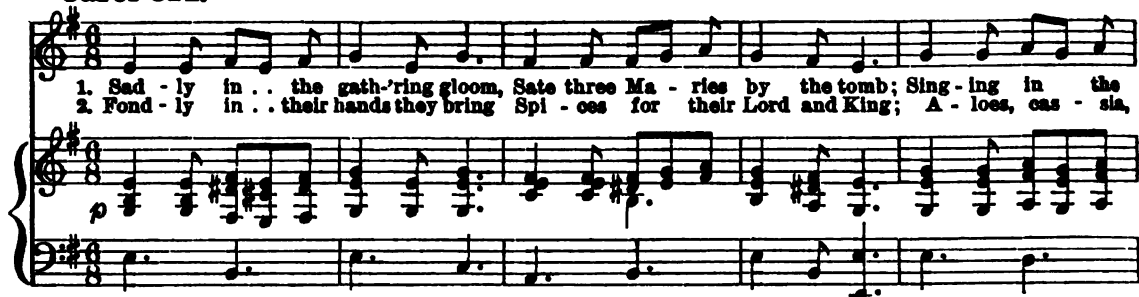
light. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lift your heads, all ye gates, to the light.
Hell. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! He has con - quer'd the dark - ness of Hell.
King. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Shout for joy, all ye sons of the King.

Sadly in the gathering gloom.

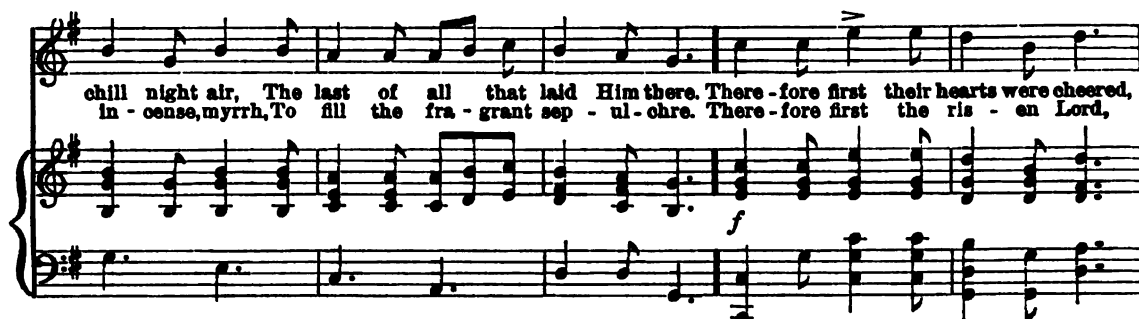
EASTER.

Carol 314.

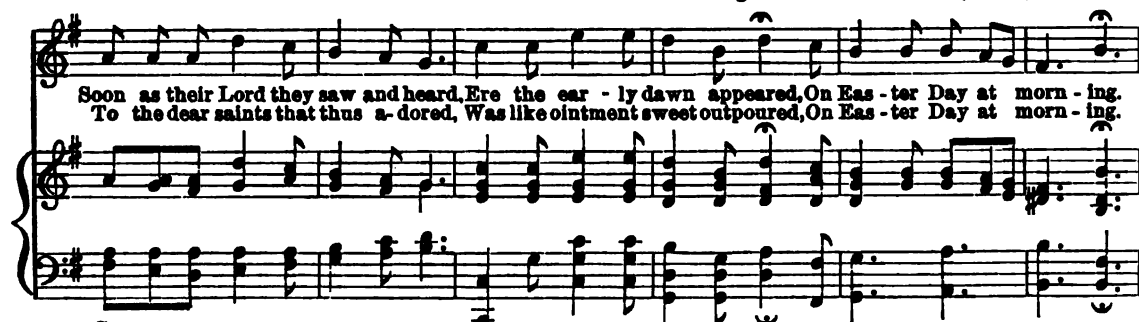
Rev. J. H. Hopkins.



1. Sad - ly in . . the gath - ring gloom, Sate three Ma - ries by the tomb; Sing - ing in the
2. Fond - ly in . . their hands they bring Spi - ces for their Lord and King; A - loes, cas - sia,

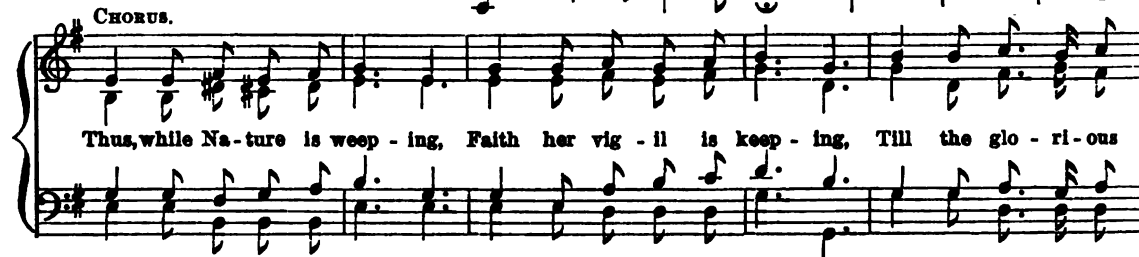


chill night air, The last of all that laid Him there. There - fore first their hearts were cheered,
In - cense, myrrh, To fill the fra - grant sep - ul - chre. There - fore first the ris - en Lord,



Soon as their Lord they saw and heard, Ere the ear - ly dawn appeared, On Eas - ter Day at morn - ing.
To the dear saints that thus a - dored, Was like ointment sweet outpoured, On Eas - ter Day at morn - ing.

CHORUS.



Thus, while Na - ture is weep - ing, Faith her vig - il is keep - ing, Till the glo - ri - ous



Orb of Day Shall scatter the clouds a - way. *pp*

3 Last to kiss His feet were they
When in death His body lay:—
Last to weep while they around
His limbs the linen grave-clothes wound:
First, then, they hear angels tell
How the Lord Christ, our foes to quell,
Burst the bands of Death and Hell,
On Easter Day at morning.

CHO. Thus, while, etc.

Parish Choir, No. 1209—4.

4 Love now wins a new employ;
Last in grief is first in joy;
Woman shall proclaim to men
That Jesus Christ is risen again!
We still hear that message sung,
Sweetly as when from woman's tongue,
First its thrilling raptures rung
On Easter Day at morning.

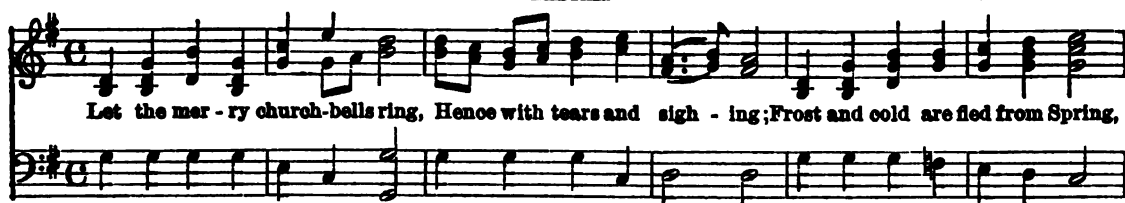
CHO. Thus, while, etc.

Carol 315.

Let the merry church bells ring.

EASTER.

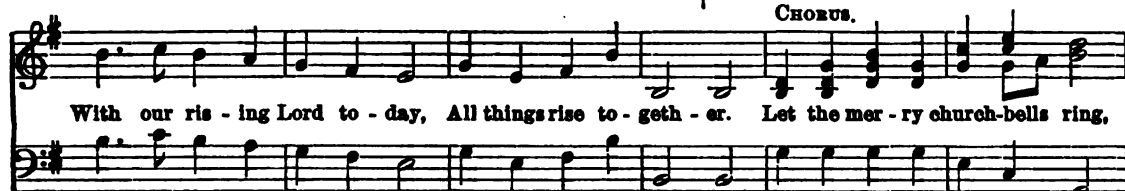
L. H. Redner.



Let the mer - ry church-bells ring, Hence with tears and sigh - ing; Frost and cold are fled from Spring,



Life hath conquer'd dy - ing. Flow'rs are smil - ing, fields are gay, Sun - ny is the wea - ther;



With our ris - ing Lord to - day, All things rise to - geth - er. Let the mer - ry church-bells ring,



Ring, Ring, . Let the mer - ry church-bells ring, Ring, Ring, Ring.

2 Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple;
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter,
Let the merry, etc.

3 Let the thought of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth;
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say,
Christus Resurrexit.
Let the merry, etc.

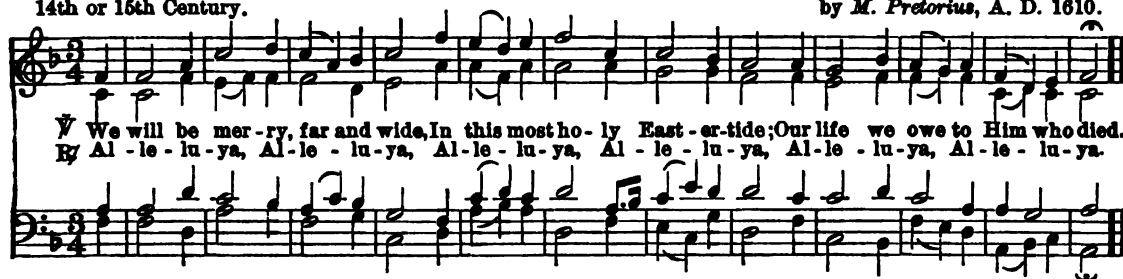
Carol 316.

We will be merry, far and wide.

Words from German
14th or 16th Century.

EASTER.

Traditional Melody
by M. Pretorius, A. D. 1610.



♫ We will be mer - ry, far and wide, In this most ho - ly East - er-tide; Our life we owe to Him who died.
♫ Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya.

2 ♫ Now Christ is ris'n, to die no more,
Death on the Cross Who nobly bore;
Him therefore bless we evermore.
♫ Alleluya, etc.

3 ♫ The gates of death in twain He broke,
And led thereout His ransom'd folk,
Ay free from Satan's deadly yoke.
♫ Alleluya, etc.

4 ♫ Praise, honour, laud to Christ be done,
The Father's only sinless Son,
Who Paradise for man re-won.
♫ Alleluya, etc.

5 ♫ Good Christian people, sing for glee,
And praise the Holy Trinity,
From age to age eternally.
♫ Alleluya, etc.

Parish Choir, No. 1200—4.

The world itself is blithe and gay.

EASTER.

Words and Melody from
the *Königliches Gesangbuch*, 1623.
Har. by G. B. Woodward.

Carol 317.



1. The world it - self is blithe and gay, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya;
2. The skies with an - gel - mu - sic ring, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya;

And keeps with Je - sus Eas - ter day, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya.
While ho - ly Church on earth doth sing, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya.

3. Our fields are decked in vernal hue, Alleluya; 5 Now sunbeams daily stronger grow, Alleluya;
The trees begin to bloom anew, Alleluya. And lend the earth a brighter glow. Alleluya.
4. Hark! birds are singing far and near; Alleluya; 6 The world itself is blithe and gay, Alleluya;
The nightingale 'tis joy to hear. Alleluya. And keep with Jesus Easter-day. Alleluya.

Jesus, our Saviour, we welcome Thy rising.

Carol 318.

EASTER.

S. P. Warren.



1. Je - sus, our Sav-iour, we wel-come Thy ris-ing! Wel-come Thy ris-ing from death and the grave!
2. Seek we with Ma-ry, the tomb in the gar-den? An-gels may show us the place where He lay.

Hall to the Vic-tor o'er sin and o'er sor-row, Hall to the Prince who is migh-ty to save!
Emp-ty the sep-ul-chre! fold-ed the grave-clothes! Je - sus a - rose ere the dawn-ing of day!

ff Je - sus is ris - en! Je - sus is ris - en! Hall to the Prince who is migh - ty to save!
ff Je - sus is ris - en! Je - sus is ris - en! Je - sus a - rose ere the dawn-ing of day!

- 3 Yet He is near, if we turn when He speaketh, 4 Welcome to Him who was dead and who liveth!
Calling our names, till we know it is He. Jesus, our Saviour, alive evermore! [Him!
Hands might not touch Him until He ascended— Bring we our treasures, and spread them before
Master, Rabboni, our *hearts* cling to Thee! Jesus, our Saviour, we love and adore!
Jesus is risen! Jesus is risen! Jesus is risen! Jesus is risen!
Master, Rabboni, our hearts cling to Thee! Jesus, our Saviour, we love and adore!
Parish Choir, No. 1209—4.



In the hallowed manger.

Carol 319.

CHRISTMAS.

Thomas Adama.

$\text{♩} = 54.$ *Dolce e devoto.*

cres. poco a poco.

1. In the hal - lowed man - ger Sleeps the Ho - ly Child, Love and light shine

from Him, Though the win - ter's wild: Earth-storms yet may gath - er, Loom-ing large and

cres.
loud, . . . Time has touch'd th'E - ter - nal, Light is in the cloud.

Maestoso e marcato. $\text{♩} = 92.$
Glo - ry to God, hark! how the wel - kin rings, And night is woo'd to mirth:

rit. e dim.
High min - strels hov - er on a - dor - ing wings, And breathe God's peace, God's peace, on earth.

2 At the hallowed manger,
Bowed in faith before
Love's divinest vision,
Simple swains adore:
Still true hearts discover
That entrancing sight,
Still the Babe of Bethlehem
Leads pure souls to light.
Glory to God, hark! etc.

3 At the hallowed manger,
In our Babe's pure birth,
Wistful hope is finding
Sanctity for earth:
For the light that reddened
Once that midnight sky,
Flames where still that Child heart
Saves humanity.
Glory to God, hark! etc.

Parish Choir, No. 1246—8.

R. E. Adderley.

Hail, gentle Jesus.

CHRISTMAS.


Carol 320.

Words and music by J. G. A.



1. Hail, gen - tle Je - sus, On Ma - ry's breast; Hail to you, ho - ly an - gels,
 2. Hail, Moth - er Ma - ry, Maid un - de - filed; With a sweet mur - mur sooth - ing
 3. Hail, Son of Ma - ry, Verily Thou art Man; Yet with the Fa - ther Thou wert
 4. Hail, King of An - gels, Verily Thou art God; Hid - ing Thy won - drous glo - ry,
 5. Hail, sim - ple shep - herds, Lying upon the cold earth; Warm'd by the breath of an - gels
 6. Hail, lit - tle man - ger, Throne of the King of kings, Song of Thy end - less glo - ry,

REFRAIN, after each verse.



Lull - ing your Lord to rest. .
 Je - sus, thy Ho - ly Child. .
 Long ere the Heavens be - gan. .
 In this poor flesh and blood. .
 Sing - ing of Je - sus' birth. .
 Through the wide heav - en rings. .

Je - sus, Je - sus; Hail, Gen - tle Je - sus.

Sweet Mary lulled her blessed Child.


CHRISTMAS.

Carol 321.

Words by Colin Sterne.

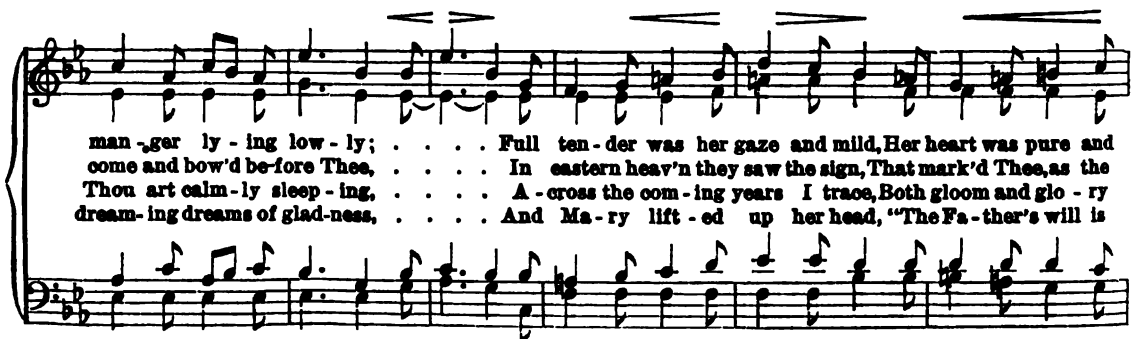
H. Ernest Nichol.

Allegretto moderato. ♩. = 52.



Sw. mp *p* *pp*

1. Sweet Ma - ry lulled her bless - ed Child In
 2. "The Sa - ges of a won - drous line Have
 3. "Yet while I look up - on Thy face, As
 4. But Je - sus in His low - ly bed Lay



man - ger ly - ing low - ly; . . . Full ten - der was her gaze and mild, Her heart was pure and
 come and bow'd be - fore Thee, . . . In eastern heav'n they saw the sign, That mark'd Thee, as the
 Thou art calm - ly sleep - ing, . . . A - cross the com - ing years I trace, Both gloom and glo - ry
 dream - ing dreams of glad - ness, . . . And Ma - ry lift - ed up her head, "The Fa - ther's will is

Parish Choir, No. 1246 - 6.

SWEET MARY LULLED HER BLESSED CHILD.

rall.

un - di - fled And all her tho'ts were ho - ly. She sang a song of slum - ber.
 Child Di - vine, And hast - ed to a - dore Thee. Thine eyes were closed in slum - ber.
 grief and grace Both sounds of joy and weep - ing, Though Thou art wrapt in slum - ber."
 best!" she said, "He heal - eth all our sad - ness, Thou smil - est in Thy slum - ber!"

CHORUS. a tempo.

pp Sleep, my Heart's De - sire! Lul - la - by, I sing; Born in low - ly byre, *mf* Yet

rall.

Sav - iour, Lord and King. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by."

● Little town of Bethlehem.

Carol 322.

CHRISTMAS.

J. Booth.

Sweetly and softly.

1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie, A - bove thy deep and
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove, While mor - tals sleep, the

f with animation.

dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
 an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love. O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro -

ff

ev - er - last - ing light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 claim the ho - ly birth, And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!

3 How silently, how silently,
 The wondrous gift is given!
 So God imparts to human hearts
 The blessings of His heaven.
 No ear may hear His coming;
 But in this world of sin,
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,
 The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
 Descend to us we pray;
 Cast out our sin and enter in;
 Be born in us to-day!
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell;
 O come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel!

Bishop Phillips Brooks.

Sleep, Holy Babe.

Carol 323.

con molto espress.

CHRISTMAS.

Arthur F. M. Custance.

cres.

Musical score for Carol 323, 'Sleep, Holy Babe.' The score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo/mood is marked 'con molto espress.' and the dynamics start with a piano (p) marking. The melody is simple and gentle. The lyrics are: 'Sleep, Ho-ly Babe, Up - on Thy Mother's breast. Great Lord of earth and sea and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of rest. In such a place of rest.' The score ends with a 'ritard.' marking.

2 Sleep! Holy Babe! Thine Angels watch around,
All bending low with folded wings,
Before the Incarnate King of kings,
In reverent awe profound.

3 Sleep! Holy Babe! while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that Face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there Divinely plays.

4 Sleep! Holy Babe! ah! take Thy brief repose;
Too quickly will Thy slumbers break,
And Thou to lengthened pains awake
That Death alone shall close.

E. Caswell.

All my heart this night rejoices.

CHRISTMAS.

H. W. Parker.

Carol 324.

Musical score for Carol 324, 'All my heart this night rejoices.' The score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (F), and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo/mood is not explicitly marked, but the dynamics start with a piano (p) marking. The melody is simple and joyful. The lyrics are: '1. All my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, Far and near, Sweetest an - gel voi - ces; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing, Till the air Ev - 'ry - where Now with joy is ring - ing.'

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!

Parish Choir, No. 1946 - 6.

Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt, 1656; Tr. C. Winkworth.

Angels singing, church bells ringing.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 325

ALL. 1st verse and repeated after the 17th verse.


German.



An - gels sing - in church bells ring - ing, Hol - ly twi - ning, Stars out - shin - ing,

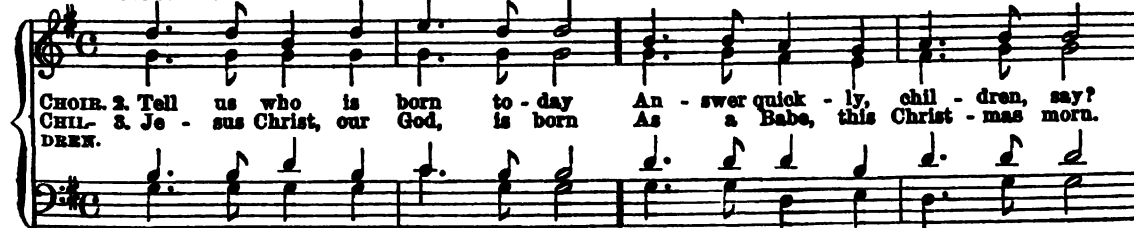


Bright with smiles each child - ish face; Haste to meet Him, glad - ly greet Him,



Fall be - fore Him, there a - dore Him, Born of Ma - ry, full of Grace.

For the other verses.



CHOIR. 2. Tell us who is born to - day An - swer quick - ly, chil - dren, say?
CHIL- 3. Je - sus Christ, our God, is born As a Babe, this Christ - mas morn.
DREN.

CHOIR.

4 Say who brought the tidings down,
Who has made the wonder known?

CHILDREN.

5 Thousand angels in the sky
Sang the glorious mystery.

CHOIR.

6 Say what watchers there were found
First to hear the welcome sound?

CHILDREN.

7 Shepherds in the fields to-night
Heard the song and saw the Light.

CHOIR.

8 Rested they beside the fold
When the joyful news was told?

CHILDREN.

9 Nay, with loving haste they sped
Unto Bethlehem's cattle-shed.

CHOIR.

10 Quickly say what saw they there,
Did they find the Babe so fair?

CHILDREN.

11 Yes, all sweetly on the hay,
Jesus in the manger lay.

ORGAN. After the last verse.



CHOIR.

12 Was He there alone? were none
Set to guard the Blessed One?

CHILDREN.

13 Mary rocked Him on her breast,
Joseph watched the Babe at rest.

CHOIR.

14 May we too the Babe adore,
Kneeling on the stable-floor?

CHILDREN.

15 Yes, we may adore Him thus,
For the Babe is born for us.

CHOIR.

16 Unto us a Son is given,
God hath made us heirs of Heav'n!
Holy Spirit, Thee we pray.
Draw us hither day by day.

CHILDREN.

17 Jesus! to Thy manger bed
May Thy children all be led;
There the Infant Saviour see,
Love and praise and worship Thee.

Carol 326.

Ring out, ye wild and merry bells.

CHRISTMAS.

C. Matland.

mf

1. Ring out, ye wild and mer - ry bells, Ring out the old, old sto - ry, That first was told by
 2. Ring out, ye sil - v'ry bells, ring out, Ring out your ex - ul - ta - tion; That God with man is
 3. Ring out, ye bra - zen bells, ring out, With tones of great re - joic - ing, At-tune Re-demp-tion's
 4. Ring out, ye mel-low'd bells, ring out, O joy! all joys ex - cel - ling, A joy for na - tions

p a little slower. *ff*

an - gel tongues, From out the realms of glo - ry. Peace on earth was their sweet song, Glo - ry in the
 hymn - on - ciled, Go tell it to the na - tions. Therefore let us all to - day, Glo - ry in the
 hymn of praise, And songs of peace be vol - cing. Tho' the sound of strife may roar, Glo - ry in the
 far and wide, For - ev - er - more be tell - ing. Love di - vine to all He brings, Glo - ry in the

ff CHORUS. *a tempo.*

high - est! Echo - ing all the hills a - way, Glo - ry in the highest.
 high - est! Ban - ish sor - row far a - way, Glo - ry in the highest!
 high - est! Peace shall reign from shore to shore, Glo - ry in the highest!
 high - est! Peace and heal - ing in His wings, Glo - ry in the highest!

Ring, sweet bells, ring ev - er - more,

rit

Peal from ev - ry stee - ple, Christ the Lord shall be our God, And we shall be His peo - ple.

Carol 327.

The Shepherds were watching.

E. W. S. Watson.

With spirit. *cres.*

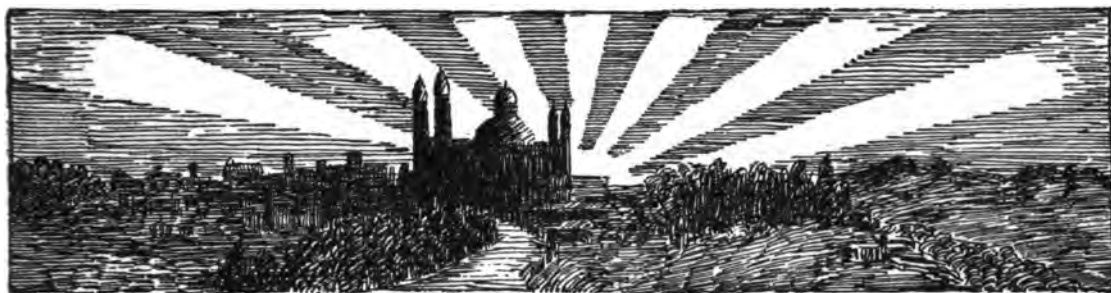
mp 1. The shepherds were watch - ing Their flocks in the night, When pearly wings scattered The darkness with light.
mf 2. We, too, with the an - gels Would sing of His love, Who for our sal - va - tion Came down from a - bove.
mf 3. We, too, with the Ma - gi, Would rest at His feet, Our cost - li - est treasures Most fair and most meet.
p 4. O, hear us, dear Sav - iour, O grant us Thy grace, And shed on our darkness The light of Thy face.

REFRAIN after each verse.

mf O an - gels of glo - ry, Come, sing once a - gain, That won - der - ful sto - ry, Good will unto men. *mf*

cres.

an - gels of glo - ry, Come sing once a - gain, That won - der - ful sto - ry, Good - will un - to men.



Again the morn of gladness.

EASTER.

Carol 328.

Words by John Ellerton.
Joyful.

Str John Stainer.

mf 1. A-gain the morn of glad-ness, The morn of light is here; And earth it-self looks fair - er,

And heaven it-self more near; The bells like an-gel voi - ces, Speak peace to ev-'ry breast;

And all the land lies qui - et To keep the day of rest. "Glo - ry be to Je - sus!"

Let all His chil-dren say: "He rose a-gain, He rose a-gain, On this glad Eas - ter Day!"

mf 2 Again, O loving Saviour,
The children of Thy grace
Prepare themselves to see Thee
Within Thy chosen place.
Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
If Thou our hearts wilt raise;
If Thou our lips wilt open
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.
f "Glory be to Jesus," etc.

mf 3 The shining choir of angels
That rest not day or night,
The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,
The saints arrayed in white,
p The happy lambs of Jesus
In pastures fair above,—
cres. These all adore and praise Him
Whom we too praise and love.
f "Glory be to Jesus," etc.

Parish Choir, No. 1258—4.

mf 4 The Church on earth rejoices
To join with these to-day;
In every tongue and nation
She calls her sons to pray:
Across the Northern snow-fields,
Beneath the Indian palms,
She makes the same "pure offering,"
And sings the same sweet psalms.
f "Glory be to Jesus," etc.

f 5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises!
Sing, children, sing His name!
Still louder and still farther
His mighty deeds proclaim!
cres. Till all whom He redeemed
Shall own Him Lord and King,
Till every knee shall worship,
And every tongue shall sing!
f "Glory be to Jesus," etc.

Let the merry church bells ring.

Carol 329.

Words by Rev. J. M. Neale.

EASTER.

Henry S. Culler, Mus. Dec.

BELLS.
Allegro.

1. Let the mer-ry church bells ring! Hence with tears and sigh - ing; Frost and cold have
died from Spring, Life hath con-quer'd dy - ing. Flowers are smi - ling, fields are gay
Sun - ny is the weath - er; With our ris - ing Lord to - day, All things rise to - geth - er.

2 Let the birds sing out again
From their leafy chapel,
Praising Him, with whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple;
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.
Let the merry, etc.

3 Let the past of grief be past;
This our comfort giveth,
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth:
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say,
Christus Resurrexit.
Let the merry, etc.

Alleluia! Risen Lord.

Carol 330.

Boys and girls alternate verses.

Henry Wilson.

FULL. *ff* *poco rall.*

(For all verses.) Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

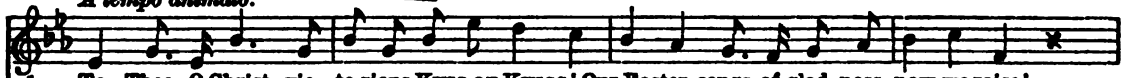
1. Ris - en Lord!
2. Lord of Life!
3. Vic - tor King!
4. Prince of Peace!
5. Ev - er - more!

Gl. Org. *sf* *poco rall.*

Parish Choir, No. 1268 - 4.

ALLELUIA! RISEN LORD.

A tempo animato.



1. To Thee, O Christ, vic - to - rious King of Kings! Our Easter songs of glad - ness now we raise!
2. Death's bra - zen gates, un - barr'd for ev - er - more, Are ra - diant now with light that comes from Thee!
3. Hail! hail! Thou Vic - tor o - ver death and hell! All earth - ly tri - umphs sink be - fore Thine own:
4. O hap - py day! thrice welcome to our hearts, Long bowed with sin and shame be - fore Thy Cross,
5. Hail! "Li - on of the tribe of Ju - dah," hail! What gift is this Thy nail - pierc'd hands do bring?

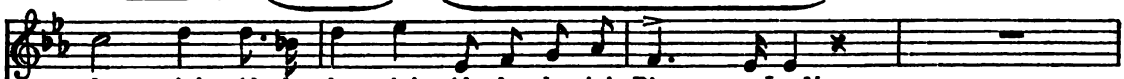
A tempo animato.



1. O'er all the earth the joy - ous strain up - springs To hail Thee Vic - tor on this "Queen of Days!"
2. The dark - ness pass'd - we see the o - pen door Thro' which comes Life and Im - mor - tal - i - ty!
3. All na - tions now with joy and rap - ture tell Of seal - ed tomb chang'd to a glo - rious Throne.
4. O glo - rious day! which to the world im - parts That gift be - fore which all our wealth is dross.
5. E - ter - nal Life! a life that can - not fail, All glo - ry to Thy Name, O might - y King!



1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en Lord! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
2. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord of Life! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
3. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Vic - tor King! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
4. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Prince of Peace! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
5. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Ev - er - more! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -



1. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en Lord!
2. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord of Life!
3. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Vic - tor King!
4. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Prince of Peace!
5. lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Ev - er - more!



Softly through the mellow starlight.

Carol 331.

EASTER.

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Geo. Edgar Oliver.

Tenderly.

1. Soft - ly through the mel-low star - light Steals a strain of sil - ver song: Lo the echo - ing hills pro -

claim it, Waft the glad re - frain a - long. Glo - ry, glo - ry, Christ is ris - en! Whis - pered

in the star - lit way, List the love - ly shades re - ech - o Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day.

2 Happy bands in shining raiment
Fill the arch of Heaven's dome,
Sweep their harps to strains so tender
Wafted from their distant home. CHO.

3 Softly through life's shaded valley
Comes once more the silver strain,
Borne on angel pinions to us,
And we join the sweet refrain. CHO.

We are little children.

Carol 332.

EASTER.

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Geo. Edgar Oliver.

Moderato.

1. We are lit - tle chil - dren, But we each one know Why the bells are ring - ing, Ringing sweetly so; . .

Why the Eas - ter lil - les stand like an - gels white, 'Mid the palms and myrtles, On this day so bright.

2 'Tis because our Saviour,
He who lived and died,
Left His grave so gloomy,
Rolled the rocks aside;
On the first day morning,
On a day like this,
'Twas His resurrection
Brought us joy and bliss.

3 We are glad 'tis Easter,
That is why we sing,
To our risen Jesus
Happy songs we sing;
And our hearts we offer,
These He'll not despise,
In our souls for ever
Jesus, Saviour, rise.

Parish Choir, No. 1258 - 4.



Ring the bells.

Carol 333.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Alfred Oake.

In unison.

1. Ring the bells, the Christ-mas bells, Chime out the won-drous sto - ry; First in song on
 2. Wise men has-tened from the East To bring their rich - est treas-ure, Gold, and myrrh, and
 3. Earth-ly crowns were not for Him: He came God's love re - veal - ing; On the Cross He

an - gel-tongues, It came from realms of glo - ry; Peace on earth, good-will to men, An -
 frank-in - cense, And jew - els with-out meas-ure. Him they sought al-though a King, They
 died for us, His blood for-give-ness seal - ing. 'Tis the Sav - iour prom - ised long, Ring

gel - lo voi-ces sing - ing, Christ the Lord to earth has come, His glo-rious mes-sage bring - ing.
 found in birth-place low - ly, There with-in a man-ger lay The babe so pure and ho - ly.
 out your loud-est prais - es: Ev - 'ry heart this hap - py day Its grate-ful an-them rais - es.

Voices.

Ring the mer - ry Christ-mas bells, Chime out... the won - drous sto - ry;

Org. Sw. Full. Gt. Bourdon & Twelfth, coup to Sw.

Glo - ry be to God on high, For ev - er - more be glo - ry.

Carol 334.

Christmas, merry Christmas!

Words by F. R. Havergal.

Myles B. Foster.

f 1. O Christ-mas, mer-ry Christmas! *mp* Is it real-ly come a-gain With its mem-o-ries and

f greet-ings, With its joy and with its pain. *mp* There's a mi-nor in the ca-rol, And a

cres. sha-dow in the light, . . And a spray of cy-press twining with the hol-ly wreath to-night.

cres. And a spray of cy-press hush is nev-er bro-ken By

pp And the hush is nev-er bro-ken By } laughter, light and low, As we lis-ten in the

pp hush is nev-er bro-ken By } *cres.*

Ped. hush is nev-er bro-ken By bells a-cross the snow, The bells a-cross the snow.

star-light To the bells, the bells, } The bells a-cross the snow.

bells, the bells a-cross the snow, } *rall.*

bells, the bells a-cross the snow. *rall.*

2
O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song.
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow;
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow!

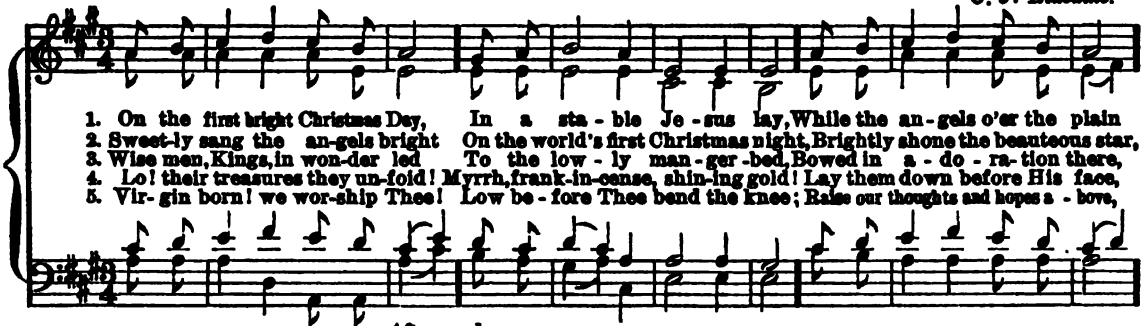
3
O Christmas, merry Christmas;
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the bells across the snow.

Parish Choir, No. 1236—8.

* Commence here for third line of 2d and 3d verses.

Carol 335. **On the first bright Christmas Day.**

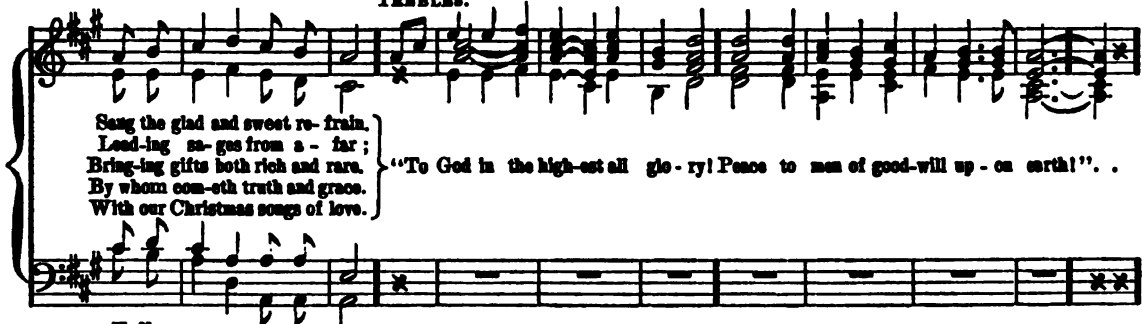
C. J. Eldredge.



1. On the first bright Christmas Day, In a sta - ble Je - sus lay, While the an - gels o'er the plain
2. Sweet-ly sang the an - gels bright On the world's first Christmas night, Brightly shone the beauteous star,
3. Wise men, Kings, in won - der led To the low - ly man - ger - bed, Bowed in a - do - ra - tion there,
4. Lo! their treasures they un - fold! Myrrh, frank - in - cense, shin - ing gold! Lay them down before His face,
5. Vir - gin born! we wor - ship Thee! Low be - fore Thee bend the knee; Raise our thoughts and hopes a - bove,

After each verse.

TREBLES.



Sing the glad and sweet re - frain,
Lead - ing sa - ges from a - far;
Bring - ing gifts both rich and rare.
By whom com - eth truth and grace.
With our Christmas songs of love.

"To God in the high - est all glo - ry! Peace to men of good - will up - on earth!"

Full.



Hark! hark! to the won - der - ful sto - ry, Heard by shepherds the night of His birth...

Carol 336.

All my heart this night rejoices.

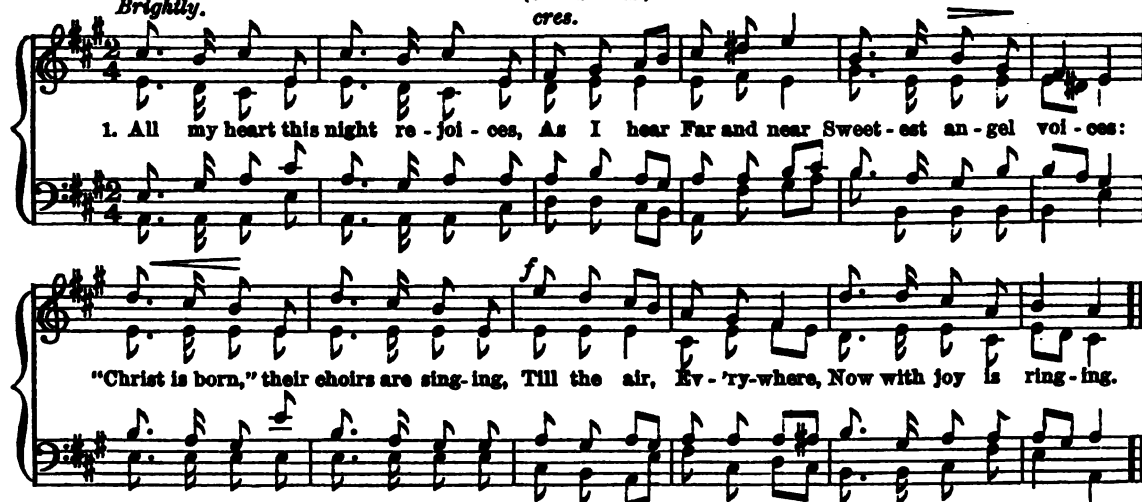
P. Gerhardt.

Brightly.

(CHRISTMAS.)

cres.

J. Booth.



1. All my heart this night re - joice - ces, As I hear Far and near Sweet - est an - gel voi - ces:

"Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing, Till the air, Ev - 'ry - where, Now with joy is ring - ing.

2 For it dawns — the promised morrow
Of His birth Who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth
Of His grace to our race
Here His Son He lendeth.

3 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;

Brethren, come, from all doth grieve you
You are freed, All you need
I will surely give you."

4 Come then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love Him who with love is yearning,
Hail the Star That from afar
Bright with hope is burning!

Parish Choir, No. 1296 — a.

Carol 337. Christ was born on Christmas Day.

VERSES 1-4.

German.

1. Christ was born on Christmas Day ; Wreath the hol - ly, twine the bay ; *Christ-us na-tus ho-di-e* ; The

Babe, the Son, the Ho - ly One of Ma - ry.

2 He is born to set us free,
He is born our Lord to be,
Ex Maria Virgine :
The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

3 Let the bright red berries glow,
Everywhere in goodly show ;
Christus natus hodie ;
The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.

4 Christian men, rejoice and sing ;
'Tis the birthday of a King,
Ex Maria Virgine ;
The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever.

VERSE 5.

5. Night of sad-ness, morn of gladness, Ev - er-more, ev - er, ev - er, Af - ter ma - ny troubles sore,

Morn of gladness, ev - er-more, and ev - er-more. Midnight scarce-ly pass'd and o - ver, Draw-ing to this

VERSE 6.

ho - ly morn, Ve - ry ear - ly, ve - ry ear - ly Christ was born. Sing out with bliss, His name is this—Ex -

Adagio.

a tempo.

MAN - U - EL, As was fore-told in days of old by Ga - bri - el. Mid - night scarce-ly

pass'd and o - ver, Draw-ing to this ho - ly morn, Ve - ry ear - ly, ve - ry ear - ly Christ was born.

Parish Choir, No. 1208—2.

Carol 338.

List our merry carol.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Lively.

1. List our mer-ry car-ol, On this bless-ed morn, For our lov-ing Sav-lour On
 2. See, the Star is beam-ing In the ra-diant East, And the song of glo-ry
 3. Joy-ful, joy-ful tid-ings Break up-on the earth; Sing the Sav-lour's glo-ry,

Christmas day was born! There so peaceful sleep-ing, Like a flow'r He lay: Christ, our lov-ing
 Nev-er more hath ceased; Ban-ish all un-kind-ness, Be of gen-tle will; An-gels ev-er
 Tell His wondrous worth! Ev-'ry hill and val-ley, Glad in pure white snow, Breathes a mer-ry

Sav-lour, Born on Christmas Day; Christ, our lov-ing Sav-lour, Born on Christmas Day.
 near us Car-ol to us still; An-gels ev-er near us Ca-rol to us still.
 car-ol, Ech-oed sweet and low; Breathes a mer-ry car-ol, Ech-oed sweet and low.

Chorus, after each Verse.
 Car-ol, car-ol gai-ly, Car-ol on our way, Christ, our lov-ing Sav-lour, Born on Christmas Day.

Carol 339.

Christ is born of maiden fair.

(CHRISTMAS.)

H. J. Gaunlett, Mus. D.

1. Christ is born of maid-en fair; Hark the her-alds in the air, Thus a-
 2. Shep-herds saw those An-gels bright, Car-ol-ling in glo-rious light; "God, His
 3. Christ is come to save man-kind, As in ho-ly page we find, There-fore

dor-ing des-cant there, "In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a."
 Son, is born to-night, "In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a."
 this song bear in mind, "In ex-cel-sis glo-ri-a."

Parish Choir, No. 1296—s.

Carol 340.

Words by H. R. Hancock.

Arise, arise, the morning bells.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Edwin Moss.

1. A - rise, a - rise, the morn - ing bells Ring out the hymn of glad - ness;
 2. Fare - well, fare - well the night of sin, Fare - well the sleep of sor - row;
 3. Roll on, roll on the tide of praise, Faint hearts break out in sing - ing;

Raise high the song of Par - a - dise, And cease the strain of sad - ness.
 He Who was with us in the past, Shall be with us to - mor - row.
 Lift up your heads, re - joice, re - joice, These Christ - mas bells are ring - ing.

After each Verse.

For Christ the Way, And Christ the Truth, And Christ the Life, Is born to - day.

Carol 341.

Yule returns; come, Christian people.

Words by Rev. B. Waltham.

(CHRISTMAS.)

V. B. Crouther-Benson.

Moderato.

mf 1. Yule re - turns, come, Chris - tian peo - ple, Sing - ing Songs of old - en time, While the bells from
mf tow'r and stee - ple Gal - ly ring their Christ - mas chime. Dear to Chris - tian hearts the sto - ry
 Of the blessed Sav - iour's birth, Tell - ing that the Lord of glo - ry Came to dwell with us on earth.

2 How our God Himself revealing,
 As the prophets long foretold,
 Eastern sages offered kneeling
 Myrrh and frankincense and gold.
 And the shepherds on the mountains
 Heard the sounds of holy glee;
 Love divine unlocked the fountains
 Of celestial melody.

Parish Choir, No. 1296—8.

3 So (as years roll by) delighting
 In the mystery of Thy love,
 Mortals hymn Thy praise, uniting
 With angelic choirs above.
 This the anthem that resounded
 O'er Judean hill and glen,
 "Love eternal, love unbounded,
 Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Good Christian men, rejoice.

Carol 342.

(CHRISTMAS.)


Trier Gesangbuch.



1. Good Chris-tian men, re - joice, . . With heart and soul and voice, . . Give ye heed to



what we say! News! News! Je - sus CHRIST is born to - day! Ox and ass be - fore Him bow, And



He is in the man - ger now, CHRIST is born to - day! . . CHRIST is born to - day!

2 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss!
Joy! Joy!
JESUS CHRIST was born for this!
He hath oped the heavenly door,
And man is blessed ever more.
CHRIST was born for this!
CHRIST was born for this!

3 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Now ye need not fear the grave;
Peace! Peace!
JESUS CHRIST was born to save,
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall;
CHRIST was born to save,
CHRIST was born to save.

Carol 343. O'er Bethlehem's hill, in time of old.

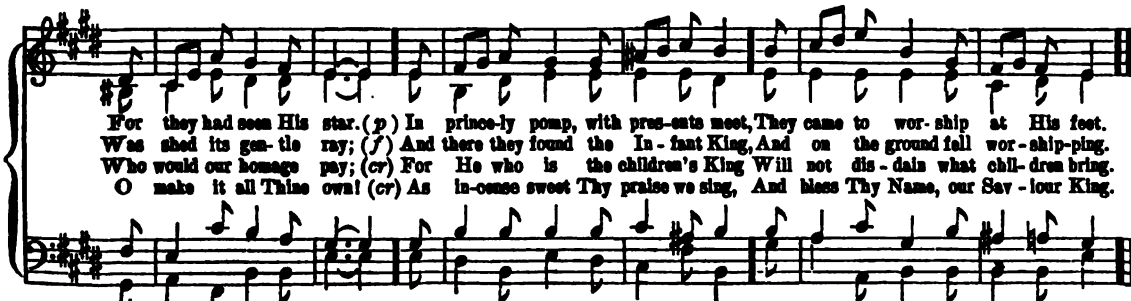
Words by M. G. Pearce, 1879.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Litcey Carrott.



1. O'er Beth'hem's hill, in time of old, Came wise men from a - far, Bring-ing their cost-ly gifts of gold,
2. The sil - v'ry lamp thro' all the night Led on their ea - ger way, Un - til up - on His low - ly home
3. So, gracious Spi - rit, by Thy light Shine Thou up - on our way; To guide our feet to Christ the Lord,
4. For gifts, we give ourselves to Thee, Our hearts shall be Thy throne; For gold, we give Thee all our love,



For they had seen His star, (p) In prince-ly pomp, with pres-ents meet, They came to wor-ship at His feet.
Who shed its gen-tle ray; (f) And there they found the In - fant King, And on the ground fell wor-ship-ping.
Who would our homage pay; (cr) For He who is the children's King Will not dis - dain what chil-dren bring.
O make it all Thine own! (cr) As in-cense sweet Thy praise we sing, And bless Thy Name, our Sav - our King.

Parish Choir, No. 1206—8.

The Three Kings of Orient are.

Carol 344.

(CHRISTMAS OR EPIPHANY.)

Words and music by *The Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr.*

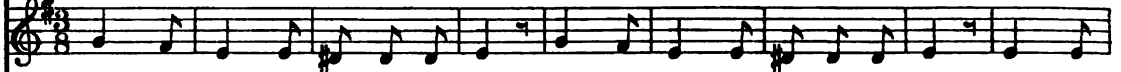
Verses 1 and 5 are sung as a Trio. Each of verses 2, 3 and 4 is sung as a solo to the music of Gaspard's part in the 1st and 5th verses, the accompaniment and chorus being the same throughout. Men's voices are best for the parts of the Three Kings, but the music is set in the G clef for the accommodation of children.

GASPARD.



1. We Three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a - far, Field and
2. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King, and God, and Sac - ri - fice; Heav'n sings

MELCHIOR.



1. We Three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a - far, Field and
2. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King, and God, and Sac - ri - fice; Heav'n sings

BALTHAZAR.



1. We Three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a - far, Field and
2. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King, and God, and Sac - ri - fice; Heav'n sings



GASPARD.



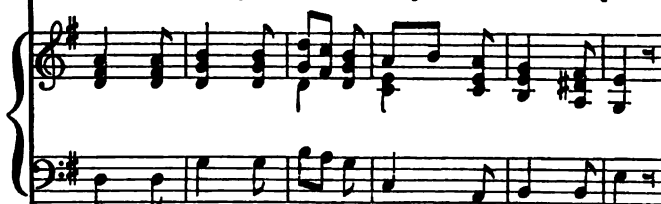
foun - tain, Moor and mountain, Fol - low - ing yon - der Star.
Al - le - lu - jah: Al - le - lu - jah the earth re - plies.



foun - tain, Moor and mountain, Fol - low - ing yon - der Star.
Al - le - lu - jah: Al - le - lu - jah the earth re - plies.



foun - tain, Moor and mountain, Fol - low - ing yon - der Star.
Al - le - lu - jah: Al - le - lu - jah the earth re - plies.



2 Born a king on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again;
King for ever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.
Cho. — O Star, etc.

MELCHIOR.

3 Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him God on high.
Cho. — O Star, etc.

BALTHAZAR.

4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;—
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
Cho. — O Star, etc.

CHORUS.



O Star of Won - der, Star of Night, Star with Roy - al Beau - ty bright, Westward lead - ing, Still pro -



ceed - ing, Guide us to Thy per - fect Light. INTERLUDE.

Parish Choir, No. 1296—8.



The angels' songs this joyful day.

Carol 345.
Joyfully.

EASTER.

Alfred Redhead.

1. The An - gels' songs, this joy - ful day Are ring - ing thro' the Eas - ter sky, The
2. In vain the sol - diers strove to keep The Ho - ly One with - in the grave; In
3. For on the Third Day, as He said, He came a - gain in tri - umph high, And
4. We all must die, as Je - sus died; But now we hope with Him to rise; And

Lord of Hosts has risen a - gain, And Je - sus lives no more to die.
vain they set a stone and seal Up - on the en - trance of the cave.
rose all glo - rious from the dead Glit - t'ring with night and maj - es - ty.
in these bo - dies glo - ri - fied, To reign with Him be - yond the skies.

After each verse.

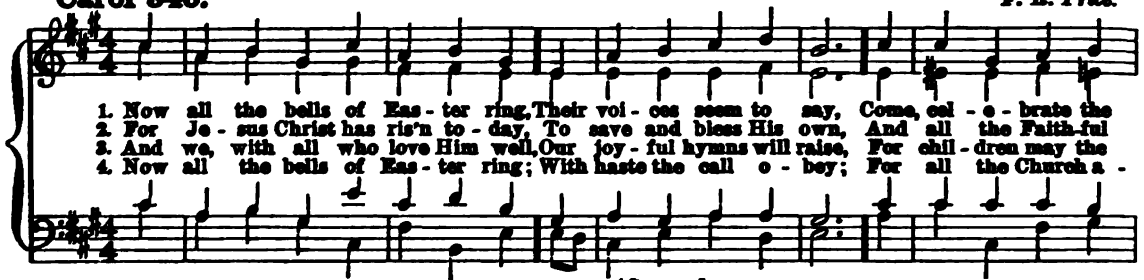
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! This is what the An - gels say!

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! We will sing with them to - day!

Now all the bells of Easter ring.

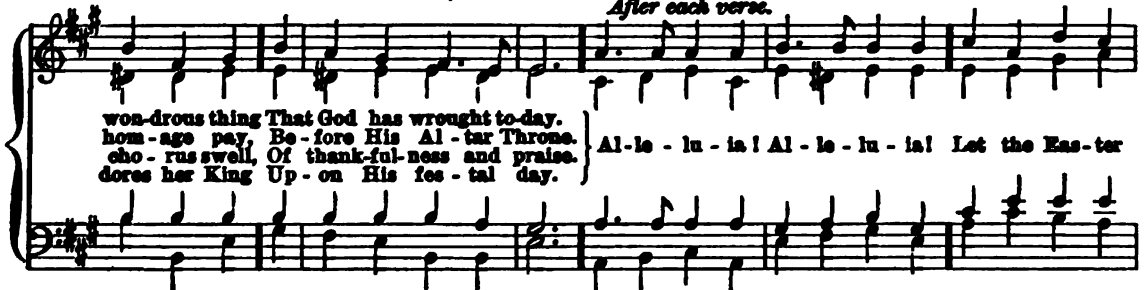
Carol 346.

F. R. Price.

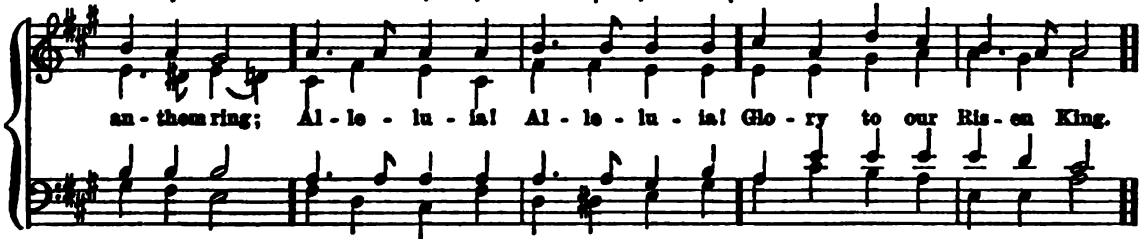


1. Now all the bells of Eas-ter ring, Their voi-ces seem to say, Come, cel-e-brate the
 2. For Je-sus Christ has ris'n to-day, To save and bless His own, And all the Faith-ful
 3. And we, with all who love Him well, Our joy-ful hymns will raise, For chil-dren may the
 4. Now all the bells of Eas-ter ring; With haste the call o-bey; For all the Church a-

After each verse.



won-drous thing That God has wrought to-day.
 hom-age pay, Be-fore His Al-tar Throne.
 cho-rus well, Of thank-ful-ness and praise. } Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Let the Eas-ter
 dores her King Up-on His fes-tal day.



an-them ring; Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Glo-ry to our Ris-en King.

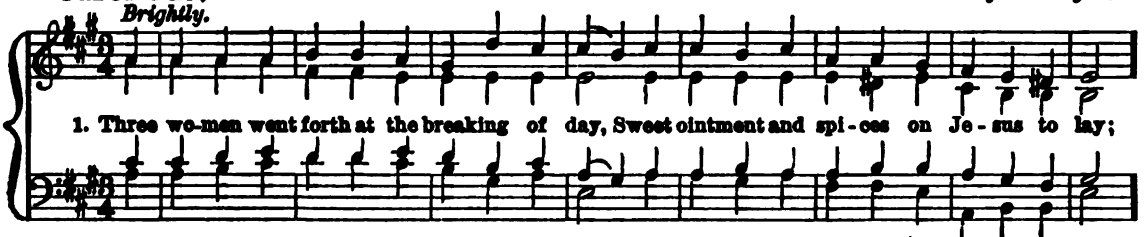
Three women went forth.

EASTER.

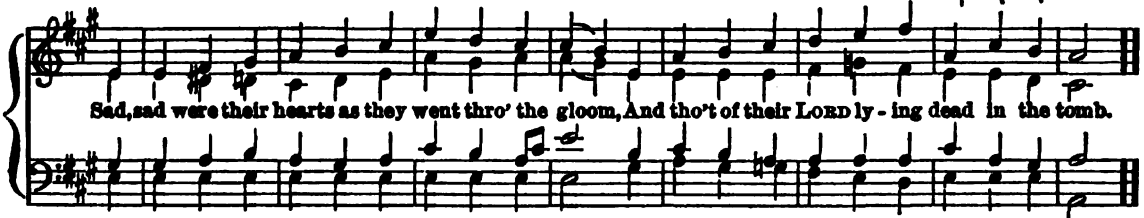
Arr. from Haydn.

Carol 347.

Brightly.



1. Three wo-men went forth at the breaking of day, Sweet ointment and spi-ces on Je-sus to lay;



Sad, sad were their hearts as they went thro' the gloom, And tho't of their LORD ly-ing dead in the tomb.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 'Twas all in a sepulchre Joseph had made,
 Rough-hewn in the rock, that our Saviour was
 laid;
 And Joseph had rolled a great stone to the door,
 And Pilate had sealed it to make it more sure.</p> | <p>4 Three women drew nigh to the grave at the
 dawn, [was gone;
 The stone was rolled back, and their Saviour
 And two shining Angels in garments so white,
 With words of great joy put their sorrows to
 flight.</p> |
| <p>3 There soldiers kept watch, keeping guard
 night and day
 For fear that the Christ should be stolen away;
 But vain were the vigil and craft of His foes,
 Triumphant o'er death and the grave He arose.
 Parish Choir, No. 1311-4.</p> | <p>5 "All hail, blessed women! Why weep for the
 dead?
 Your LORD is not here, He is ris'n, as He said;
 Now come, see the place where the LORD lately
 lay,
 Then haste, spread the news—He is risen to-day.</p> |

Let us sing Alleluia to-day.

Carol 348.

EASTER.

F. H. F. A.

1. Let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to - day! For the tri-umph is won, And the bat - tle is done, Christ now
 2. Let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to - day! He who suf - fer'd and bled Is first-born from the dead; See the
 3. Let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to - day! For be - fore it was light Came a mes - sen - ger bright And the
 4. Let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to - day! By His own will and might Christ hath put death to flight, And has
 5. Let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to - day! For thankgiv - ing and song To the vic - tor be - long, Who a

After each verse.

o - pens the hea - ven - ly way.
 place where the Sav - iour once lay.
 stone from the tomb roll'd a way.
 spoil - ed the grave of its prey.
 Con - quer - or comes from the fray.

O come to His tem - ple with sing - ing, Hear the

glad Re - sur - rec - tion bells ring - ing. Al - le - lu - ia! Re - joice! Al - le - lu - ia! Re - joice!

Carol 349.

☉ welcome, happy Day.

UNISON. *Brightly.*

EASTER.

Henry Smith.

1. O wel - come, hap - py Day, ... When Je - sus rose a - gain,
 2. Each lit - tle girl and boy ... The sto - ry sweet can tell,

He took the sting of death a - way, And o - pened heav'n to men.
 A - bout the strange and ho - ly joy, On Eas - ter Day that fell.

- 3 There was a rock-hewn Grave
 In Joseph's garden-ground,
 Where CHRIS't's dear Body buried lay,
 With soldiers watching round.
- 4 But ere the dawn was risen
 Upon that Easter Morn,
 The King of Life had burst His prison
 And put His foes to scorn.
- 5 And ere the sun was high
 On that third happy day,
 An Angel bright flew from the sky
 And rolled the stone away.

Parish Choir, No. 1211—4.

- 6 The holy women brought
 Their spices rich and rare;
 The Grave was ope'd, the Lord they sought
 No longer rested there.
- 7 O what a wondrous sight;
 The soldiers all were gone,
 And lo, behold an Angel bright
 Was sitting on the stone.
- 8 "Fear not," he gently said,
 "Ye seek your Lord again,
 But He is risen, and left His bed,
 Come, see where He has lain."

The risen Lord to-day is King.

Carol 350.

EASTER.

Words by Rev. J. C. Middleton.

L. H. Reiner.

1. The ris - en Lord to - day is King, O haste ye forth to meet Him, Ex - ult - ing songs of
 tri - umph sing, And so with glad hearts greet Him. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Forth from the grave in ma - jes - ty He comes to set His peo - ple free! Strew fra - grant blos - oms
 in His way, And crown Him King on Eas - ter Day! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the Lord!

- 2 At early morn around His tomb
 A wondrous light was beaming,
 And from its depths a sweet perfume,
 Like fragrant spices, streaming!
 Alleluia!
 While angels stood beside the door
 Which He had opened evermore,
 And said to His Disciples dear
 The Lord is risen — He is not here!
 Alleluia! Praise the Lord!
- 3 The joyous news of Easter spread,—
 Tell far and wide the story
 That JESUS lives, Who once was dead,
 And reigns the King of glory!
 Alleluia!
 His hand a jewelled sceptre bears —
 His head a crown immortal wears —
 And, writ in gems upon His breast,
 Are names of those He loves the best!
 Alleluia! Praise the Lord!
- 4 Bring flashing jewels to adorn
 His crown of royal glory!
 Let diamonds gleam where cruel thorn
 Once pressed His temples gory!
 Alleluia!

Your costliest offerings to Him pay
 Who rose triumphant Easter-Day:
 Join precious pearl with rarest gem
 And form with love His diadem!
 Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

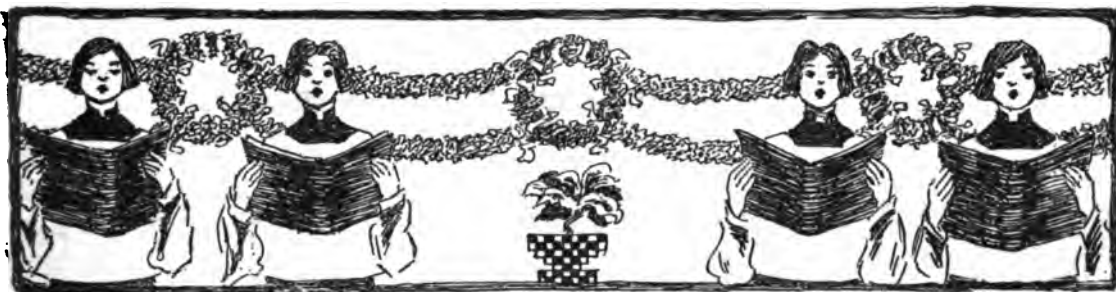
- 5 Hearts washed in Blood make jewels rare
 And glow with light undying:
 Each loving act, each fervent prayer
 A radiant gem supplying!
 Alleluia!

More precious to the risen Christ
 Than emerald or amethyst!
 And these, on Easter-Day we bring
 As grateful offerings to our King.
 Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

- 6 On Thy dear Cross we lay them down,
 And there rejoicing leave them;
 O King of Love, in mercy own
 And graciously receive them!
 Alleluia!

Wear them for ever on Thy breast,
 Thou interceding, Great High-Priest;
 And when Thou comest, Lord, again
 Count us among Thy Jewels then!
 Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

* This tune is also used with Carol 124, "The world itself" etc.
 Parish Choir, No. 1211 — 4.



Carolling, carolling all thro' the night.

Carol 351.

Words by T. D. Hyde.

CHRISTMAS.

C. Simper.

mf *cres.*

1. Car - ol - ling, car - ol - ling all thro' the night, Mu - sic God's love did in - spire;
 2. Glo - ry, O glo - ry, thus rang the glad strain, (cr) Glo - ry to God with sweet peace!
 3. Sing - ing, O sing - ing, blest an - gels so fair, (cr) Mel - o - dies sweet and sub - lime;
 4. Car - ol, then car - ol, for ho - ly the joy, (cr) Flow - ing from Je - sus the King;

mf *cres.*

♩. = 42.

An - gels from Glo - ry are wing - ing their flight, Bright - rob'd and gold - en that choir!
 Mor - tals and sin - ners Christ com - eth to reign, Sor - row and sigh - ing shall cease.
 Sooth - ing the hearts that are wea - ry with care, Waft - ing glad ti - dings di - vine.
 Voi - ces, ten thous - and, come, glad notes em - ploy, Glo - ri - a, Glo - ri - a sing!

dim.

After each verse.

f Hark, the her - ald an - gels In the hea - ven - ly choir, ..

cres. *ff* *rall.*

Christ - mas glo - ry echant - ing, Strik - ing harp and lyre! Strik - ing harp and lyre!

cres.

Parish Choir, No. 1345 - 2.

The wise men saw a light afar.

Carol 352.

Words by R. E. Chope.

CHRISTMAS.

H. J. Gosselt.

Spirited.

1. The Wise Men saw a light a - far Shine out on Christmas morn - ing, And taught by faith they
 2. Whom did ye see, ye shepherds, say, On Christ-mas in the morn - ing? Whose voice heard ye, this

hall'd the Star Of Christ on Christ-mas morn - ing. Then jour-ney'd they, those Prin - ces three, cr On
 peaceful Day, Sweet sing - ing in the morn - ing? cr We heard their ca - rols in the sky, On

Christ-mas in the morn - ing. To Da-vid's town his LORD to see, The BABE in Glo - ry's morn - ing!
 Christ-mas in the morn - ing; And saw the An - gel Host on High In robes of light this morn - ing!

3 *mf* And Whom see ye, good Christians all
 On Christmas in the morning?
 Whose voice hear we, this Festival,
 In tones of love and warning? —
 cr We hear the Church, our Mother dear,
 On Christmas in the morning;
 And see Her Spouse for faith sees clear,
 The INCARNATE WORD, this morning.

4 Then lift ye up your hearts aright,
 This Eucharistic morning!
 Come, come, where Altars beam with light,
 And choirs sing sweet, this morning:—
 f Glory to God, to God our KING,
 On Christmas in the morning!
 p Peace, Peace, let all good people sing,
 f Goodwill to men, this morning!

Carol 353.

Trans. from Latin.

The Virgin stills the crying.

CHRISTMAS.

Joseph Barnby.

Allegretto non troppo.

1. The Vir - gin stills the cry - ing Of Je - sus sleepless ly - ing; And sing - ing for His pleas - ure Thus
 2. O Lamb, my love in - vit - ing, O Star, my soul de - light - ing; O Flower of mine own bear - ing, O
 3. My Child, of Might in - dwell - ing, My Sweet, all sweets excell - ing, Of Bliss the Fountain flow - ing, The
 4. My Joy, my Ex - ul - ta - tion, My spir - it's Con - so - la - tion; My Son, my Spouse, my Bro - ther, O
 5. Say, would'st Thou heav'nly sweet - ness, Or love of ans'w'ring meekness? Or is fit mu - sic want - ing? Ho!

piu lento.

calls up - on her Treas - ure,
 Jew - el past oom - par - ing!
 Day-spring ev - er glow - ing.
 lis - ten to Thy Moth - er.
 An - gels, raise your chant - ing i.

My Darl - ing, do not weep, my Je - su, sleep! . . .

Parish Choir, No. 1245 — a.

Like silver lamps in a distant shrine.

Carol 354.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by W. C. Dix.

C. Steggall.



1. Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine, The stars are spark - ling bright; The bells of the ci - ty of God ring out, For the Son of Ma - ry was born to-night; The gloom is past, and the morn at last Is com - ing with o - rient light.

Verse 2— with music below.

3 The stars of heaven still shine *as at first*
They gleamed on this wonderful night;
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the angels' song *still rings in the height*;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Hid in Flesh from fleshly sight.

4 Faith *sees no longer* the stable-floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there; [world;
The clear light of Heaven streams out *to the*
And Angels of God are crowding the air;
And Heaven and earth, through the spotless
Are at peace on this night so fair. [Birth,



2. Nev - er fell mel - o - dies half so sweet As those which are fill - ing the skies; And nev - er a pal - ace shone half so fair As the man - ger bed where our Sav - iour lies; No night in the year is half so dear As this which has end - ed our sighs.

Verse 4 begins on the second chord, 4. s., at the beginning of the bar. Monosyllables in italics should be sung to two notes, and dissyllables to one note or two notes slurred.

Parish Choir, No. 1345—8.

Within a manger.


Carol 355.

EPIPHANY.

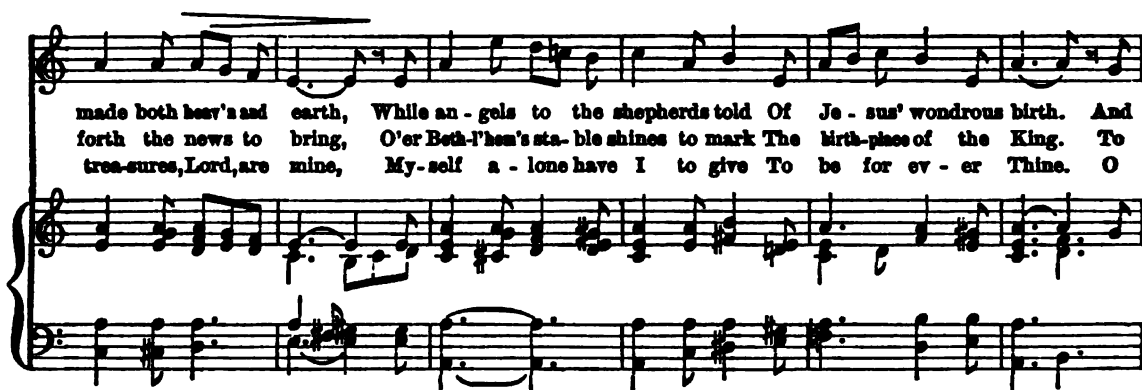
Alfred Redhead.

Tempo di Pastorale.

p



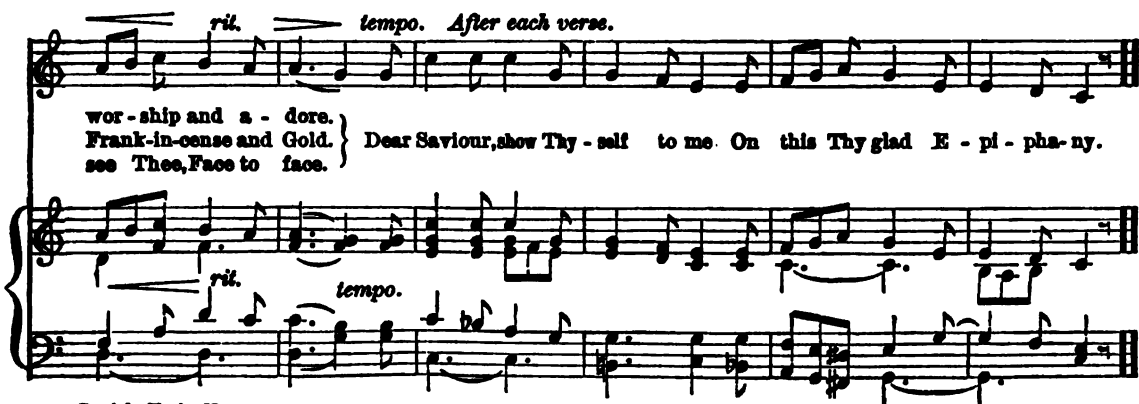
1. With - in a man-ger bare He lay, Who
2. The star which o'er their dis - tant home Shone
3. But I, like Thee, am poor and weak, No



made both heav'n and earth, While an - gels to the shepherds told Of Je - sus' wondrous birth. And
forth the news to bring, O'er Beth - le - hem's sta - ble shines to mark The birth - place of the King. To
treas - ures, Lord, are mine, My - self a - lone have I to give To be for ev - er Thine. O



now E - pi - pha - ny is here, Up - on that sta - ble floor. Three East - ern kings are kneeling low To
Thee, dear Babe, whom, help - less, I In Ma - ry's arms be - hold, With these three kings, I would present Myrrh,
make me know Thee more and more, Shine in my heart by grace, Till on Thy glo - rious Throne in heav'n I



rit. *tempo.* After each verse.
wor - ship and a - dore.
Frank - in - cense and Gold. } Dear Saviour, show Thy - self to me. On this Thy glad E - pi - pha - ny.
see Thee, Face to face.

Carol, carol, Christians.

CHRISTMAS.

Carol 356.

Words by Bishop A. C. Coze.

E. F. Smith.

Brightly.

1. *f* Car - ol, car - ol, Christ - ians, Car - ol joy - ful - ly; Car - ol for the
 2. *mf* Go ye to the for - est, Where the myr - tles grow, Where the pine and

com - ing Of CHRIST's Na - ti - vi - ty; . . . And pray a glad - some
 lau - rel . . . Bend be - neath the snow. . . . Gath - er them for

Christ - mas, For all good Christ - ian men, . . . Car - ol, car - ol,
 Je - sus; . . . Wreathe them for His shrine; or Make His tem - ple

rall. ad lib.

Christ - ians, For Christ-mas come a - gain. . . } Car - ol, car - ol.
 glo - rious With the box and pine. . . }

3 *mf* Wreathe your Christmas garland.
 Where to CHRIST we pray;
 It shall smell like Carmel
 On our festal day;
 Libanus and Sharon
 Shall not greener be,
 or Than our holy chancel
 On CHRIST'S NATIVITY.
ff Carol, carol.

4 *mf* Carol, carol, Christians,
 Like the Magi now,
 Ye must lade your caskets
 With a grateful vow:
 Ye must have sweet incense,
 Myrrh, and finest gold,
p At our Christmas Altar,
 Humbly to unfold.
ff Carol, carol.

5 *f* Blow, blow up the trumpet,
 For our solemn Feast;
 Gird thine armour, Christian,
 Wear thy vesture, priest!
 Go ye to the Altar,
 Pray, with fervour pray,
 For JESUS' Second Coming,
 And the Latter Day.
ff Carol, carol.

6 *mf* Give us Grace, O SAVIOUR,
 To put off in might
 Deeds and dreams of darkness,
 For the robes of light!
 And to live as lowly
 As Thyself with men;
 or So to rise in glory
 When Thou com'st again!
ff Carol, carol.

Christmas comes again.

Carol 357.

Brightly.

C. Darston.

mf No - el, No - el, No - el. 1. Let us car - ols sing; Christ - mas comes a - gain!
 No - - - el. 2. On this hap - py day, A lit - tle ba - by came;
 3. An - gels in the sky Hall'd His low - ly birth;

Let the wel - kin ring With loud and glad re - frain. 'Tis a time of joy and glad - ness, Cast a - way all
 In a man - ger lay And Je - sus was His name. He has come, sal - va - tion bring - ing, Let us wel - come
 "Glo - ry to God on high, And peace to men on earth." We will join the an - them ho - ly, Cel - e - brate His

gloom and sadness,
 Him with singing. } Christmas comes a - gain, Christmas comes a - gain! No - el, No - el, No - el.
 ad - vent low - ly. } . No - - - el.

Carol 358.

Happy Christmas morning.

Words by A. S. Woods.

Andante. ♩ = 108.

C. Simper.

1. Be mer - ry, Chris - tian men, and sing, It is the Birth - day of our King! With car - ols sweet His
mf 2. Let gar - lands green His courts entwine, And Christ - mas ro - es deck His shrine; Is aught too rare for
 3. Small won - der that the East is bright! The choirs of God were there last night, And still they raise sweet
 4. In Beth - le - hem's sta - ble we may see Dear Je - sus on His moth - er's knee, Hu - man - i - ty and
 5. O come and wor - ship, and a - dore The Child fore - told in Proph - et's lore, From ev - er - more to

Ad - vent greet This hap - py Christ - mas morn - ing.
 One so fair This hap - py Christ - mas morn - ing?
 songs of praise This hap - py Christ - mas morn - ing. } Be mer - ry, Chris - tian men, and sing, It
 De - i - ty This hap - py Christ - mas morn - ing.
 ev - er more This hap - py Christ - mas morn - ing.

is the Birth - day of our King! With car - ols sweet His Ad - vent greet This hap - py Christ - mas morn - ing.

Farish Choir, No. 1345 - 8.

Carol 359. Child Jesus came to earth this day.

Trans. from Hans Andersen.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Niels W. Gade.

1. Child Je - sus came to earth this day, To save us sin - ners dy - ing;
2. Take our - age, soul so weak and worn, Thy sor - rows have de - part - ed;

p And cradled in the straw and hay, The Ho - ly One is ly - ing. The stars shone down the
A Child in Da - vid's town is born, *p* To heal the bro - ken heart - ed. *cr* Then let us haste this

Child to greet, The low - ing ox - en kiss His feet, *f* Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Child Je - sus.
Child to find, And chil - dren be in heart and mind.

Carol 360.

TREBLES ONLY.

Tenderly sleeping.

CHRISTMAS.

G. S. W.

1. Ten - der - ly sleep - ing, so tran - quill and sweet; Je - sus the lov - ing and mild. .
2. Lift - ing their heads from the al - tar of pray'r, Rob'd in their gar - ments of white, .
3. How can we hon - our the Sav - iour di - vine, Seat - ed in glo - ry a - bove? .

CHORUS.
ff Bright was the day - beam that cir - cled His head, Guard - ing the Ho - ly Child.
Mer - cy and Truth and the an - gel of Peace, Met at the gate of light:
How can we thank Him for what He has done? How can we sing His love? .

TREBLES ONLY.

Quick - ly the wise men from far dis - tant lands Hast - ed their hom - age to pay, .
Pro - phets and pa - tri - archs, gone to their rest, Wel - come that beau - ti - ful morn, .
Thus we will hon - our and hal - low His Name, This shall our of - fer - ing be: .

CHORUS.
ff Bear - ing their gifts and their treas - ures of gold, Crown - ing His na - tal Day. .
Sing - ing tri - um - phant with rap - ture un - told, Je - sus, the Lord, is born. .
Bless - ed Re - deem - er, the gift of the soul, Glad - ly we bring to Thee.

Sweetly sang the angels.

Carol 361.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by John Julian.
Alla pastorale.

TREBLE AND ALTO.

W. T. Crossley.

mf

1. Sweet - ly sang the an - gels In the clear, calm night, . On their
2. To the gen - tle shep - herds It was first re - vealed, . Watch - ing
3. Glad - dened by the tid - dings, Hasti - ly they sped . . To the
4. In His sim - ple child - hood, And His sa - cred youth, . All His
5. Je - su, meek and gen - tle, Make us like to Thee; . Lov - ing,

♩ = 52.

f *mf*

white wings rest - ing In . . the heav - en - ly light;
'mid the dark - ness In . . the o - pen field,
crowd - ed ci - ty And . . the man - ger - bed;
ways were ho - ly, All . . His ways were truth;
true, and ten - der, Thou wouldst have us be;

Sent by God the Fa - ther,
That in Da - vid's ci - ty,
There they found the Sa - viour
For our sins He suf - fered,
Bless - ings rich and ho - ly,

f *rit.*

Who our love has sought, Un - to men and chil - dren Tid - dings glad they brought. . .
On that ho - ly morn, In a low - ly sta - ble Christ, our King, was born. . .
With His mo - ther mild, Him they lov'd and wor - shipped, Though a low - ly Child. . .
And, thro' grief un - told, All His lambs He pur - chas'd For His sa - cred fold. . .
On this fes - tal day, Pour Thou out up - on us, Lord, we hum - bly pray. . .

CHORUS. Sostenuto e semplice. ♩ = 80.

Chil - dren, blend your voi - ces, In sweet con - cord sing; Hail the Lord's a - noint - ed, Christ, the chil - dren's King.

Parish Choir, No. 1945 — 2



Carol 362.

Briskly.

Joy-bells ringing.

EASTER.

Charles Vincent.

mf

1. Joy-bells ring - ing, chil - dren sing - ing, Fill the air with thank - ful praise,
2. Joy-bells ring - ing, chil - dren sing - ing, Join the cho - rus loud and clear,

mf

cres.

Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Hymns of joy to Him we raise.
Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Chil-dren's praise He loves to hear. } Joy - bells, joy - bells,

cres.

f

nev - er cease your ring - ing; Chil - dren, chil - dren, nev - er cease your sing - ing!

Good Lord, ac - cept Thy chil-dren's praise, On this the Church's Day of Days.

3 Earth seems brighter, hearts grow lighter
With the gladsome melody,
Christ is risen! Hear the Church bells
Pealing, pealing joyfully.
Joy-bells, joy-bells, etc.

4 Joy-bells clearer sound and nearer
To hearts filled with purity,
Christ is risen! All the ransomed
Now from sin's dark power are free.
Joy-bells, joy-bells, etc.

Easter flowers are blooming bright.

Carol 363.

Arthur H. Brown.

Joyously. ♩. = 69. *♫ Trebles only, or Voices in Unison.*

mf *mf* *cres.* *ff* *Dal*

Eas-ter flow'rs are bloom-ing bright, Eas-ter skies pour
ra-diant light; Christ our Lord is risen in might, Glo-ry in the high-est! Al - le -
lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ our Lord is risen in ' might, Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Angels carolled this sweet lay,
When in manger rude He lay;
Now once more cast grief away,
Glory in the highest!
Alleluia! etc.

3 He, then born to grief and pain,
Now to glory born again,
Calleth forth our gladdest strain,
Glory in the highest!
Alleluia! etc.

4 As He riseth rise we too,
Tune we heart and voice anew,
Offering homage glad and true,
Glory in the highest!
Alleluia! etc.

Deck the altar with blossoms fair.

Carol 364.

EASTER.

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D.

1. Deck the al - tar with blos - soms fair, Pil - lar and chan - cel with gar - lands rare.
2. All ye peo - ple in har - mony sing, Christ our Lord is ris - en on a King.
3. All ye an - gels in glory on high, With glad an - thems fill - ing the sky.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Parish Choir, No. 1269 - 4.

DECK THE ALTAR WITH BLOSSOM FAIR.

All ye lil - les with in - cense rare, Fling - ing your fra - grance on the air.
 All ye flow - ers that spring from earth, And ye bells that chime the new - birth.
 All who - e - ver in Christ's grave lay Shall rise with Him on Eas - ter Day.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

'Twas about the dead of night.

Carol 365.

EASTER.

1. 'Twas a - bout the dead of night, And A - thens lay in slum - ber; Moon - light on the tem - ples slept
 And touch'd the rocks with um - ber; And the court of Mars were met in grave and rev - rent num - ber.
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more, Chris - tians, sing Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Met were they to hear and judge
 The teaching of a stranger;
 O'er the ocean he had come,
 Through want, and toil, and danger;
 And he worship'd for his God
 One cradled in a manger.
 Evermore, etc.

3 While he spake against their gods,
 And temples' vain erection,
 Patiently they gave him ear,
 And granted him protection;
 'Till with bolder voice and mien
 He preach'd THE RESURRECTION.
 Evermore, etc.

4 Some they scoff'd, and some they spake
 Of blasphemy and treason;
 Some replied with laughter loud,
 And some replied with reason;
 Others put it off until
 A more convenient season.
 Evermore, etc.

5 Athens heard and scorn'd it then,
 Now Europe hath received it;
 Wise men mock'd and jeer'd it once,
 Now children have believed it;
 This, good Christians, was the day
 That gloriously achieved it.
 Evermore, etc.

Arthur H. Brown.

EASTER.

Parish Choir, No. 1859—4.

DECK THE ALTAR WITH BLOSSOM FAIR.

All ye lil - les with in - cense rare, Fling - ing your fra - grance on the air.
 All ye flow - ers that spring from earth, And ye bells that chime the new - birth.
 All who - e - ver in Christ's grave lay Shall rise with Him on Eas - ter Day.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

'Twas about the dead of night.

Carol 365.

EASTER.

1. 'Twas a - bout the dead of night, And A - thens lay in slum - ber; Moon - light on the tem - ples slept
 And touch'd the rocks with um - ber; And the court of Mars were met In grave and rev - rent num - ber.
 Ev - er - more and ev - er - more, Chris - tians, sing Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Met were they to hear and judge
 The teaching of a stranger;
 O'er the ocean he had come,
 Through want, and toil, and danger;
 And he worship'd for his God
 One cradled in a manger.
 Evermore, etc.

3 While he spake against their gods,
 And temples' vain erection,
 Patiently they gave him ear,
 And granted him protection;
 'Till with bolder voice and mien
 He preach'd THE RESURRECTION.
 Evermore, etc.

4 Some they scoff'd, and some they spake
 Of blasphemy and treason;
 Some replied with laughter loud,
 And some replied with reason;
 Others put it off until
 A more convenient season.
 Evermore, etc.

5 Athens heard and scorn'd it then,
 Now Europe hath received it;
 Wise men mock'd and jeer'd it once,
 Now children have believed it;
 This, good Christians, was the day
 That gloriously achieved it.
 Evermore, etc.

Ye sons and daughters of the King.

Carol 366.

EASTER.

George W. Warren.

NOTE. Two choirs are necessary to sing this Carol properly. Divide the school, one side taking the major, and the other, the minor verses. Let all sing the first and last verse, and the Hallelujahs; the rest antiphonally, and as marked.

Allegretto. (Both choirs in unison.)

major.

1. Ye sons and daughters of the King, Whom heavenly hosts in glo-ry sing, To-day the grave hath lost its sting.

Accomp. Staccato. mf

parts. 1st choir in unison.

ff

Hal - le - lu - jah! 2. On that first morning of the week, Be - fore the day be - gan to break, The

major. mf

Both choirs in parts. 2d choir in unison.

Ma - rys went their Lord to seek. Hal - le - lu - jah! 3. An an - gel bade their sor - row see; For

minor. mf

Both choirs in parts. 1st choir in unison.

thus he spake un - to the three: "Your Lord is gone to Gal - i - lee." Hal - le - lu - jah! That night, etc.

major.

1st CHOIR. (Major.)

4 That night the Apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came the Lord most dear,
And said, "Peace be unto you here!"
Hallelujah!

2D CHOIR. (Minor.)

5 When Thomas afterwards had heard
That Jesus had fulfilled his word,
He doubted if it were the Lord.
Hallelujah!

1st CHOIR. (Major.)

6 "Thomas, behold My Side," said He;
"My hands, My Feet, My Body see;
And doubt not, but believe in Me."
Hallelujah!

2D CHOIR. (Minor.)

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side,
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
Hallelujah!

1st CHOIR. (Major.)

8 Blessed are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
In Life eternal they shall reign.
Hallelujah!

2D CHOIR. (Minor.)

9 On this most holy Day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee and praise.
Hallelujah!

BOTH CHOIRS. (Major.)

10 And we with Holy Church unite,
As evermore is just and right,
* In glory to the King of Light.
Hallelujah!

*Sing this line slowly, and with all power.
Parish Choir, No. 1359 — 4.



Ring out the bells for Christmas.

Carol 367.

Words by the Rev. E. A. Washburn.

J. Mosenthal.

1. Ring out the bells for Christ-mas! The hap-py, hap-py day! In win-ter wild the
 2. On Beth'hem's qui-et hill-side, In a-ges long gone by, In an-gel notes the
 3. Wher-e'er His sweet lambs ga-ther With-in this gen-tle fold, The Sav-iour dear is

Ho-ly Child With-in the cra-dle lay: O won-der-ful! the Sav-iour, Is
 Glo-ry floats, Glo-ry to God on high! Yet wakes the sun as joy-ous As
 wait-ing near, As in the days of old: In each young heart you see Him, In

in a man-ger lone; His pal-ace is a sta-ble, And Ma-ry's arms His throne.
 when the Lord was born, And still He comes to greet you On ev-'ry Christ-mas morn.
 ev-'ry guile-less face, You see the Ho-ly Je-sus, Who grew in truth and grace.

4

In many a darksome cottage,
 In many a crowded street,
 In Winter bleak, with shivering cheek
 The homeless child you meet;
 Gaze on the pale wan features,
 The feet with wandering sore,
 You see the souls He loveth
 The Christ-child at the door.

5

Then sing your gladsome carols
 And hail the new-born sun;
 For Christmas light is passing bright,
 It smiles on every one.
 And feast Christ's little children,
 His poor, His orphan call;
 For He who chose the manger,
 He loveth one and all.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

Carol 368.

Words by Bishop Phillips Brooks.

Louis H. Bates.

1. Christ-mas in lands of the fir tree and pine, Christ-mas in lands of the
 2. Christ-mas where chil-dren are hope-ful and gay, Christ-mas where old men are
 3. For the Christ-Child who comes is the Mas-ter of all; No palace too great, no
 4. Then let ev-'ry heart keep its Christ-mas with-in, Christ's pi-ty for sor-row, Christ's
 5. So the stars of the mid-night which com-pass us round, Shall see a strange glo-ry and
 palm tree and vine; Christ-mas where snow-peaks stand sol-umn and white, Christ-mas where
 pe-tient and gray, Christ-mas where peace, like a dove in its flight, Broods o'er brave
 cot-age too small. The an-gels who wel-come Him sing from the height, "In the city of
 ha-tred of sin, Christ's care for the weak-est, Christ's cour-age for right, Christ's dread of the
 hear a strange sound, And cry, "Look! the earth is a - name with de light, O sons of the
 corn-fields lie sun-ny and bright; Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!
 men in the throb of the light; Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!
 Da-vid a King in His might." Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!
 dark-ness, Christ's love of the light. Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!
 morn-ing, re-joice at the sight." Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!

* Bracketed words to be sung to one note.

Joy, ye people, great and small.

Carol 369.

Words by Rev. F. K. Hawford.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. F. Bridge.

1. Joy, ye peo-ple, great and small, Om-nis gen-tes pla-u-di-to, Raise the song in bow'r and hall:
 2. He for love of man hath come, Glo-ri-a ti-bi Do-mi-ne, To de-liv-er from the tomb
 3. God from all e-ter-ni-ty, Fi-li-us ho-mo-na-tus est, He hath left His throne on high,
 4. Hail we then our King to-day, Na-tus si-ne ma-cu-la, And, as a - ges pass a - way,
 Hail this high day's fes-ti-val: Christ is born to save us all; Na-tus Chris-tus ho-di-e.
 Sa-tan's slaves unchain'd for doom. Off-spring of a Vir-gin's womb, De Ma-ri-a Vir-gin-e.
 With the low-liest poor to lie, De-sign-ing for their sake to die. Ver-ber-ca-ro fac-tum est.
 Let the na-tions all for aye Raise to Him their loft-est lay, In e-ter-na se-cu-la.

Parish Choir, No. 1384-2.

The children's King.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 370.

Old Melody.

The chil-dren's King, the chil-dren's King, O come let us a - dore Him;

Our car - ols bring, His prais - es sing, All kneel - ing low be - fore Him. *rall.*

♩ a tempo.
 1. No cour - tiers great His birth a - wait, Though He is King of Glo - ry,
 2. How few were they this bless - ed day, Who knew Him here in meek - ness;
 3. When told His name, the shep - herds came Where that dear Babe was sleep - ing;

But through the sky the an - gels fly To tell the won-drous sto - ry.
 Of Ma - ry born on Christ - mas morn, In pov - er - ty and weak - ness.
 We haste with them to Beth - le - hem, Our hap - py Christ - mas keep - ing.

The chil-dren's King, the chil-dren's King, O come let us a - dore Him.

Our car - ols bring, His prais - es sing, All kneel - ing low be - fore Him. *rall.* *D.S.*

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

Carol 368.

Words by Bishop Phillips Brooks.

Lewis H. Redner.

1. Christ-mas in lands of the fir tree and pine, Christ-mas in lands of the
2. Christ-mas where chil-dren are hope-ful and gay, Christ-mas where old men are
3. For the Christ-Child who comes is the Mas-ter of all; No pal-ace too great, no
4. Then let ev-'ry heart keep its Christ-mas with-in, Christ's pi-ty for sor-row, Christ's
5. So the stars of the mid-night which oom-pass us round, Shall see a strange glo-ry and
palm tree and vine; Christ-mas where snow-peaks stand sol-emn and white, Christ-mas where
pa-tient and gray, Christ-mas where peace, like a dove in its flight, Broods o'er brave
cot-tage too small. The an-gels who wel-come Him sing from the height, "In the city of
ha-tred of sin, Christ's care for the weak-est, Christ's cour-age for right, Christ's dread of the
hear a strange sound, And cry, "Look! the earth is a-flame with de light, O sons of the
corn-fields lie sun-ny and bright; Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!
men in the thirk of the sight; Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!
Da-vid a King in His might." Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!
dark-ness, Christ's love of the light. Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!
morn-ing, re-joice at the sight." Ev-'ry-where, ev-'ry-where Christ-mas to-night!

** Italicised words to be sung to one note.*

Joy, ye people, great and small.

Carol 369.

Words by Rev. F. K. Harford.

(CHRISTMAS.)

J. F. Bridge.

1. Joy, ye peo-ple, great and small, Om-nes gen-tes plau-di-te, Raise the song in bow'r and hall:
2. He for love of man hath come, Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne, To de-liv-er from the tomb
3. God from all e-ter-ni-ty, Fi-lius ho-mo na-tus est, He hath left His throne on high,
4. Hail we then our King to-day, Na-tus st-ne ma-cu-la, And, as a-ges pass a-way,
Hall this high day's fes-ti-val: Christ is born to save us all; Na-tus Chris-tus ho-di-e.
Sa-tan's slaves enchain'd for doom. Off-spring of a Vir-gin's womb, De Ma-ri-a Vir-gin-e.
With the low-liest poor to lie, Deign-ing for their sake to die. Ver-bum ca-ro fac-tum est.
Let the na-tions all for aye Raise to Him their loft-est lay, In e-ter-na se-cu-la.

Parish Choir, No. 1364-3.

The children's King.

(CHRISTMAS.)

Carol 370.

Old Melody.

The chil-dren's King, the chil-dren's King, O come let us a - dore Him;

Our car - ols bring, His prais - es sing, All kneel - ing low be - fore Him.

♩ a tempo.
 1. No cour - tiers great His birth a - wait, Though He is King of Glo - ry,
 2. How few were they this bless - ed day, Who knew Him here in meek - ness;
 3. When told His name, the shep - herds came Where that dear Babe was sleep - ing;

But through the sky the an - gels fly To tell the won-drous sto - ry.
 Of Ma - ry born on Christ - mas morn, In pov - er - ty and weak - ness.
 We haste with them to Beth - le - hem, Our hap - py Christ - mas keep - ing.

The chil-dren's King, the chil-dren's King, O come let us a - dore Him.

Our car - ols bring, His prais - es sing, All kneel - ing low be - fore Him.

Parish Choir, No. 1394 - 2.

Ring, ring the bells!

Carol 371.

(CHRISTMAS.)

F. A. Challinor.

Allegretto.

mf 1. Ring, ring the bells, the joy - ful bells! This mer - ry Christ - mas morn, . . Their
mf sweet me - lo - dious mu - sic tells The day when Christ was born. . . They
cres. sweet - ly sound o'er vale and glen; Hark! how their mu - sic swells . . With
dim. "Peace on earth, good will to men!" O mer - ry Christ - mas bells! . .
cres. *dim.*

REFRAIN. *dim.* Ring, ring the bells, the Christ - mas bells, The mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas bells!
f *dim.* *cres.* *f* *rall.* *dim.* *rall.*

2 Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells!
For in their joyous chime
Once more on earth the chorus swells
Of angel-song sublime.
The sweet old story, ever new,
Falls on the heart again,
Refreshing as the early dew,
Or soft as summer rain.
Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells,
The merry, merry Christmas bells!

3 Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells!
Prophetic of the day
When He of whom their ringing tells
Shall all the nations sway.
Shall bless and rule and fill each heart,
Shall bid all sorrows cease,
And give His own the better part
Of everlasting peace.
Ring, ring the bells, the Christmas bells,
The merry, merry Christmas bells!

Parish Choir, No. 1394 — 8.

Holy night! peaceful night!

Carol 372.
Tr. from J. Mohr.
Larghetto.

CHRISTMAS.

J. Barnby.



1. Ho-ly night! peaceful night! Thro' the darkness beams a light; Ho-ly night! peace-ful night!
2. Si-lent night! ho-liest night! Dark-ness flies and all is light! Si-lent night! ho-liest night!

Thro' the darkness beams a light, Thro' the dark-ness beams a light! Yon-der, where they sweet
Dark-ness flies and all is light, Dark-ness flies and all is light! Shep-herds hear the

vi-gil keep, O'er the Babe, who, in si-lent sleep, Rests in heav'n-ly peace, Rests in heav'n-ly peace.
an-gels sing "Al-le-lu-lu-lu! hail the King! Jesus the Saviour is here, Jesus the Saviour is here!"

3. **!:** Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend Thy light! :
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!

4. **!:** Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O lend Thy light! :
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

Wonderful night!

Carol 373.

CHRISTMAS.

Bishop J. F. Young.



1. Won-der-ful night! Won-der-ful night! An-gels and shin-ing im-mor-tals,
2. Won-der-ful night! Won-der-ful night! Dream'd of by proph-ets and sa-ges!
3. Won-der-ful night! Won-der-ful night! Down o'er the stars to re-store us,

Thro'ing Thine e-bo-ny por-tals, Fl'ing out their banners of light! Won-derful, won-der-ful night!
Manhood redeem'd for all a-ges, Welcomes Thy hal-low-ing might! Won-derful, won-der-ful night!
Lead-ing His flame-wing-ed cho-rus Comes the E-ter-nal to sight: Won-derful, won-der-ful night!

4. **Wonderful night!**
Sweet be thy rest to the weary,
Making the dull heart and dreary
Laugh in a dream of delight;
Wonderful night!

5. **Wonderful night!**
Let me, as long as life lingers,
Sing with the cherubim singers,
"Glory to God in the height."
Wonderful night!

Parish Choir. No. 1304—8.

Glad Christmas comes again.

Carol 374.

Lively.

H. H. Sutcliffe.

1. The mer - ry bells for us they ring, for us they ring, for us they ring; A mes - sage of great
 2. Those dear to us with joy we greet, with joy we greet, with joy we greet, Round fes - tive board old
 3. O hap - py day when Christ was born, when Christ was born, when Christ was born, The best of days is

joy they bring, great joy they bring, great joy they bring; They tell of Christ the lit - tle child, Of
 friends we meet, old friends we meet, old friends we meet; With harm - less jest and fa - ces bright, With
 this glad morn, is this glad morn, is this glad morn; To men there comes sweet joy and peace, The

peace, good - will and mer - cy mild; They ring o'er earth a sweet re - frain, Glad Christ - mas comes a - gain.
 out a care, with hearts so light We'll ban - ish sor - row and all pain; Glad Christ - mas comes a - gain.
 dawn of life which shall not cease. O bells, ring out the heav'n - ly strain, Glad Christ - mas comes a - gain.

REFRAIN.

rall.
pp They ring, they ring a sweet re - frain, Glad Christ - mas comes a - gain.
pp *rall.*

Christ was born on Christmas Day.

Carol 375.

$\text{♩} = 138.$

slower.

ff
 1. Christ was born on Christ - mas Day; Wreath the hol - ly, twine the bay; *Chris - tus na - tus*
 2. He is born to set us free, He is born our Lord to be, *Ex Ma - ri - a*

ff

a tempo.
ho - di - e; The Babe, the Son, the Ho - ly One, the Ho - ly One of Ma - ry.
Vir - gi - ne: The God, the Lord, by all a - dored, for ev - er and for ev - er.

3 Let the bright red berries glow
 Everywhere in goodly show;
Christus natus hodie:
 The Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary.
 Parish Choir, No. 1394 - 8.

4 Christian men, rejoice and sing,
 'Tis the birthday of a King,
Ex Maria Virgine:
 The God, the Lord, by all adored for ever and for ever.

Hear the angels telling.

Carol 376.

CHRISTMAS.

F. Hufe.

Briskly.

1. Hear the an-gels tell - ing Of the in-fant King, Human fears dis-pel - ling With the joy they bring;
2. We may kneel be-fore Him, Near the low-ly stall, Hum-bly may a-dore Him, Who is Lord of all;

con espressione.
We who hear the sto - ry Of ce - les - tial grace, See the Fa - ther's glo - ry In the Saviour's face.
Faith which God has giv - en, Pure and un - de - filed, Sees the King of Heav - en In the low - ly Child.

3 God with man abiding
Veiled in flesh we see,
All His glory hiding
In humility.
Man with God united
Through the Incarnate Word,
Human hopes once blighted
Wondrously restored!

4 Now we raise our voices
With the angelic throng,
Earth with heaven rejoices
In the Christmas song.
To the God of Heaven,
Ever One in Three,
Land and praise be given
Through eternity.

Carol 377. Christ was born on Christmas night.

Words by Rt. Rev. C. W. Stubbs.

CHRISTMAS.

Sir Thomas Wardle.

Brightly.

1. Christ was born on Christ - mas night, Sing the car - ol gal - ly! King of Love, and
2. Christ was laid in cat - tie - stall, Ox and ass most du - ly Did as to the
3. Sev - en Shep - herds knelt them there, In that sta - ble low - ly, Hailed as King the

CHORUS

Lord of Light, Praise Him, praise Him du - ly!
Lord of All Make o - bel - sance tru - ly. } Wel - come Christ - mas! Wel - come Yule!
Christ-child fair, Ve - ry God most Ho - ly. }

rit.
Mis - tile - toe and hol - ly! Be ye mer - ry gen - tles all, Mirth need not be fol - ly.
rit.

4 Seven Shepherds fared them forth
God's gift glorifying,
Told the wonder of its worth
For men, living, dying.
Welcome Christmas! etc.

5 Star-led kings from Eastern land,
Came on camels riding,
Spice and myrrh and gold in hand
For a royal tithing.
Welcome Christmas! etc.

6 Gaspar, Belsar, Melchior,
Found in Bethlem City,
Him they knew by mystic lore,
King of Love and Pity.
Welcome Christmas! etc.

7 Pity, mercy, peace and love,
These be Christmas sweetings,
Be they yours from God above,
Take our Christmas greetings!
Welcome Christmas! etc.

Three Kings from out the Orient.

Carol 378.

Words by Rev. T. E. Brown.

CHRISTMAS AND EPIPHANY.

Allegretto cantabile.

mp

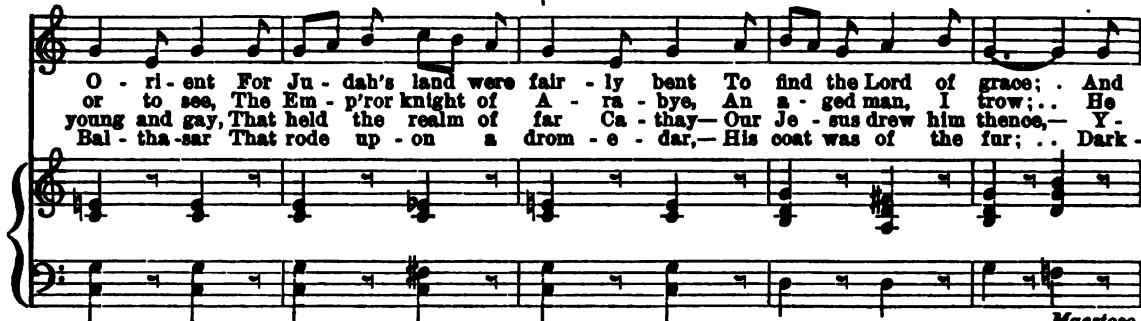
W. H. GILL

Allegretto cantabile



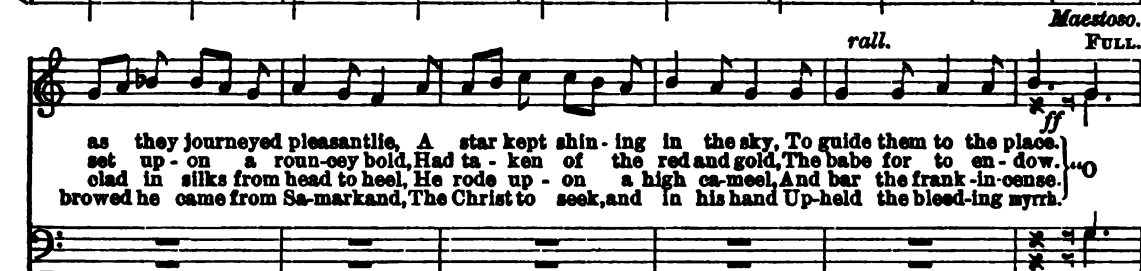
1. Three Kings from out the
2. The first was Mel - chi -
3. The next was Gas - par
4. The last was dusk - y

O - ri - ent For Ju - dah's land were fair - ly bent To find the Lord of grace; . And
or to see, The Em - p'ror knight of A - ra - bye, An a - ged man, I trow; . . He
young and gay, That held the realm of far Ca - thay— Our Je - sus drew him thence, — Y -
Bal - tha-sar That rode up - on a drom - e - dar, — His coat was of the fur; . . Dark -



rall. *Maestoso.* *FULL.* *ff*

as they journeyed pleasantly, A star kept shin - ing in the sky, To guide them to the place,
set up - on a roun - dey bold, Had ta - ken of the red and gold, The babe for to en - dow.
clad in silks from head to heel, He rode up - on a high ca - meel, And bar the frank - in - cense.
browed he came from Sa - markand, The Christ to seek, and in his hand Up - held the bleed - ing myrrh.



Maestoso. *rall.*



a tempo.

Star" they cried, "by all . . con - fest, With - out - en dred the . . love - . . ll - est!"

ff *a tempo.*



* In verses 2, 3, and 4, for "they" substitute "he."
Parish Choir, No. 1304 — 8.



Merrily the Easter Bells.

Carol 379.

Words by Rev. R. R. Chope.
Brightly.

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D.

Brightly.

1. Mer - ri - ly the Eas - ter bells Ring from tower and stee - ple, Tell - ing of the
 2. But the night has passed a - way, Sweet the bells are ring - ing, He, our Joy, this
 3. Up through all the heav - en - ly spheres Ring the old, old sto - ry, As we sing of
 4. All our doubts and fears are gone, Cheer - i - ly the peal - ing Through the blind - ing

death - less Love, Liv - ing for His peo - ple. Al - le - lu - ia! Notes of joy
 morn has come, We too now are sing - ing: Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is risen,
 Eas - ter joy Of the Lord of Glo - ry. Al - le - lu - ia! An - gels sing
 mist of tears Wak - ens joy - ous feel - ing. Al - le - lu - ia! Ring a - gain,

f

Won - drous - ly are blend - ing With the sad - ness yes - ter eve, Of the life so end - ing.
 So will we be ris - ing, He from death, and we from sin, Lov - ing lips and priz - ing.
 Songs of joy with mor - tals, Of the way of Life to - day Christ unbarred the por - tals.
 Christ has passed the riv - er, As He rose and lives, would we Rise and live for ev - er.

f *Slow and strong.*

Carol 380.

The children's Easter offering.

Words by *Rev. C. C. Rollitt.*

Rev. J. D. Harron.

1. Do you hear the chil-dren cry - ing In the night, In the night? Of deep hea-then dark-ness,
 2. Do you hear the chil-dren sing - ing In the light, In the light? Far and near their off-rings
 3. How the Al - le - lu - ias swell - ing On the air, On the air, Speak the glad news they are

sigh - ing For the light, For the light. How their lit - tle hands up - lift . . . To re-
 bring - ing, Shi - ning bright, Shi - ning bright. To the Christ-child's feet they bear . . . Lov - ing
 tell - ing Ev - 'ry where, Ev - 'ry where. To the lit - tle lift - ed hands Comes the

ceive the price-less gift That the Christ-child brings to bless them With His love and life and light.
 hearts and off-rings rare, That the lit - tle ones in dark-ness, Far a-way may see the light.
 gift, in far-off lands, For the lov - ing Christ-child list'ning, Hears the lit-tle chil-dren's prayer.

Carol 381. Give ear, give ear, good Christian men.

Words by *Rev. John Mason Neale.*

EASTER.

From the Plas Cantiones.

1. Give ear, give ear, good Chris-tian men! The lay is worth a hear - ing; We
 2. Was ev - er bat - tle won like this-Where He that lost was gain - ing; And
 3. The win - ner then had such a foil As crush'd him down for - ev - er; The
 4. Give ear, give ear, good Chris-tain men! The rid - die is ex - pound - ed: From

tell how grief hath end - ed woe, And fear hath fin - ish'd fear - ing, And
 He that fell was tri - umph-ing, And He that died was reign - ing; And
 wise was tak - en in his craft, The strong in his en - deav - our; And
 north to south, from east to west, Its mean - ing shall be sound - ed; On

pain that last - ed for a day, Hath brought e - ter - nal cheer . . . ing!
 He that held the reed of scorn A scap - tre was ob - tain . . . ing?
 He, the Slain, was vic - tor still, And he that slew Him, nev - er . . . er.
 Eas - ter Day was fought the fight, Where-on the crown is found . . . ed!

We sing our Saviour's praises.

Carol 382.

Words by Margaret Ford.

EASTER.

H. A. Furnessworth.

Quickly.

1. We sing our Sav-iour's prais-es, Our Lord and King most high; Who from His throne in
 2. The lone-ly night of wait-ing Has brought the sun-shine bright; The hearts that wept o'er
 3. Our lov-ing Sav-iour waits us, In bliss be-yond the sky; We know that He will

Heav-en Came down for us to die: The an-gels join in sing-ing The Res-ur-rec-tion
 Je-sus Are pre-cious in His sight. O swell the bless-ed cho-rus, Our Sav-iour reigns a-lis-ten
 To songs we raise on high. O Day of Days! the joy-ous, The Res-ur-rec-tion

CHORUS.
 song; And thro' the count-less a-gea, The joy-ous strains pro-long.
 bove, And those who shared His sor-rows Shall ev-er share His love. } Glo-ry! Glo-ry!
 Day, When all our tears and sor-rows Are glad-ly wiped a-way.

Hail to Christ our King! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! Loud ho-san-nas ring.

Past is Lenten sadness.

Carol 383.

EASTER.

J. Frederick Bridge.

1. Past is Len-ten sad-ness, Past the time to weep; All the earth is wak-ing From her win-ter sleep.
 2. To the Cross of Je-sus Late did we re-pair; All those sins lamenting Which had nailed Him there;
 3. Yes, He rose vic-to-rious O-ver death and sin, We must rise and con-quer All that's wrong within;
 4. Then when life is end-ed, And our work is done; All the rough road travelled, All the vic-try won;

In this hap-py spring-tide, Sweet the birds that sing; Sweet-er children's voi-ces, Praising Christ their King.
 To the grave with Mary, Has-ten we this morn, Where our Lord was rest-ing, Till the ear-ly dawn.
 We must rise each morning, With our sins for-given, Ris-ing with our Sav-iour, Dai-ly near-er Heaven.
 We shall rise in glo-ry, With our ris-en Lord, Who, with God the Fa-ther And Spir-it is adored.

Parish Choir, No. 1409 - 4.

Breaks the joyful Easter dawn.

Carol 384.

Words by Lucy Larcom.
With spirit

German.

1. Breaks the joy-ful Eas-ter dawn, Clear-er yet, and strong-er ; Win-ter from the world has gone,
2. Roused by Him from drear-y hours Un-der snow-drifts oh! ly, In His hand He brings the flow'rs,
3. O - pen, hap-py flow'rs of spring, For the Sun has ris - en! Through the sky glad voi-ces ring,

Death shall be no long - er! p Far a - way good an - gels drive Night and sin and
Brings the rose and lil - y. cr. Ev - 'ry lit - tle bur - led bud In - to life He
Call - ing you from pris - on. cr. Lit - tle chil-dren dear, look up! Toward His brightness

sad - ness ; cr. Earth a-wakes in smiles, a - live With her dear Lord's glad - ness.
rais - es ; Ev - 'ry wild flow'r of the wood Chants the dear Lord's prais - es.
press - ing, Lift up ev - 'ry heart, a cup For the dear Lord's bless - ing.

The buds are bursting on the trees.

Carol 385.

Words by Mabel G. Osgood.
To be sung in unison.

EASTER.

R. H. Clouston, Jr.

1. The buds are bursting on the trees, The earth a - wakes a - gain ; The birds are sing - ing
2. Come, let us all sweet blessings bring, The ris - en Lord to greet ; And make our hearts an
3. No long-er death and end-less gloom Shall grieve our souls distress'd ; For Christ has trod - den,

CHORUS.

out their glees, For Christ again doth reign. } A-wake, and Al-le-lu-las sing! For death is slain, and
of-fer-ing And lay them at His feet. }
though the tomb, A pathway for the blest. }

Christ is King. A-wake, a-wake! and let the chorus swell, With voice and harp and Eas - ter bell.



God when He made this world.

Carol 386.

HARVEST.

Alfred Redhead.

1. God when He made this world be - low, Pronounced it ve - ry good, And still His gra - cious
 2. We thank Thee for the per - fume sweet Of flow'rs and leaves and trees, That fills the fra - grant
 3. We thank Thee for the col - ours rare, Paint - ed so won - drous - ly, . . The green grass un - der -

After each verse.

Hand we trace On moun - tain, stream and wood.
 sum - mer air, And floats up - on the breeze. } How beau - ti - ful, how beau - ti - ful, How
 neath our feet, The blue of sky and sea. . . }

fair and bright this earth! How beau - ti - ful our God must be, From whom it all took birth!

4 We thank Thee for the song of birds,
 And for their plumage bright,
 Filling alike both ear and eye,
 With treasures of delight.
 How beautiful, etc.

5 We thank Thee for the sun's glad beams,
 The moon's pure silver ray,
 The twinkling of the countless stars,
 Like diamonds far away.
 How beautiful, etc.

6 We thank Thee for the plenteous fruits
 That ripen all around,
 The sweetness and the healthfulness
 With which Thy works abound.
 How beautiful, etc.

7 O God of beauty, who hast made
 Thy works so passing fair,
 Make us all beautiful within,
 Be this our daily prayer.
 How beautiful, etc.

Over all the land is glowing.

Carol 387.

Words by Rev. Jesse Brett.

HARVEST.

A. H. Brown.

mf *Moderato.* ♩ = 104.

SOLO. mf

1. O - ver all the
2. Glad - ness o'er the
3. Hope is all the
4. Peace is all the

cres.

land is glow-ing Light from God with gold - en rays, Month to month the year is grow - ing,
land is reign-ing, God has blessed and man has wrought; Now the end of work at - tain - ing,
land pos-sess-ing, Reach-ing to an - o - ther year; Har - vest days pro-claim the bless - ing,
land sub-du - ing, Might of God's own pres-ence giv'n; Souls with high - er grace en - du - ing,

dim. **CHORUS.**

Sum-mer ends in Har - vest days. Chang-es ma - ny day by day,, Lights which come and
So we have the good we sought. Oft in doubt-ing pass the days, Yet at length the
God is al-ways bring-ing near. Light-ly pass the days and years, Till the need of
Mak-ing meet the life for heav'n. Swift-ly pass the days and years, Comes the glad - ness

cres.

pass a - way, Lights which come and pass a - way, Make .. the years.
song of praise, Yet at length the song of praise Wakes .. the land.
life ap - pears, Till the need of life ap - pears With .. its end.
af - ter tears, Comes the glad - ness af - ter tears, Comes .. the Rest.

Wheat and barley bright with sunshine.

Carol 388.

Words by G. W. Brindley.

HARVEST.

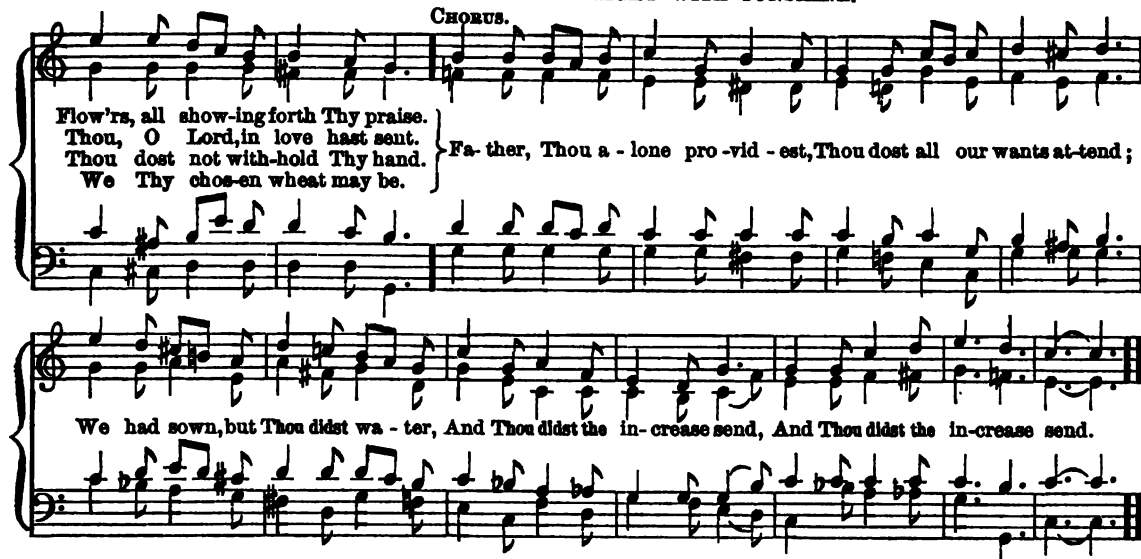
C. Stimper.

1. Wheat and bar-ley bright with sunshine, Waving thro' the autumn days; Fruits that glow with rich-est col-our,
2. To the fields with sythes and sic- kle, Forth the reapers dai-ly went: Un - to us a glo-rious har-vest,
3. What are we that Thou should'st show-er All these blessings o'er our land? Though we are but sin-ful creatures,
4. All our sins do Thou for - give us, Help us now to live to Thee, That, when Thou dost come in glo-ry,

Parish Choir, No. 1433 - 4.

WHEAT AND BARLEY BRIGHT WITH SUNSHINE.

CHORUS.



Flow'rs, all show-ing forth Thy praise.
Thou, O Lord, in love hast sent.
Thou dost not with-hold Thy hand.
We Thy choos-en wheat may be.

Fa-ther, Thou a-lone pro-vid-est, Thou dost all our wants at-tend;
We had sown, but Thou didst wa-ter, And Thou didst the in-crease send, And Thou didst the in-crease send.

Carol 389.

Fields of gold are glowing.

Words by I. J. Postgate.

HARVEST.

A. H. Brown.

Joyfully.



1. Fields of gold are glow-ing 'Neath the au-tumn
2. In the dark earth sleep-ing, Long the seed hath
3. We are Thine own sow-ing, Dear, O Lord, to
4. To Thee, Lord of Heav-en, Thee, O bounteous

rays, Now the spring-tide sow-ing, All its fruit dis-plays; Ev-'ry hill re-joice,
Joy-ful now the reap-ing, Fair the garnered grain. As the gold we gath-er
Thee, For Thine har-vest grow-ing, We would fruit-ful be. When, their bright sheaves bear-ing,
King, Gifts Thy love hath giv-en, We would glad-ly bring. Thou of all art Giv-er,

Fields with glad-ness ring, Lift-ing up their voi-ces, Now the val-leys sing, Lift-ing up their
Of Thine har-vest gift, Now to Thee, our Fa-ther, Thank-ful hearts we lift, Now to Thee, our
An-gel Reap-ers come, We with them be shar-ing, In Thy Harvest Home, We with them be
Fa-ther, Spir-it, Son, Thine the praise for ev-er, Bless-ed Three in One, Thine the praise for

voi-ces, Now the val-leys sing.
Fa-ther, Thank-ful hearts we lift.
shar-ing, In Thy Har-vest Home.
ev-er, Bless-ed Three in One.

Carol 390.

Soft the autumn suns are shining.

Words by R. Gurney.

HARVEST.

W. F. Horner.

♩ = 116.

1. Soft the au-tumn suns are shi-ning, Glo-ry of the au-tumn days; Flow'rs with golden
2. Come ye reap-ers in pro-ces-sion, Who have reaped a hun-dred-fold, Join in praise and
3. Bind a gold-en sheaf be-fore Him, By His al-tar it shall stand: Corn and fruit shall
4. For-ests high shall sing His prais-es; Hill to val-ley loud shall call; Deep on deep its
corn com-bi-ning, In their beau-ty ren-der praise! Come ye to the al-tar, bringing
glad com-fes-sion Of the heaped-up meas-ure told With the fruits of earth all la-den,
here a-dore Him, Gifts from out His gra-cious hand. Many a sheaf His love is reap-ing,
voice up-raises, While the sun-set kiss-es all! May we with Thy whole cre-a-tion
First fruits of the Lord on high, While the earth is round you singing One great harvest mel-o-dy!
Of-fer them be-fore His shrine, Who with corn sustains the maiden, Who hath cheered the youth with wine.
From the world His feet have trod, Safe-ly stored in an-gel keeping, Garnered up on high for God.
Of-fer up our-selves to Thee, Join-ing in the one ob-la-tion, To the Bless-ed One in Three.

Carol 391.

Lord, who shed'st the sunlight's gold.

Words by W. H. Jewitt.

HARVEST.

Rev. R. F. Smith.

mf
1. O Lord, who shed'st the sun-light's gold That gilds the wav-ing corn, The gold that on the
2. We thank Thee for the gold-en showers That decked the bowers in spring, And gold-en fruit the
3. O soft-ly flows the gold-en light Up-on our har-vest mirth, So comes Thy gold-winged
4. O grant us, Lord, the har-vest done, Earth's fleet-ing sha-dows o'er, To rest where shines the
p mf
shep-herds fold Glow'd bright Thy birth-day morn; That gleam'd on Thine a-ris-ing hour, That
au-tumn hours Now to our or-chards bring; We thank Thee for the gold-en grain Now
an-gels' flight A-cross the fields of earth; The rip-en'd grain, the ten-der flow'rs, In
gold-en sun, cr. Up-on the gold-en floor; Where saints, their gold-en crowns cast down, Thy
gilds Thy throne a-bove, We thank Thee for the might and power That shed these gifts of Love.
bound in har-vest sheaves, While round our paths like gold-en rain, Fall soft the sum-mer leaves.
peace to gath-er in, Ere close the long, dark, sunless hours, And win-ter storms be-gin.
gold-en throne be-fore, Where gold-en harps earth's dis-cords drown, And strains of joy out-pour.



Sweetest music, softly stealing.

Carol 392.

CHRISTMAS.

Words by G. W. Brindley.
With expression.

C. Stimper.

mf

1. Sweet - est mu - sic, soft - ly steal - ing Thro' the si - lence of the night;
2. Now in Da - vid's an - cient ci - ty He is born, the an - gels say;
3. Shep - herds, to the sta - ble has - ten, There your Sav - iour Christ is born,
4. He from high - est heav'n de - scend - ing Comes on earth your woes to heal,

mf

To the shep - herds, now re - veal - ing, Christ is born, the Source of light.
To God the Fa - ther, full of pi - ty, Sends His Son to you to - day.
Son of Ma - ry, low - ly maid - en, On this first glad Christ - mas morn!
That your ev - 'ry want at - tend - ing, Love of God He may re - veal.

CHORUS. ALL VOICES IN UNISON.

ff

Glo - ry un - to God the Fa - ther, Who hath sent His on - ly Son,

ORGAN. *Full Swell.*

Ped.

That He may all na - tions ga - ther Round His feet and make them one.

Ch.

Carol 393. **Christmas bells, ring far and near.**

Words by T. D. Hyde.

G. Stimper.

1. O Christ - mas bells, ring far and near, Pro - claim the Sav - iour's birth,
 2. O Christ - mas bells, ring out a - gain With heaven-born joy and mirth,
 3. O Christ - mas bells, come bear your part With an - gels in the skies,

Bid ev - 'ry Chris - tian heart "Good cheer," And tell men of His worth.
 Waft to all lands the sweet - est Name That ev - er came to earth.
 To draw from earth each care - worn heart, And up - ward raise our eyes.

UNISON. *cres.* *f*

Ring sweet - ly thro' the mid - night sky, And join the An - gels' song, For
 Ring out His glo - ry and His power, His peace and blest good - will, And
 O let your mu - sic to us bring Sweet thoughts of that blest time, When

cres. *f*

HARMONY. CHORUS. *ff*

Christ the "True Light" from on high Hath come to ban - ish wrong.
 tell how in our dark - est hour, Christ is "God with us" still.
 we shall praise our Christ our King In heav - en's gold - en clime. Ring mer - ri - ly, ring cheer - i - ly, Send

Ring, ring, ring, ring,

high your vol - ces sweet; And winds of heav'n shall waft your notes To Sa - lem's gold - en streets.

Ring your mu - sic sweet;

Carol 394. ♫ lovely Star that shone so bright.

CHRISTMAS.

C. Simper.

mf

1. O love - ly Star that shone so bright While shep - herds watch'd their flocks by night, To
 2. O Star that shone in bright - ness then, A - bove the Babe, so sweet and fair, A -
 3. O love - ly Star! each cloud of gloom, Thy beam - ing rays of joy il - lume, And
 4. Ho - san - na to the Lord our King! In cheer - ful voi - ces we will sing; Good

mf

lead the wise men on their way, Where Christ our Lord and Sav - iour lay.
 gain you beam a - bove the earth, And tell the Sav - iour's end - less worth.
 all our sor - row dies a - way, When Thou hast brought our Christ - mas day.
 an - gels, an - swer us a - gain, Peace, peace on earth, good will . . . to . . . men!

dim.

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! the cho - rus sound - ing still From snow - y vale and dis - tant hill; The

cres.

an - gels breathe to earth a - gain: Peace on earth, good will to men! Peace on earth, good will to men!

mf

Carol 395. Waken, Christians! greet the morn.

Words by A. S. Woods.

CHRISTMAS.

C. Simper.

mf

1. Wa - ken, Christians, greet the morn, Hap - py day when Christ was born; Your hearts with faith and pray'r a - dorn,
 2. Old men, young men, chil - dren gay, Maid - ens sweet in bright ar - ray, Come, greet, O greet His fes - tal day,
 3. Deck His house with garlands fine, Feath'ry wreaths of box and pine, And hail the Prince of Da - vid's line,
 4. Of - fer Him your in - cense sweet, Ho - ly love and homage meet; With hearts' de - vo - tion let us greet

cres.

CHORUS. dolce.

To welcome Christmas morn - ing!
 And welcome Christmas morn - ing!
 On welcome Christmas morn - ing!
 The King, on Christmas morn - ing!

Ca - rol sweet - ly, Ca - rol sweetly, Christ the Lord is born!

Org.

Sing, O sing His prais - es meet - ly, Wel - come Christ - mas morn! Wel - come Christmas morn!

ff

Ped.

Parish Choir, No. 1441 - 4.

Softly the night is sleeping.

CHRISTMAS.

G. Stimper.

mp

1. Soft - ly the night is sleep - ing on Beth - lem's peace - ful hill; Si - lent the sheep - herds
 2. Come with the glad - some sheep - herds, quick hast - ning from the fold; Come with the wise men
 3. Wave ye the wreath un - fad - ing, the fir tree and the pine; Green from the snows of

mp

watch - ing, the gen - tle flocks are still; But hark! the won - drous mu - sic falls from the op - ning
 bring - ing in - cense, and myrrh, and gold; Come near Him, poor and low - ly, a - round the cra - dle
 win - ter, to deck the ho - ly shrine; Bring ye the hap - py chil - dren, for this is Christ - mas

cres.

sky; Val - ley and cliff re - ech - o "Glo - ry to God on high!"
 throng; Come with your hearts of sun - shine, sing - ing the An - gels' song.
 morn! Je - sus, the sin - less In - fant, Je - sus, the Lord is born!

cres.

CHORUS.

f

Glo - ry to God! it rings a - gain! Peace on the earth, good will towards men!
 it rings, it rings a - gain!

f

Glo - ry to God! it rings a - gain! Peace on the earth, good will towards men!
 it rings a - gain, it rings a - gain!



Clear upon the night air sounding.

Carol 397.

CHRISTMAS.

Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, D.D.

p

1. Clear up-on the night air sound-ing, Sweet-ly echo-ing o'er the plain, Full the an-gel-
 2. Proph-ets told the won-drous sto-ry Of the fu-ture King and Lord, Who from up-per
 3. We who know the lov-ing Sav-iour, Who have found the last-ing peace; Who have heard His

cres.

voice an-noun-cing "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem." Clear-er, sweet-er, swelled the cho-rus
 realms of glo-ry Should de-scend our Light and Word. But they knew not all His bright-ness,
 voice ce-les-tial Bid-ding all our sor-rows cease; We can raise the song of tri-umph,

cres.

f

From the an-gel host a-round, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, in the high-est And on earth good-
 Now the ful-ness of His grace,— Could not join the heav'n-ly cho-rus, Nor the song of
 With th'an-gel-le host pro-claim,— "Glo-ry, glo-ry in the high-est! Christ is born in

p *mf*

will a-bound." As the an-gels sang we sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King,
 tri-umph raise. As the an-gels sang we sing, Glo-ry to our God and King;
 Beth-le-hem." And as an-gels sang we sing, Glo-ry to our God and King;

cres. *ff*

And our song we'll nev-er cease, Glo-ry to the Prince of Peace! Glo-ry to the Prince of Peace!
 And our song we'll nev-er cease, Glo-ry to the Prince of Peace! Glo-ry to the Prince of Peace!
 And our song we'll nev-er cease, Glo-ry to the Prince of Peace! Glo-ry to the Prince of Peace!

cres. *ff*

Parish Choir, No. 1442—4.

The flocks were wrapt in slumber.

Carol 398.

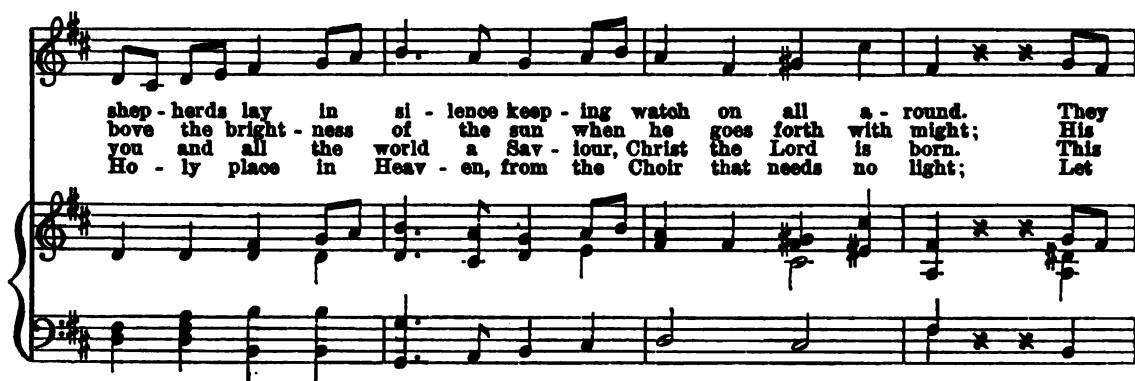
CHRISTMAS.

Rev. R. F. Smith.

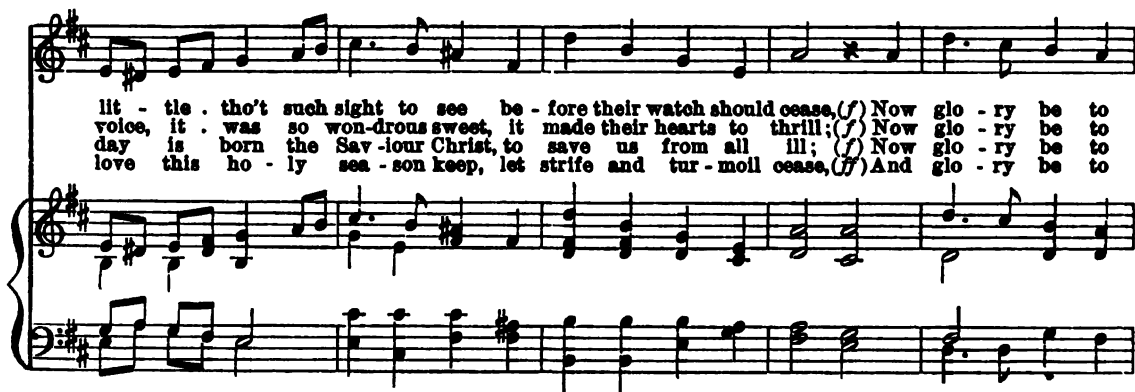
Allegro moderato.



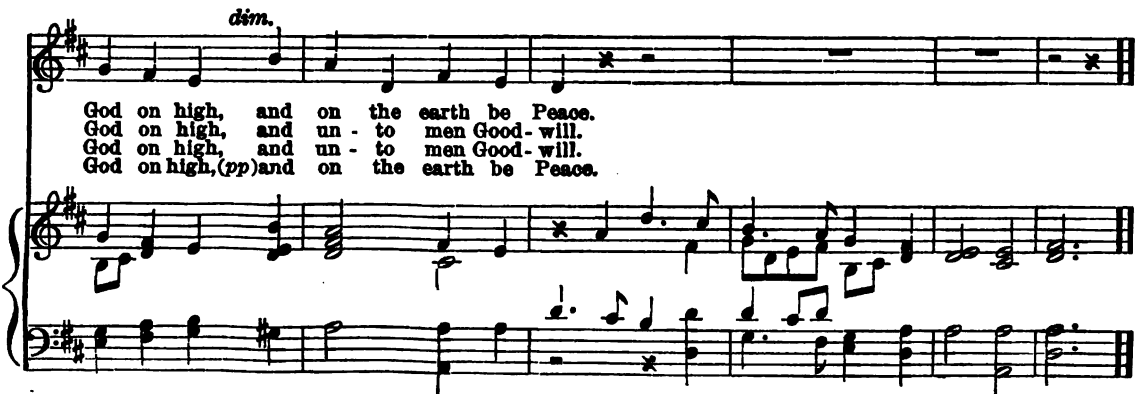
1. The flocks were wrapt in slum - ber all a - long the dew - y ground, The
 2. The An - gel of the Lord came down in floods of daz - zling light, A -
 3. Fear not, he said, I bring glad news; in Da - vid's town this morn, To
 4. O praise the Lord of Hosts, Who sent His sing - ers sweet that night, From the



shep - herds lay in si - lence keep - ing watch on all a - round. They
 bove the bright - ness of the sun when he goes forth with might; His
 you and all the world a Sav - iour, Christ the Lord is born. This
 Ho - ly place in Heav - en, from the Choir that needs no light; Let



lit - tle . tho't such sight to see be - fore their watch should cease, (f) Now glo - ry be to
 voice, it . was so won - drous sweet, it made their hearts to thrill; (f) Now glo - ry be to
 day is born the Sav - iour Christ, to save us from all ill; (f) Now glo - ry be to
 love this ho - ly sea - son keep, let strife and tur - moll cease, (f) And glo - ry be to



dim.
 God on high, and on the earth be Peace.
 God on high, and un - to men Good - will.
 God on high, and un - to men Good - will.
 God on high, (pp) and on the earth be Peace.

Parish Choir, No. 1442 - 4.

Carol 399.

Joy and gladness.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Animato.

G. B. Liscaut.

1. Joy and glad - ness! Joy and glad-ness! O hap - py Day! Ev - 'ry thought of sin and sad - ness
2. With the shep - herd-through a-round Him, Haste we to bow; By the an - gels' sign they found Him;

Chase, chase a - way. Heard ye not the an - gels tell - ing, Christ the Lord of might ex -
We know Him now; New-born Babe of house-less stran - ger, Cra - dled low in Beth-lehem's

cell - ing, On the earth with man is dwell - ing, Glad in our clay?
man - ger, Sav - iour from our sin and dan - ger, cr. Je - sus, 'tis Thou!

3 *mf* Son of Mary, (blessed Mother!)
Thy love we claim;
Son of God, our Elder Brother,
p (O gentle Name!)
or To Thy Father's throne ascended,
With Thine own His glory blended,
Thou art, all Thy trials ended,
Ever the same.

4 *mf* In Thy holy footsteps treading,
Guide, lest we stray;
From Thy Word of promise shedding
Light on our way;
Never leave us nor forsake us,
Like Thyself in mercy make us,
or And at last to glory take us,
Jesus, we pray.

Carol 400.

Hark! Hear ye not the angel-song?

CHRISTMAS.

Traditional.

♩. = 56.

1. Hark! hear ye not the An - gel-song The hills of Beth - le-hem a-mong? To you this day the In -
2. Thus An-gels sang, and thus sing we, *f* To God on high all glo - ry be; Let Him on earth His

car - nate Word, To you, the Ev - er - last-ing Lord, cr. To you on earth, this hap - py morn, To
peace be - stow, And un - to men His fa - vour show. cr. The men and mai - dens, young and old, Come,

you the Prince of Peace is born; Whilst heav'n re-ech-oes yet a-gain, Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men.
join the shep-herds at the fold, And sing-ing list, and list-ning sing A car - ol to our new-born King.

Carol 401.

Come! ye lofty.

Cheerful.

CHRISTMAS.

Str George J. Elvey.

1. Come, ye lof - ty, come, ye low - ly, Let your songs of glad - ness ring; In a sta - ble
 2. Come, ye poor, no pomp of sta - tion Robes the Child your hearts a - dore: He the Lord of
 3. Come, ye chil - dren, blithe and mer - ry, This one Child your mod - el make; Christmas hol - ly,

lies the Ho - ly, In a man - ger rests the King: See in Ma - ry's arms re - pos - ing,
 all sal - va - tion, Shares your want, is weak and poor: Ox - en, round a - bout be - hold them;
 leaf, and ber - ry, All be prized for His dear sake: Come, ye gen - tle hearts, and ten - der,

Christ by high - est Heav'n a - dored: Come, your cir - cle round Him clos - ing, Pi - ous hearts that love the Lord.
 Raf - ters na - ked, cold, and bare, See the shep - herds, God has told them That the Prince of Life lies there.
 Come, ye spir - its, keen and bold: All in all your hom - age ren - der, Weak and migh - ty, young and old.

4 High above a star is shining,
 And the Wise-men haste from far:
 Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining:
 For you all has risen the star.
 Let us bring our poor oblations,
 Thanks and love and faith and praise;
 Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
 All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5 Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing
 "Christ the Lord to man is born!"
 Are not all our hearts too singing,
 "Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?"
 Still the Child, all power possessing,
 Smiles as through the ages past,
 And the song of Christmas blessing,
 Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

Carol 402.

What Child is this?

Words by W. C. Dix.

CHRISTMAS.

Old English.

1. What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On Ma - ry's lap is sleep - ing? Whom An - gels greet with
 2. Why lies He in such mean es - tate, Where ox and ass are feed - ing? Good Christian, fear: for
 3. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh, Come peasant, king, to own Him; The King of kings, sal -

an - thems sweet, While shep - herds watch are keep - ing. This, this is Christ the King; Whom shep - herds guard and
 sin - ners here The si - lent Word is plead - ing: Nails, spear, shall pierce Him through, The Cross be borne, for
 va - tion brings; Let lov - ing hearts enthrone Him. Raise, raise the song on high, The Vir - gin sings her

An - gels sing: Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!
 me, for you: Hail, hail, the Word made flesh, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!
 lul - la - by: Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry!



The angels sat in the garden-tomb.

EASTER.

Carol 408.

DUET.

1st time.

2d time.

1. { The an-gels sat in the gar-den tomb On Eas-ter morn-ing fair; }
 Their ra-diant smiles dispelled the gloom, (Omit.) And lit up the dark-some

air; And they said to those, who with sad-den'd mind, Had come their cru-el - fled Lord to find:

CHORUS.

"He is ris-en! He is ris-en! Why seek the liv-ing a-mong the dead?" . . .

Allegro.

Then ban-ish your sor-row and sad-ness, And lift up your voi-ces in glad-ness,

For the night of your fear has fled! For the night of your fear has fled!

2 "Come, see the place where the dear Lord lay;" 3 To-day the angels are standing still

'Tis vacant now this morn;

Beside the open graves,

And angels come on the Easter-day,

The darksome gloom with their light they fill,

As they did when Christ was born;

As they speak of the Lord who saves;

And their voices sound in glad refrain,

Christ conquered Death in that bitter strife,

And they bring glad tidings to earth again.

He will bring us into eternal life.

CHO.—"He is risen," etc.

CHO.—"He is risen," etc.

Parish Choir, No. 1461—4.

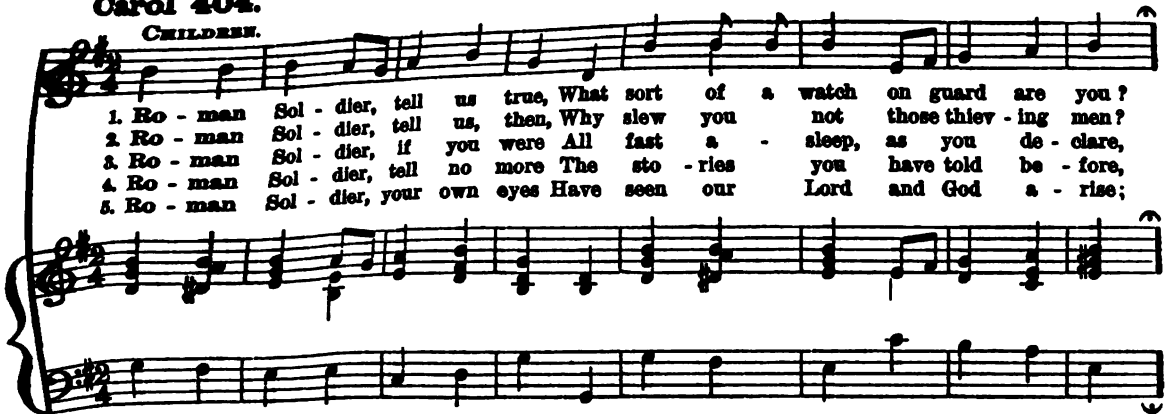
Roman soldier, tell us true.

EASTER.

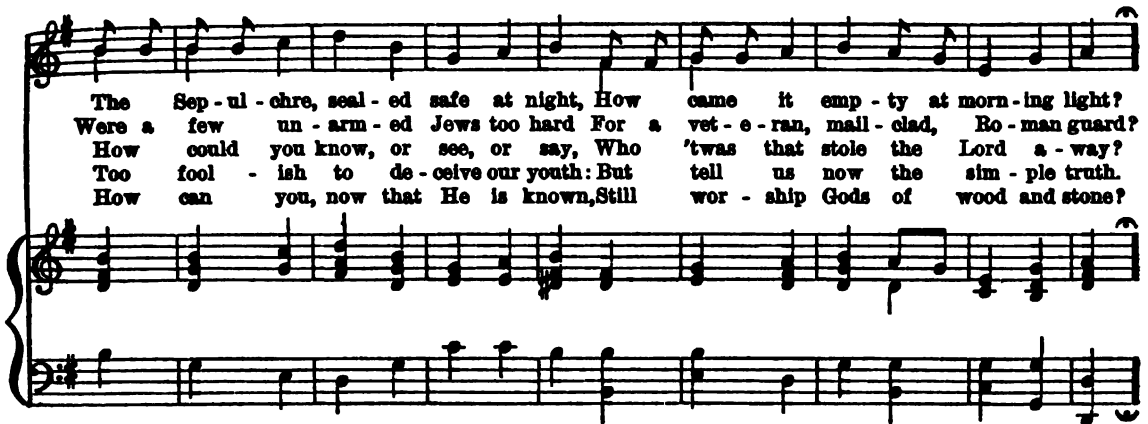
Rev. J. H. Hopkins.

Carol 404.

CHILDREN.

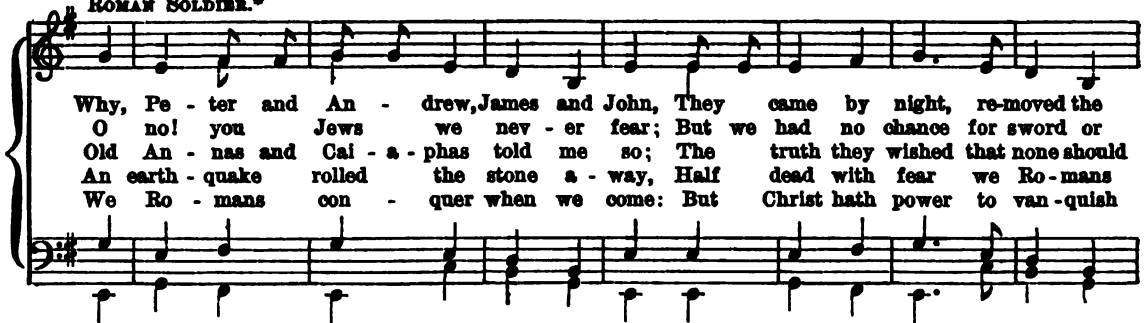


1. Ro - man Sol - dier, tell us true, What sort of a watch on guard are you?
 2. Ro - man Sol - dier, tell us, then, Why slew you not those thiev - ing men?
 3. Ro - man Sol - dier, if you were All fast a - sleep, as you de - clare,
 4. Ro - man Sol - dier, tell no more The sto - ries you have told be - fore,
 5. Ro - man Sol - dier, your own eyes Have seen our Lord and God a - rise;

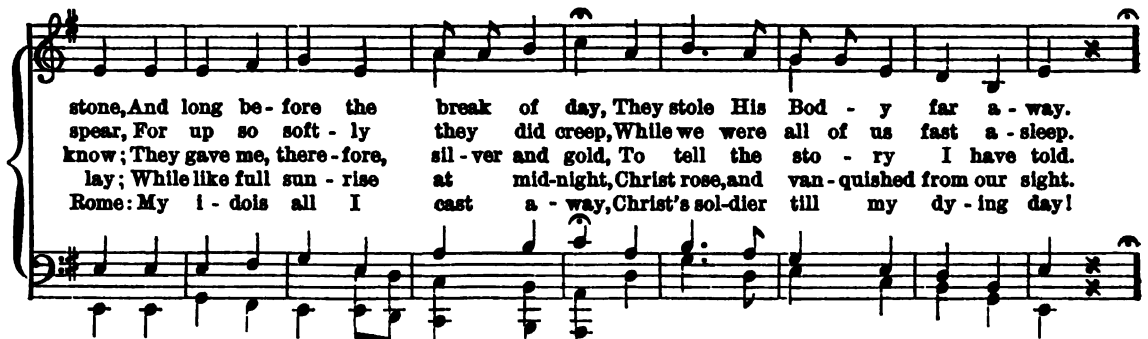


The Sep - ul - chre, seal - ed safe at night, How came it emp - ty at morn - ing light?
 Were a few un - arm - ed Jews too hard For a vet - e - ran, mail - clad, Ro - man guard?
 How could you know, or see, or say, Who 'twas that stole the Lord a - way?
 Too fool - ish to de - ceive our youth: But tell us now the sim - ple truth.
 How can you, now that He is known, Still wor - ship Gods of wood and stone?

ROMAN SOLDIER.*



Why, Pe - ter and An - drew, James and John, They came by night, re - moved the
 O no! you Jews we nev - er fear; But we had no chance for sword or
 Old An - nas and Cai - a - phas told me so; The truth they wished that none should
 An earth - quake rolled the stone a - way, Half dead with fear we Ro - mans
 We Ro - mans con - quer when we come: But Christ hath power to van - quish



stone, And long be - fore the break of day, They stole His Bod - y far a - way.
 spear, For up so soft - ly they did creep, While we were all of us fast a - sleep.
 know; They gave me, there - fore, sil - ver and gold, To tell the sto - ry I have told.
 lay; While like full sun - rise at mid - night, Christ rose, and van - quished from our sight.
 Rome: My i - dois all I cast a - way, Christ's sol - dier till my dy - ing day!

*The Roman Soldier's part is set in the G clef for the convenience of children; but it is much better when sung by a man, an octave below.

Parish Choir, No. 1461—4.